The warkis of the famous and worthie Knicht Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont Alias, Lyoun King of Armes. Newly correctit, and vindicate from the former Errouris quhairwith thay war befoir corrupttit: And augmentit with sindry warkis quhilk was not befoir imprentit.

(* * *)

¶ The Contentis of the Buik, and quhat warkis ar augmentit the nixt syde sall schaw.

Viuet etiam post funera virtus.

¶ IOB VII.

Militia est vita hominis super terram.

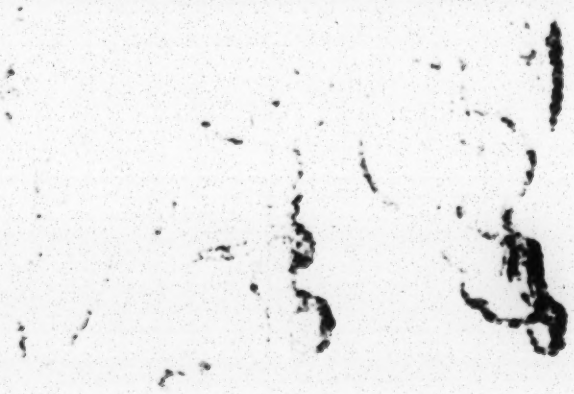


Imprentit at Edinburgh be Thomas Bassandyne, dwelland at the nether Bow.

M. D. LXXIII.

Cum Priuilegio Regis.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND



THE CONTENTIS of the First Buke.

I. ANe Adhortatioun of all Estatis, to thereiding of thir present warkis.

II. ¶ The Epistill Nuncupatorie of Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont knicht, on his Dialog &c.

III. ¶ The Prolog of the miserabill estate of the warld, &c.

IIII. ¶ Ane Dialog of ye miserabill estate of this warld, Betuix Experience, & ane Courteour.

V. ¶ Ane Exclamation to ye Redar, twiching the writting of Vulgar and Maternall language.

VI. ¶ The Creation of Adam and Eue.

VII. ¶ Of the miserabill Transgressioun of Adam.

VIII. ¶ How God destroyit all leuand Creaturis in eirth &c.

The Contentis of the Secund Buke.

I. OF the building of Babilon be Nimrod &c.

II. ¶ How God maid ye diuersitie of lenguagis, &c.

III. ¶ Of the first Inuention of Idolatrie, &c.

IIII. ¶ Of the greit miserie & scathis that cummis of weiris: And how King Ninus began the first weiris and straik the first battell.

V. ¶ Ane schort Description of the Four Monarchies &c.

VI. ¶ How King Ninus inuentit the first Idolatrie of Images.

VII. ¶ Of Images vsit amang Christian men.

VIII. ¶ Ane Exclamatioun aganis Idolatrie.

IX. ¶ How King Ninus buildit the greit citie of Nineue, and how he vincust Zoroastes the King of Bactria.

X. ¶ Of the wounderful deidis of the Quene Semiramis

XI. ¶ Of King Ninus Sepulture.

XII. ¶ How the Quene Semiramis with ane greit armie past to Inde, & fanclit with the king Staurobates &c.

XIII. ¶ How King Sardanapalus for his vitious lyfe maid ane miserabill end.

The Contentis of the Thrid Buke.

I. OF the miserabill Destructioun of the fyue cities, callit Sodome, Gomorre, Seboim, Segor, &c.

II. ¶ Ane schort descriptioun of the secund, thrid, & fourt Monarchie.

III. Of the maist miserabill and most terribill destruction of Jerusalem.
IIII. Of ỳ miserabill end of certane tyrranous Princes &c.
V. The first Spirituall and Papall Monarchie.
VI. Ane Descriptiõ of the Court of Rome.

The Contentis of the Fourt Buke.

I. Ane Exhortation be Experience to the Courteour.
II. Of the Deith.
III. Ane schort Descriptioun of the Antechrist.
IIII. Ane schort Remembrance of the maist terribill day of the extreme Jugement.
V. The maner how Christ sall cum to his Jugement.
VI. The maner how Christ sall geue his sentence.
VII. Of certane Plesuris of the glorifyit Bodies.
VIII. Ane Exhortatioun geuin be Father Experience &c.

I. The Complaint of the Papingo.
II. The First Epistill of the Papingo, directit to King Jaines the Fyft.
III. The Secund Epistill of the Papingo, directit to hir Brother of Court.
IIII. The Commoning betuix the Papingo and hir holy Executouris.
L. The Dreme of Schir Dauid Lyndesay, directit to the Kingis Grace.
II. ¶ The Diuisioun of the Eirth.
III. ¶ The Descriptiõ of Paradice.
IIII. ¶ The Descriptiõ of the Realme of Scotland.
V. ¶ The Complaint of the Commoun weill of Scotland.
VI. ¶ Ane Exhortatioun to the Kingis Grace.
VII. ¶ The Complaint of Schir Dauid Lyndesay &c.
I. The Tragedie of the Umquhile maist Reuerend Father Dauid &c.
II. ¶ To the Prelatis. III. ¶ To the Princis.
III. ¶ The Deploratioun of the deith of Quene Magdalene.
IIII. ¶ Ane Answer to the Kingis Flyting.
V. ¶ The Cõplaint & Cõfessiõn of the Kingis auld Hound.
VI. ¶ Ane Supplicatiõn to the Kingis Grace &c.
VII. ¶ Kitteis Confessioun.
VIII. ¶ The Justig betuix Jaines Watson & I. Barbour &c.

FINIS.

ANE ADHORTATION

of all Eſtatis, to the reiding of thir preſent warkis.

***



En that it is maiſt worthie for to be
Lamentit, of euerie warldlie wicht:
To ſe the warkis of pleſant Poetrie
To ly ſa hid, and ſylit from the ſicht
Of thoſe in hart, quha dois reiois aricht
In Vulgar toung for to behald and heir
Vertew and vice diſcloſit, and brocht to licht.
In thair richt collouris planelie to appeir.

Thairfoir (gude Reider) haue I trauell tane,
Intill ane Volume now breiflie for to bring,
Of Dauid Lyndeſay the haill warkis Ilk ane,
Knicht of the Mont, Lyoun, of Armis King,
Quha in our dayis now did laitlie ring.
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornate ſtyle,
To be commendit be me, neidis na thing:
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he hes done compyle.

Thocht Gawine Dowglas Biſchop of Dunkell
In ornate meter ſurmount did euerilk man:
Thocht Kennedie, and Dunbar burc the bell,
For the large race of Rethorik thay ran.
Zit neuer Poet of our Scottiſche clan,
Sa cleirly ſchew that Monſtour with his markis,
The Romane God, in quhome all gyle began:
As dois gude Dauid Lyndeſay in his warkis.

Ane Adhortatioun

Quhairin na ſtair he ſpairit, bot ſtoutlie ſchew the
How thay baith God and man had ſoir offendit,
VVith fleſchelukis of flatterie he neuer clew thame,
Of quhat degre ſa euer thay diſcendit,
Thair auld miſdeid he prayit thame ay to mend it
Empriour, nor King, Duke, Erle, Prince, nor Paip,
Gif thay to quell Chriſtis Flock zit ſtill pretendit:
Goddis Iuſt Iudgementis na way ſuld thay eſchaip.

VVith prettie Problemis, and Sentences maiſt ſag
VVith pleſant Proucrbis in his warkis all quhair,
VVith ſtaitlie Storyis aggreing to our age,
VVith Similitudis ſemelie he dois declair,
VVith weill waillit wordis, wyſe, and familiar,
Of queynt conuoy, this Ioyous Gem Iocound,
Intill his Buikis to ſpeik, he did nocht ſpair,
Aganis all vice, ay quhair it did abound.

Princes approche, cum Rewlaris in ane Randoun
Reid heir ze Lordis of the meyner menze,
The end of hicht, zour pryde leirne to abandoun.
Cum ſchameles ſchauelingis of Sathanis Senze,
Reynnant in vice, ay ſtill with oppin Renze,
Of proud Prelatis, reid heir the ſuddane fall:
Quha for to ſtoup zit, did neuer Denze,
Vnder the zock of him, that creat all.

Cum teynefull Tyrannis trimilling with zour trayne
Cum nouchtie Newtrallis With zour bailfull band:
Ze haue ane cloik now reddy for the rayne:
For fair wedder, ane vther ay at hand.
Idolaters draw neir to Burgh and Land,
Reid heir zour lyfe at large, baith mair and min,
VVith Hypocrites ay ſlyding as the ſand.
As Humloik how of wit, and Vertew thin.

Oppreſ

To all Eſtatis.

Oppreſſouris of the pure, cum in till Pairis:
Flatteraris Flok fordwart, for I hard tell,
Ze had ane ſaw richt ſicker for all ſairis.
Lawieris, and Scrybis, quha hes zour Saulis to ſell:
Craftiſmen, and Merchandis, gif ze do mell
VVith fraud or falſet, than I zow deſyre,
Reid in this Buke, the ſpeiche gif ze can ſpell,
Quhat Iuſt reward ze ſall haue for zour hyre.

Amang the reſt, now Courteouris cum hidder,
Thocht ze be ſkeich, and ſkip abone the ſkyis,
Zit conſtantlie I pray zow to conſidder.
In to this Scrow, quhat Lyndeſay to zow cryis,
Cum all degreis, in Lurdanie quha lyis,
And fane wald ſe of ſin the feirfull fyne:
And leirne in Vertew how for to vpryis,
Reid heir this Buke, and ze ſall find it ſyne.

VVith Scripture, and with Storyis Naturall,
Richelie repleniſchit from end till end.
In till this Buke, quha liſt to reid, thay ſall
Find mony Leſſoun largelie to commend
The braid difference, quhairin weill may be kend,
Betwene verteous and vicious leuing.
Lat vs thairfoir our lyfe in Vertew ſpend,
Sen vice of mankynde is the haill miſcheuing.

Lat Lyndeſay now as he war zit on lyif,
Pas furth to licht, with all his ſentence hie:
Vnto all men thair dewtie to deſcryue,
Quhairin they may ane lyuelie Image ſe,
Of his expreſſit mynd in Poetrie,
Prentit, as he it publiſchit with his pen,
That him ſelf ſpeik: I think it beſt for me:
Gif gloir to God, quhilk gaif ſic giftis to men.

THE EPISTIL NVN-

cupatorie of Schir Dauid Lyn-

deſay of the Mount Knicht, on his Dialog of the miſerabill Eſtait of the warld.

(***)

THow lytil quair, of matter miſerabill
VVeill aucht thow, couerit for to be
with Sabill,
Renunceand Grene, the Purpur, Reid,
and Quhyte,
To Delicate men, thow art not Delectabill:
Nor zit till Amourous folkis Amyabill,
To reid on the, thay will haue na delyte.
VVarldlie Pepill will haue at the diſpyte,
Quhilk fixit hes thair hart, and haill Intentis
On ſenſuall Luſt, on Dignitie, and Rentis.

VVe haue na King, the to preſent allace,
Quhilk to this countrie bene ane cairfull cace.
And als our Quene of Scotland Heritour,
Scho dwellis in France, I pray God ſauc hir Grace,
It war to lang, for the to rin that race.
And far langer, or that zoung tender Flour
Bring haine till ws ane King and Gouernour,
Allace thairfoir, we may with ſorrow ſing,
Quhilk muſt ſa lang remane without ane King.

I not quhome to thy ſimpilnes to ſend,
VVith cunning men, from tyme that thow be kend
Thy vaniteis na way thay will auance,
Thinkand the proud ſic thingis to pretend,
Notwithſtanding the ſtraucht way ſall thow wend,
To thame quhilk hes the Realme in Gouernance.

Decl

The Epistill

Declair thy mynd to thame with circumstance.
Ga first till Iames, our Prince, and Protectour,
And his brother, our Spirituall Gouernour.

And Prince of Preistis in his Natioun,
Efter reuerend recommendatioun
Vnder thair feit, thow lawlie the submitt,
And mak thame humbill Supplicatioun,
Gif thay in the find wrang Narratioun,
That thay wald pleis, thy faultis to remitt.
And of thair grace, gif thay do the admitt,
Than ga thy way, quhair cuer thow pleisis best.
Be thay content, mak reuerence to the rest.

To faithfull prudent Pastouris Spirituall,
To Nobill Erlis, and Lordis Temporall,
Obedientlie till thame thow the addres,
Declairing thame this schort Memoriall,
How Mankynd bene to Miserie maid thrall.
At lenth to thame the caus planelie confes.
Beseikand thame all Lawis to suppres,
Inuentit be Mennis traditioun,
Contrair to Christis Institutioun.

And caus thame cleirlie for till vnderstand,
That for the breking of the Lordis Command
His thrinfald wand of Flagellatioun,
Hes scurgit this pure Realme of Scotland,
Be mortall weiris, baith be sey and land,
VVith mony terribill tribulatioun. 2. Reg. 24.
Thairfoir mak to thame trew Narratioun. 1. Cor. 2.
That all thir weiris, this derth, hunger, and pest,
VVas nocht, bot for our Sinnis manifest.

Declair

Genes.7. Declair to thame, how in the tyme of Noy,
Alluterlie, God did the Warld distroy,
Genes.19. As haly Scripture makis mencioun,
Sodom, Gomor, With their Regioun and Roy,
Matth.23 God spairit nouther man, Woman, nor boy,
Luc.12. Bot all War brint for their Offensioun.
Ierusalem, that maist tryumphand Town
Destroyit Was, for thair Iniquitie.
As in the Scripture planelie thay may se.

Ierem.15. Declair to thame this mortall Miserie,
Be Sword and Fyre, Derth, Pest, and Pouertie
Proceidis of Sin, gif I can richt descryue,
For laik of Faith, and for Idolatrie,
For Fornicatioun, and for Adulterie
Of Princes, Prelatis, With mony ane man and Wyfe.
Expell the caus, than the effect belyue
Sall ceis quhen that the pepill dois repent,
Than God sall slak the Bow, quhilk zit is bent.

Mak thame requeist, quhilk hes the gouernance,
The sinceir Word of God for till auance,
Conforme to Christis Institutioun,
VVithout Hypocrisie or dissimulance,
Causing Iustice hald euinlie the Ballance,
On Publicanis, making punitioun.
Commending thame of gude Conditioun.
That being done, I doubt not, bot the Lord
Sall of his countrie haue Misericord.

Thocht God With mony terribill effrayis,
Hes done this cuntrie scurge be diuers Wayis
Be Iust Iudgement for our greuous offence,
Declair to thame, thay sall haue merie dayis
Efter this troubill, as the Propheit sayis.

Quhe

Nuncupatorie.

Quhen God ſall ſe our humbill Repentence,
Till ſtrange pepil, thocht he hes geuin licence
To be our ſcurge Induring his deſyre,
Will quhen he liſt, that ſcurge caſt in the fyre.

Pray thame that thay put not thair eſperance
In mortall men, onlie thame till aduance,
Bot principallie in God Omnipotent. Pſalm. 18.
Than neid thay not to charge the Realme of France,
VVith Gunnis, Galayis, nor vther Ordinance
Sa that thay be to God obedient.
In thir premiſſis be thay nocht negligent,
Diſplayand Chriſtis Baner hie on hicht,
Thair enemeis of thame ſall haue na micht.

Ga hence pure Buke, quhilk I haue done Indyte
In rurall Ryme, in maner of diſpyte,
Contair the warldis Variatioun.
Of Rethorik heir I proclame the quyte.
Idolatouris, I feir, ſall with the flyte,
Becaus of thame thow makis Narratioun.
Bot cure thow nocht the Indignatioun
Of Hypocritis, and fals Phariſience,
Howbeit on the thay cry ane loud vengeance

Requeiſt the Gentill Reidar, that the reidis,
Thocht ornate termes into thy Park not ſpreidis,
As thay in the may haue Experience.
Thocht barrane feildis, beiris nocht bot weidis,
Zit brutall beiſtis ſweitlie on them feidis,
Deſyre of thame nane vther Recompence,
Bot that thay wald reid the with Pacience.
And gif thay be in any way offendit,
Declair to them it ſall be weill amendit.

FINIS.

The Prolog of the Miserabill Estait of the warld, III.

Betuix Experience, and ane Courteour.

MVsing and meruelling on the miserie,
From day to day in eirth quhilk dois increis:
And of ilk stait the instabilitie,
Proceiding of the restles besynes,
Quhairō ỳ most part dois thair mynd addres
Inordinatlie, on houngrie Couetyce,
Vane glorie, dissait, and vther sensuall byce.

Bot tumbling in my bed, I micht not ly,
Quhairfor I fuir furth, in ane May morning
Confort to get of my melancholie
Sum quhat afore fresche Phebus bryssing,
Quhair I micht heir the birdis sweitly sing,
In till ane park I past for my plesure,
Decorit weill, be craft of dame Nature.

How I resauit confort Naturall,
For till descriue at lenth, it war to lang,
Smelling the holsum herbis medicinall,
Quhair on the dulce, & balmy dew doun dang
Lyke Orient Perlis on the twistis hang,
Or how that the Aromatik odouris
Did proceid from the tender fragrant flouris.

Or how Phebus that King Etheriall

Swyftly ſprang vp into the Orient,
Aſcending in his throne Imperiall:
Quhoſe bricht and buriall bemis reſplendent,
Illuminat all vnto the Occident:
Confortand euery corporall Creature,
Quhilk formit war, in eirth, be dame Nature.

Quhoſe donk impurpurit veſtimēt nocturnal
With his einbrowderit mantill matutyne:
He left in till his Regioun aurorall,
Quhilk on him waitit, quhen he did declyne,
Towart his Occident palice Veſpertyne:
And roſe in habite gay and glorious,
Brichter nor gold, or ſtonis precious.

Bot Cynthia the hornit nichtis Quene,
Scho loſt hir licht, and led ane lawer ſaill:
Frō tyme hir ſouerane lord that ſcho had ſene,
And in his preſence waxit dirk and paill:
And ouer hir viſage, keſt ane miſtie vaill.
So did Venus, the Goddes amorous,
With Iuppiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Richt ſo the auld Intoxicat Saturne,
Perſauing Phebus, powre his bemis bricht,
Abufe the eirth, than maid he no ſudgeourne:
Bot ſuddandlie did loſe his borrowit licht,
Quhilk he durſt neuer ſchaw bot on the nicht
The Pole artick, Arſis, and ſterris all,
Quhilk ſituat ar in the Septentrionall.

Till errand ſchippis, quhilkis ar wont al gyde
Conuoyand thaine vpon the ſtormie nicht:

Within

Within thair frostie circle did thame hyde:
Howbeit that sterris haue none vther licht,
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht:
That day durst none into the heuin appeir,
Till he had circuite all our Hemisspheir.

Me thocht it was ane sicht Celestiall,
To sene Phebus so Angellyke ascend,
In till his fyrie Chariot tryumphall:
Quhose bewtie bricht, I could not sũrehand.
All warldlie cure did fro me wend
Quhen freesche Flora spred furth hir tapestrie,
Wrocht be dame Nature queynt & curiouslie.

Depaint wᵗ mony hundreth heuinlie hewis,
Glaid of the rysing of thair royall Roy,
With blomes brekand on the tender bewis:
Quhilk did prouoke myne hart to naturall ioy
Neptune that day, and Eoll, held thame coy:
That men on far micht heir the birdis sound,
Quhose noyis did to ỹ sterrie heuin redound.

The plesand powne, prunzeãd his fedrem fair
The mirthfull Maueis maid greit melodie,
The lustie Lark ascending in the air:
Numerand hir naturall notis craftelie,
The gay Goldspink, ỹ Wedlricht merilie:
The noyis of the nobill Nychtingailis,
Redonndit throw ỹ mõtainis, meidis & vailis.

Contempling this melodious harmonie,
How euerilk bird, drest thame for till aduance
To salute Nature with thair melodie:

That I ſtude gaiſing halflingis in ane trance
To heir thame mak that naturall obſeruance
So royallie, that all the Roches rang,
Throuch repercuſſioun of yair ſuggurit ſang.

I loſe my tyme, allace for to rehers
Sic vnfrutefull and vaine Deſcriptioun
Or wryt in to my raggit rurall Vers
Mater without Edificatioun,
Conſidering how that myne intentioun
Bene till deploze the moztall Miſereis,
With continuall cairfull Calamiteis.

Conſiſting in this wretchit vaill of ſorrow:
Bot ſad Sentence, ſuld haue ane ſad Indyte.
So termes bricht, I liſt not for to borrow,
Of murning mater, men hes no delyte:
With touſtie termes thairfoir will I wryte
With ſorrowfull ſichis, aſcēding frō the ſplene
And bitter teiris diſtelling from myne ene.

Without ony vane Inuocatioun
To Minerua, or to Melpomine,
Nor zit will I mak Supplicatioun
For help to Cleo, nor Calliope,
Sic marrit Muſis may mak me no ſupple.
Proſerpine I refuſe, and Apollo,
And richt ſo Euterpe, Iuppiter and Juno.

Quhilk bene to pleſand Poetis cōforting:
Quhairfoir, becauſe I am nocht one of tho.
I do deſyre of thame no ſupporting,
For I did neuer ſleip on Pernaſo,

As did

As did the Poetis of lang tyme ago,
And ſpeciallie the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I neuer with Heſiodus.

Of Grece the perfyte Poeit Souerane
Of Helicon the Sors of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous freſche fontane,
Quhairfoir I aw to thame no reuerence:
I purpoſe nocht to mak Obedience,
To ſic miſcheant Muſis no Mahumetrie,
Afoir tyme vſit in to Poetrie.

Rauand Rhamnuſia, Goddes of deſpyte,
Wicht be to me ane Muſe richt conuenable:
Gif I deſirit ſic help for till indyte
This murning mater, mad, and miſerable:
I mon go ſeik ane Muſe more confortable,
And ſic vane ſuperſtitioun to refuſe,
Beſeikand the greit God to be my Muſe.

Be quhoſe wyſedome all maner of thing bene wrocht, Geneſ. 1.
The hie heuinnis, with all thair ornamentis:
And without mater maid all thing of nocht,
Hell in myd Center of the Elementis,
That heuinlie Muſe, to ſeik, my haill intent is
The quhilk gaif Sapience to King Salomon Pſal. 89.
To Dauid grace, ſtrēth to ỹ ſtrang Sampſon. Reg. 13.

And of pure Peter maid ane prudēt preichour Matth. 4
And be the power of his Deite
Of cruell Paule he maid ane cūming teichour. Act. 9.
I mon beſeik richt lawlie on my kne

His hich superexcellent Maieste:
That with his heuinlie spreit he me inspyre,
To wryte na thing, contrarie his despyte.

Luc.1. Beseikand als his souerane Sone Jesu,
Quhilk was consauit of the holy Spreit,
Incarnat of the purifyit Virgin tru:
And in quhome the Prophecy was compleit,
Matt.27. That Prince of peice, most humill & mansweit:
Luc. 24. Quhilk vnder Pylate sufferit passioun,
Ioan. 19. Upon the Croce, for our Saluatioun.

And be that cruell deith intolerabill,
Lowsit we war from bandis of Beliall,
And mairatouer, it was so profitabill:
That to this hour, come neuer man, nor sall,
To the tryumphant Joy Imperiall:
Heb.9. Of lyfe, howbeit that thay war neuer so gude,
Bot be the vertew of that precious blude.

Quhairfoir in steid, of the mont Pernaso,
Swyftlie, I sall go seik my Souerane,
To mõt Caluarie, the straucht way mon I go:
To get ane taist of the most fresche Fontane,
That sors to seik, my hart may nocht refrane:
Of Helicon, quhilk wes boith deip and wyde,
Ioan. 19. That Longinus did graue in till his syde.

Frõ ỳ fresche fontane sprãg ane famous flude
Quhilk redolent riuer, throw ỳ warld rinnis,
As chrystall cleir, and mixit bene with blude:
Quhose sound abufe the hiest heuinnis dinnis,
All faithfull pepill, purging from thair sinnis:

Quhair

Quhairfoir I fall beſeik his Excellence,
To grant me Grace, Wiſedome, & Eloquence.

And bath me ẅ thoſe dulce & balmy ſtrandis
Quhilk on the Croce, did ſpedilie out ſpring,
From his moſt tender feit, and heuinlie hãdis:
And grãt me grace, to wryte nor dyte no thing
Bot till his hich honour, and loud louing:
but quhoſe ſupport yair may na gude be wrocht
Till his pleſur, gude worꝛkis, worꝛd, nor thocht.

Thairfoir, O Lord, I pray thy Maieſte, Ioan. 2.
As thow did ſchaw thy hich power Deuyne,
Firſt planelie, in the Cane of Galile:
Quhair thow conuertit cald water in wyne,
Conuoy ṁy mater till ane fructuous fyne:
And ſaue my ſayingis, baith from ſchame & ſin,
Take tent, for now I purpoſe to begin.

ANE DIALOG IIII.

Of the miſerabill Eſtait of this warld: Betuix Experience, and ane Courteour.

INto that Park I ſaw appeir,
One agit mã quhilk drew me neir
Quhoſe beird wes well thre quar
ter lang, (hang:
His hair doun ouer his ſchulders

The quhilk as ony snaw wes quhyte,
Quhome to behald, I thocht delyte:
His habit Angellyk of hew,
Of colour lyke the Sapheir blew:
Onder ane Holyne he reposit,
Of quhose pu sence I was reiosit.
I did him salute reuerentlie,
So did he me, richt courteslie:
To sit doun he requeistit me,
Onder the schaddow of that tre:
To saif me from the Sonnes heit,
Amangis the flouris soft and swe it.
For I wes weirie for walking,
Than we began to fall in talking:
C. I speirit his name with reuerence?
E. I am (said he) Experience.
C. Than Schir (said I) ze can nocht faill,
To geue ane desolate man counsaill:
Ze do appeir ane man of fame,
And sen Experience bene zour name:
I pray zow Father Venerabill,
Geue me sum counsaill confortabill?
E. Quhat bene (quod he) thy vocatioun
Wakand sic Supplicatioun?
C. I haue (quod I) bene to this hour,
Sen I could ryde ane Courteour:
Bot now Father, I think it best,
With your counsaill to leif in rest:
And from thyne furth to tak myne eis
And quyetlie my God to pleis,
And renunce Curiosite,

Leuing

Leuing the Court, and lerne to de.
Oft haue I sailit ouer the strandis,
And trauellit throuch diuers landis.
Boith South & North, Eist & West,
Zit can I neuer find quhair rest:
Doith mak his habitatioun,
Without zour supportatioun.
Quhen I beleue to be best eisit,
Most suddandlie I am displeisit:
From troubill quhen I fastest fle,
Than find I most aduersite.
Schawe me, I pray zow hartfullie,
How I may leue most plesandlie:
To serue my God, of kingis King:
Sen I am tyrit for trauelling.
And lerne me, for to be content,
Of quyet lyfe, and sober rent:
That I may thank the King of gloir,
As thocht I had ane Millioun moir:
Sen euerilk Court bene variant,
Full of Inuy, and Inconstant.
Wicht I but troubill leif, in rest,
Sum in my age, I think it best.
E. Thow art ane greit fule, Sone (said he,)
Thing to desyre, quhilk may nocht be:
Zarning to haue Prerogatyue,
Aboue all Creature on lyue:
Sen Father Adam creat bene,
Into the Campe of Damascene:
Wycht no man say, vnto this hour,
That euer he fand perfite plesour:

Nor neuer fall, till that he se,
God in his Deuyne Maieste:
Quhairfoir prepare thee for trauell,
Sen mennis lyfe bene bot battell.
All men begynnis for till de,
The day of thair Natiuite:
And Journelly thay do proceid,
Till Atropos cut the fatall theid.
And in the breue tyme that thay haue,
Betuix thair birth, vnto thair graue:
Thow seis quhat mutabiliteis,
Quhat miserabill Calamiteis:
Quhat troubill, trauell, and debait,
Seis thow in euery mortall Stait,
Begin at pure law Creatouris,
Ascending syne to Senatouris:
To greit Princis, and Potestatis,
Thow sall nocht fynd in none estatis:
Sen the begynning generallie,
Nor in our tyme, now speciallie:
Bot tedious restles besynes,
But ony maner of sikkernes.
C. Prudent Father (quod I) allace,
Ze tell to me ane cairfull cace:
Ze say that no man to this hour,
Hes found in eirth perfite plesour:
Without infortunate variance,
Sen we bene thrall to sic mischance:
Quhy do we set so our Intentis,
On Ryches, Dignite, and Rentis:
Sen in the eirth bene no man sure

Lob. 8.

One day,

One day, but troubill till indure:
And werst of all, quhen we leist wene,
The cruell deith, we mon sustene.
Gif I zour Fatherhede durst demand,
The cause I wald fane understand:
And als Father, I zow implore,
Schaw me sum troubill gone afore:
That hering, vtheris indigence,
I may the more haue pacience:
Marrowis in tribulatioun,
Bene wretchis Consolatioun.
E. (Quod he) efter my small cunnyng,
To the I sall make answerying:
Bot ordourlie for to begin,
This Miserie proceidis of Sin:
Bot it war lang, to be defynit,
How all men ar to Sin inclynit:
Quhen Sin aboundantlie doith ring
Justlie God makith punischyng.
Quhairfoir greit God into his handis
To dant the warld, hes diuers wandis:
Efter our euill conditioun,
He makis on vs punitioun:
With Hounger, Deirth, and Indigence,
Sum tyme greit Plaigis, and Pestilence:
And sum tyme with his bludy wand,
Throw cruell weir, be Sey, and Land:
Concluding all our miserie,
Proceidis of Sin aluterlie.
C. Father (quod I) declare to me,
The cause of this Fragilite:

That we

That we bene all to Sin inclynd,
In werk, in word, and in our mynd:
I wald the verite wer schawin,
Quho has this feid amang vs sawin:
And quhy we ar sindaunpnit to dede,
And how that we may get remede.
E. (Quod he) the Scripture has concludit,
Wen from felicite wer denudit,
Be Adam our Progenitour,
Genes. 3. Umquhyle of Paradyce possessour:
Be quhose most wilfull arrogance,
Wes Mankynd brocht to this mischance:
Quhen he wes Inobedient,
In breking Goddis Commandement:
Rom. 5. Be Solistatioun of his Wyfe,
He lost that Heuinlie plesant Lyfe:
Eiting of the forbiddin trie,
Thare began all our Miserie.
So Adam wes cause Radicall,
That we ben fragill Synnaris all.
Adam brocht in this Natioun,
Sin, Deith, and als Dampnacioun:
Quho will say, he is no Synnar,
Christ sayis, he is ane greit Lear.
Mankynd sprang furth of Adamis loynis,
1. Ioan. 1. And tuke of him flesche, blude, and bonis:
And so effeir his qualitie,
All ar inclynit Synnaris to be.
But zit, my Sone, dispare thow nocht,
For God, that all the warld has wrocht:
Has maid ane Souerane Remede,

To sail

To saif vs baith from Sin and dede,
And from eterne Dampnatioun:
Thairfoir take Consolatioun,
For God, as Scripture doith recorde
Hauing of Man Misericorde,
Send doun his onely Sone Jesu,
Quhilk lichtit in ane Virgin tru,
And cled his hich Diuinitie
With our pure byle Humanitie,
Syne from our sinnis to conclude,
He weschc vs with his precious blude Apoc.2.
Howbeit throw Adam we mon de: Rom.5.
Throuch that Lord we sall raisit be, Hebr.10
And euerilk man he sall releue,
Quhilk in his blude doith firm beleue
And bring vs all vnto his glore,
The quhilk throw Adam bene forlore
Without that we throw laik of Faith
Of his Godheid incur the wraith:
Bot quho in Christ firmely belewis, Ioan.3.
Salbe releuit from all mischeuis.
C. Quhat faith is that, that ze call ferme:
Sir gar me vnderstand that terme:
E. Faith without Hope and Cheritie, Hebr.11.
Auailith nocht, my Sone (said he.)
C. Quhat Cherite bene, that wald I knaw:
E. Quod he, my Sone, that sall I schaw:
First lufe thy God aboue all thing,
And thy Nichtbour: but fenzeing
Do none iniure, nor belanie, 1.Cor.13
Bot as thow wald war done to the. e Iac.2.

Quick

Quick Faith, but Cheritable werkis,
Can neuer be, as wyttis Clerkis:
Moze than the fyze, in till his micht,
Can be but heit, noz Sunne but licht.
Geue Cheritie into the failis,
Thy Faith noz Hope, na thing auailis:
The Deuill hes Faith, a trimmillis foz dzeid,
But he wantis hope, and lufe in deid.
Do all the gude, that may be wzocht,
But Cherite, all auâilis nocht:
Quhairfoir pray to the Trinite,
Foz till support thy Cherite.
Now haue I schawin the, as I can,
How father Adam the first man,
Bzocht in the warld, boith Sin & dede,
And how Christ Jesu maid remede:
Quhilk on the day of Judgement,
Sall vs delyuer from tozment:
And bzing vs to his lesting glozie,
Quhilk sall indure foz euer mozie.
But in this warld thow gettis no rest,
I mak it to the manifest:
Thairfoir, my Sone, be diligent,
And lerne foz to be pacient:
And into God set all thy trest,
All thing sall than cum foz the best.
C. Father I thank zow hartfullie,
Of zour confozt and cumpanie:
And heuinlie Consolatioun,
Makand zow Supplicatioun:
Gif I durst put zow to sic pyne,

That

That ze wald pleis, for to defyne:
And gar me cleirlie vnderstand,
How Adam brak the Lordis Command:
And how throw his transgressioun,
Wes punist his Successioun?
E. My Sone (quod he) wald thow tak cure,
To luke on the Diuyne Scripture:
Into the Buke of Genesis, Gene. 25
That Historie thair thow sall nocht mis:
And alswa sindrie cunning Clerkis,
Hes done rehers into thair werkis:
Of Adamis fall, full ornatly,
Ane thousand tymes better nor I:
Can wryte of that vnhappie man,
Bot I sall do the best I can:
Schortlie to schaw that cairfull cace,
With the support of Goddis grace.

Ane Exclamation to the Redar, V.

Twiching the wrytting of Vulgar, and Maternall language.

Entill Redar, haue at me none dispyte,
Thinkand that I presumpteouslie pretend, (wryte:
In vulgar toung so hie mater to
Bot quhair I mys, I pray the till amend,
Till vnlernit, I wald the cause wer kend,
Of our most miserabill trauell and torment,
And how in eirth, no place bene permanent,

Howbeit

Howbeit that diuers deuot cũning Clerkis,
In Latyne toung hes writtin sindrie buikis.
Our vnleirnit knawis lytle of thir werkis:
Moir than thay do, the rauing of the ruikis:
Quhairfoir to Colzearis, Carteris, & to cuikis
To Jok and Thome, my Ryme salbe directit,
With cunning men, howbeit it wilbe lactit.

Thocht euerie cõmoun may not be ane clerk
Nor hes no Leid, except thair toũg maternall:
Quhy suld of God, ỳ maruellos heuinlie werk,
Be hid frõ thame, I think it nocht fraternall:
The Father of heuin, quhilk wes, & is eternall
Exod.20 To Moises gaue the Law, on Mont Sinay,
Nocht into Greik nor Latyne, I heir say.

He wrait the Law, in Tablis hard of stone,
In thair awin vulgare language of Hebrew,
That all the Barnis of Israell euery one
Micht knaw the Law, & so the same ensew.
Had he done wryt, in Latyne or in Grew,
It had to thame bene bot ane sauirles Jest.
Ze may weill wit, God wrocht all for ỳ best.

Aristotell, nor Plato, I heir sane,
Wrait nocht thair hie Philosophie naturall
In Duche, nor Dence, nor toung Italiane:
Bot in thair most ornate toung Maternall,
Quhose fame and name dois regne perpetuall,
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie:
Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratrie.

Wrait not in Caldie language, nor in Grew,

Nor

Nor zit into the language Saracene,
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew:
Bot in the Romane toung, as may be sene,
Quhilk was thair proper lãguage, as I wene:
Quhen Romanis rang Dominatoris in deid,
The ornate Latyne, wes thair proper Leid.

In the mein tyme, quhen ỹ thir bald Romance
Ouer all the warld had the Dominioun,
Maid Latyne sculis, thair glore for till auance:
That thair language micht be ouer all cõmoun
To that intent, be my Opinioun:
Traisting that thair Impyre suld ay indure,
Bot of Fortune, alway thay wer nocht sure.

Of languagis, the first Diuersitie,
Wes maid be Goddis maledictioun,
Quhen Babilon wes beildit in Caldie:
Those beildaris gat none vther afflictioun,
Afore the tyme of that punitioun:
Was bot ane toung, quhilk Adam spak him self
Quhare now of toungis, thare bene thre score and twelf.

Nochtwithstanding, I think it greit plesour,
Quhair cunning men hes languagis anew,
That in thair zouth, be diligent laubour,
Hes leirnit Latyne, Greik, and auld Hebrew,
That I am nocht of that sort, sore I rew:
Quhairfoir I wald all buikis necessare,
For our Faith, wer in till our toung vulgare.

Christ efter his glorious Ascentioun, Act. 2.

Till his Discipulis send the holy Spreit,
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun:
Thay beand all of languagis repleit,
Throuch all ỳ warld with wordis fair & sweit:
Till euery man the Faith, thay suld furth schaw
In thair awin leid, delyuerand thame ỳ Law.

Thairfoir I think ane greit derisioun,
To heir thir Nunnis, & sisteris, nicht and day,
Singand, and sayand Psalmes and Dyisoun:
Nocht vnderstanding quhat thay sing or say,
Bot lyke ane Stirling, or ane Popingay:
Quhilk leirnit ar to speik, be lang vsage,
Thame I compair; to birdis in ane cage.

Richt so Chyldren, and Ladyis of honouris,
Prayis in Latyne, to thame ane vncouth leid;
Mumlād thair matynis, euinsāg & thair houris:
Thair Pater noster, Aue, and thair Creid,
It wer als plesand to thair Spreit in deid:
God haue mercy on me, for to say thus,
As to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Sanct Jerome in his proper toung Romane,
The Law of God he trewly did translait,
Out of Hebrew, and Greik in Latyne plane:
Quhilk hes bene hid frō vs lāg tyme, God wait
Vnto this tyme, bot efter myne consait:
Had sanct Jerome bene borne in till Argyle,
Into Irische toung his bukis had done cōpyle.

Prudent sanct Paull doith make narratioun,
Cor. 14. Twiching the diuers leid of euery land,

Sayand

Sayand thair bene mair edificatioun:
In fyue wordis that folk doith vnderstand,
Nor to pronunce of wordis ten thousand:
In stræge læguage, fyne wait not quhat it menis
I think sic pattring is not worth twa penis.

Vnleirnit pepill on the holy day,
Solemnitlie thay heir the Euangell soung,
Not knawin quhat the preist dois sing nor say:
Bot as ane bell, quhen that thay heir it roung,
Zit wald the preistis in thair mother toung.
Pas to the Pulpite, and that doctrine declare,
Till lawid pepill, it wer mair necessare.

I wald Prelatis and Doctouris of the Law
With vs lawid pepill, wer nocht discontent,
Thocht we in our vulgare toung did knaw:
Of Christ Jesu, the lyfe and Testament,
And how that we suld keip commandement:
Bot in our language, lat vs pray and reid,
Our Pater noster, Aue, and our Creid.

I wald sum Prince, of greit Discretioun,
In vulgar language, planelie gart translait,
The neidfull Lawis, of this Regioun:
Than wald thair not be half so greit debait,
Amang vs pepill of the lawe Estait:
Gif euery man, the verite did knaw,
We neidit nocht, to treit thir men of Law.

Till do our nychtbour wræg, we wald be war
Gif we did feir, the Lawis punischement,
Thair wald nocht be, sic brawlyng at the bar:

Nor men of Law, lope to sic Royall rent,
To keip the Law, gif all men wer content:
And ilk man do, as he wald be done to,
The Jugis wald get lytle thing ado.

The Prophelt Dauid King of Israell,
Compyld the plesand Psalmes of the Psaltair,
In his awin proper toung, as I heir tell:
And Salomon, quhilk wes his Sone & Air,
Did make his buke, in till his toung vulgair:
Quhy suld not thair sayng be till vs schawin,
In our lãguage, I wald the cause wer knawin

Lat Doctours wryte thair curious questions
And argumentis, fawin full of Sophistrie
Thair Logick, and thair hich Opinions,
Thair dirk Jugementis of Astronomie,
Thair Medecine, and thair Philosophie:
Lat Poetis schaw thair glorious Ingyne,
As euer thay pleis, in Greik, or in Latyne,

Bot lat vs haue the buikis necessare,
To commoun weill and our Saluatioun,
Iustlie translatit in our toung vulgare:
And als I make the Supplicatioun,
O gentill Redar, haue none Indignatioun:
Thinkand I mell me with so hie matair,
Now to my purpose forduart will I fair.

The Creatioun of Adam and Eue. VI.

Quhen God had maid the heuinis bricht,
The Sun, a Mone, for to giflicht:
The sterry heuin, and chrystaline,
And be his Sapience Diuine:
The Planeitis in thair circles round,
Quhirlyng about, with merie sound:
Of quhome Phebus was principall,
Just in his lyne Eclipticall.
And gaue be Diuyne Sapience,
Till euery Ster thair Influence:
With motioun continuall,
Quhilk doith indure perpetuall:
And farrest from the Heuin Empyre,
The Eirth, the Watter, Air, and Fyre.
He cled the Eirth with Herbis and Treis,
All kynd of Fischis in the Seis:
All kynd of Beist, he did prepair,
With Foulis, fleing in the Air.
Thus be his word, all thing was wrocht,
Without materiall, maid of nocht:
So by his Wisedome infinite,
All was maid plesand, and perfite.
Quhen Heuin and Eirth, and thair contentis
Wer endit with thair Ornamentis:
Than laste of all, the Lord began,

Of most vyle eirth to make the man.
Nocht of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
Nor Cyper tre, as I suppose:
Nother of Gold, nor pretious stonis,
Of eirth he maid Flesche, Blude, and Bonis.
To that intent, God maid hym thus,
That man suld nocht be glorious:
Nor in him self na thing suld se,
Bot matter of humilite.
Quhen man wes maid, as I haue tauld,
Genes. 2. God in his face, did hym behauld:
Breithand in hym ane lyflie Spreit,
Quhen all thir werkis wer compleit:
He maid man to his similitude,
Precelland into pulchritude.
Dotit with giftis of Nature,
Abufe all eirthlie Creature:
Syne plesandlie, did hym conuoy,
To ane Regioun repleit with Joy:
Of all plesour, quhilk beir the pryce
And callit eirthlie Paradyce.
And brocht be Diuyne Prouidence,
All beistis, and birdis till his presence:
Adam did craftelie inpone,
Ane speciall name till euery one.
And to all thingis materiall,
He namit thame in speciall:
How he thame namit, zit bene kend,
And salbe to the warldis end.
Into that gardyng of plesance,
Twa treis grew, most till auance:

Abufe all

Wuſe all vther, quhilk bair the pryce,
In middis of that Paradyce.
The ane wes callit the tre of lyfe,
The vther tre began our ſtryfe:
The tre to knawo baith gude and euill,
Quhilk be perſwaſioun of the Deuill,
Began our miſerie and wo,
Bot lat vs to our purpoſe go.
How God gaif Adam ſtrait command
That tre to twiche nocht with his hand
All vther fructis of Paradyce,
He bad hym eit at his deuyce.
Sayand, gif thow eit of this tre,
With dowbill deith, than ſall thow de:
Thairfoir I the command be war,
And from this tre, thow ſtand a far.
Zit Father Adam wes allone,
But companie of ony one:
Than thocht the Lord it neceſſar,
Till hym to create ane helpar.
God pat in Adam, ſic Sapour,
That for to ſleip, he tuke pleſoure:
And laid hym doun vpon the ground,
And quhen Adam wes ſleipand ſound:
He tuke ane Rib, furth of his ſyde,
Syne fillit vp, with fleſche and hyde.
And maid ane woman of that bone,
Fairar of forme, wes neuer none.
Than till Adam incontinent,
That fair Lady, he did preſent:
Quhilk ſchortlie ſaid, for to conclude,

Thow art my Flesche, my Bonis, and Blude:
And Virago, he callit hir than,
Quhilk is interpreit, maid of Man:
Quhilk Eua efterwart was namit,
Quhen for hir falt, scho wes defamit.
Than did the Lord them Sanctifie,
Saying, Increes and multiplie:
Be this, men suld leif all thair kinne,
And with thair wyffis mak dwellinne:
And for thair saik leif Father and Mother
And lufe thame best, abufe all vther:
For God hes ordanit them trewlie,
To be twa Saulis, in one bodie.
My wit is waik for till indyte,
Thair heuinlie plesouris infinyte:
Wes neuer none eirthlie Creature,
Sen syne had sic perfyte plesure.
Thay had puissance Imperiall,
Abufe all thing materiall:
Als cunnyng Clerkis dois conclude,
Adam precellit in pulchritude:
Most naturall, and the faireft man,
That euer was, sen the warld began:
Except Christ Jesu, Goddis Sone,
To quhome wes no comparisone.
And Eua the faireft Creature,
That euer wes formit be Nature:
Thocht thay war naikit, as thay wer maid,
No schame ather of vther haid:
Quhat plesour mycht ane man haue more,
Nor haue his Lady hym before:

So lustie,

So lustie, plesand, and perfyte,
Reddy to serue his appetyte.
Thay had none vther cure, I wis,
Bot past thare tyme, with Joy and blis:
Wyld Beistis did to thame repair,
So did the Fowlis of the air:
With noyis most Angelicall,
Makand thame mirthis Musicall.
The Fischis swemand in the strandis,
Wer holelie at thair commandis.
All Creaturis with ane accord,
Obeyit hym, as thair souerane Lord:
Thay fufferit nother heit nor cald,
With euery plesour that thay wald.
Als to the Deith, they wer nocht thrall,
And richt so suld we haue bene all:
For he and all his Successouris,
Suld haue possedit those plesouris:
Syne from that Joy materiall,
Gone to the gloze Imperiall.
Thay had geue, I can richt descryue,
Greit Joy in all their wittis fyue:
In Heiring, Seing, Gusting, Smelling
Induring thair delytesum dwelling.
Heiring the birdis Harmoneis,
Taisting the fructis of diuers treis:
Smelling the balmy dulce odouris,
Quhilk did proceid from fragrãt flouris.
Seing so mony heuinlie hewis,
Of blomes breking on the bewis:
Of twicheing, als thay had delyte,

Of vtheris bodyis soft and quhyte:
But dout, Induring that plesour,
Thay luffit vther Paramour:
Na maruell, thocht swa suld be,
Considering thair greit bewte:
Als God gaif thame command expres,
To multiplie, and till incres
That thair seid, and successioun,
Wicht pleneis euery Natioun.
I list nocht tarie, til declair,
All properteis of that place preclair:
Bow herbis, & treis, grew ay grene,
Nor of the temperat air serene.
Bow fructis Indeficient,
Ay alyke rype and redolent:
Nor of the Fontane, nor the fludis,
Nor of the flouris pulchritudis.
That mater Clerkis dois declair,
Vnhairfoir, I speik of thame na mair:
The Scripture makis no mentioun,
Bow lang thay rang in that Regioun:
Bot I beleif, the tyme wes schort,
As diuers doctouris dois report.

Of the

Of the miſerabill Tranſgreſſioun of Adam. VII.



Father, how happinit ȝ mischance?
(Quod I) schaw me the circumstance:
Declare me that cairfull cace,
How Adam loſt that pleſand place
From him, and his ſucceſſioun,
How did proceid that tranſgreſſioun?
E. (Quod he) efter my rude Ingyne,
I ſall reherſ the that rewyne:
Quhen God the Plaſmatour of all,
Into the Heuin Emperiall:
Did creat all the Angellis bricht,
He maid ane Angell moſt of micht.
To quhome he gaif preeminence,
Abuſe thame all in Sapience:
Becauſe all vther he did prefer,
Namit he wes bricht Lucifer.
He was ſo pleſand, and ſo fair,
He thoucht hym ſelf without compair:
And grew ſo gay, and glorious,
He gan to be preſumpteous.
And thoucht that he wald ſet his ſait,
Into the North, and mak debait:
Agane the Maieſte Deuyne,

Quhilk

Quhilk wes the cause of his rewyne:
For he incurrit Goddis Ire,
And banyst from the heuin Empire:
With Angellis mony one Legioun,
Quhilkis wer of his opinioun.
Innumerabill with him thair fell,
Sum lichtit in the lawest hell:
Sum in the sey did mak repair,
Sum in the Eirth, sum in the Air,
That most vnhappie Companye,
At Father Adam had Inuye:
Persauing Adam and his seid,
Into their placis to succeid.
Genes. 3 The Serpent wes the subtellest,
Abone all beistis, and craftiest:
Than Sathan with ane fals intent,
Did enter into that serpent:
Imagening sum craftie wyle,
How he micht Adam best begyle:
And gar hym brek Commandement,
Bot to the Woman first he went:
Traisting the better to preuaill,
Full subtellie did hir assaill:
With facund wordis, fals, and fair,
He grew with hir familiar:
That he his purpose micht auance,
Beleuand in hir Inconstance.
Quhat is the cause, Madame (said he)
That ze forbeir zone plesand tre:
Quhilk bene but peir most precious,
Quhose fruct ben most delycious?

I Nyll (quod sche) thare to accord,
We ar forbidden be the Lord:
The quhilk hes geuin vs lybertie,
Till eit of euery fruct, and trie:
Quhilk growis into Paradyse,
Bot we command, we ar nocht wyse.
Ye gaue till vs ane strait command,
That tre to twiche nocht with our hand:
Eit we of it, without remeid,
Ye said but dout, we suld be deid.
Beleif nocht that (said the Serpent,)
Eit ze of it incontinent:
Repleit ze sall be with Science,
And haue perfyte Intelligence.
Lyke God hym self, of euill and gude,
Than haistelie for to conclude:
Heiring of this Prerogatyue,
Scho pullit doun the fruct belyue:
Throuch counsaill of this fals serpent,
And eit of it, to that intent.
And pat hir husband in beleue,
That plesant fruct gif he wald preue:
That he suld be als Sapient,
As the greit God Omnipotent:
Think ze nocht that ane plesand thing
That we lyke God suld euer ring.
Ye heirand this Narratioun,
And be hir Solistatioun:
Mouit be pryde full ambitioun,
Ye eit on that conditioun.
The principall poyntis of this offence,

War pryde

War pryde, and Inobedience:
Desyring for to be equall,
To God, the Creature of all.
Allace Adam, quhy did thow so?
Quhy cauſit thow this mortall wo?
Had thow bene constant, ferme & stabil
Thy gloze had bene incomparabill.
Quhare wes thy consideratioun,
Quhilk had the dominatioun:
Of euery leuand Creature,
That God had formit be Nature.
Till vse thame, at thy awin deuyse,
Wes thow nocht Prince of Paradyse?
Wes neuer man, sen syne on lyue,
That God gaue sic Prerogatyue:
Ye gaue the strenth, aboue Sampson,
And sapience mair than Salomon.
Young Absolon in his tyme most fair,
To thy bewtie, wes no compair:
Aristotell thow did precell,
Into Philosophie naturell.
Virgill in till his Poetrie,
Nor Cicero in till Oratrie:
War neuer half so eloquent,
Quhy brak thow Goddis commandement?
Quhare wes thy wit, that wald nocht fle,
Far from the presence of that tre?
Gaue nocht thy Maker the fre will,
To tak the gude, and leif the euill?
How micht thy forfalt be excusit,
That Goddis commandement refusit?

Throuch

Throuch thy wyfis perſwaſioun,
Quhilk hes ben the occaſioun:
Sen ſyne that mony nobill men,
Be the euill counſale of wemen:
Alluterlie deſtroyit bene,
As in the hiſtoryis may be ſene.
Quhilk now we neid nocht till declair
Bot forthwart till our purpoſe fair:
Quhen thay had eittin of the frute,
Of Joy than war thay deſtitute.
Than gan thay baith for to think ſchame,
And to be naikit thocht defame.
And maid thame breikis of leuis grene
That thair ſecreitis ſuld nocht be ſene.
Bot in the ſtait of Innocence,
Thay had none ſic Experience:
Bot quhen thay war to ſin ſubiectit,
To ſchame and dreid thay war coactit:
And in ane buſ thay hid thame cloce,
Eſchamit of the Lordis voce.
Quhilk callit Adam be his name,
(Quod he) my Lord, I think greit ſchame:
Naikit to cum to thy preſence,
Thow had none ſic Exprience.
(Quod God) quhen thow wes innocent,
Quhy brak thow my commandement?
Allace, quod Adam to the Lord,
The verite I ſall record:
This woman that thow gaue to me,
Gart me eit of zone pleſant tre.
Richt ſo the woman hir excuſit,

And ſaid

And said, the Serpent me abusit.
Than to the Serpent, God said thus,
O thow Desauer vennemous:
Because the woman thow begylit,
From thyne furth sall thow be exylit.
Curst and varyit sall thow be,
So sall thy seid be efter the:
Cauld eirth sall be thy fude also,
And creipand on thy breist sall go:
Als I sall put Enemite,
Betuix the woman euer and the.
Betuix thy seid, and womannis seid,
Salbe continuall mortall feid.
Quhowbeit thow hes wrocht thir mischeuis,
It sall nocht be as thow beleuis:
Sic seid salbe in woman sawin,
That thy power salbe doun thrawin:
Tredding thy heid, that thow may feill,
And thow sall tred him on the heill.
This was his promis, and mening,
That the Immaculate Virging:
Suld beir the Prince Omnipotent,
Quhilk suld tred doun that fals Serpent:
Sathan, and all his companie,
And thame confound alluterlie.
C. (Quod I) gif Sathan Prince of Hell,
Spak in the Serpent, as ze tell:
And beistis can no way sinne at all,
Quhy wes the Serpent maid so thrall?
I heir men say, afore that hour,
The Serpent had ane fair figour:

And zeid

And zeid straucht vp vpon his feit,
And had his memberis all compleit:
As vtheris beistis vpon the bent.
E. (Quod he) for he wes Instrument,
To Sathan, in his miserie,
Punist he wes, as ze may sie:
As be Experience thow may knaw,
Expres into the commoun Law:
Ane man conuictit for Bugre,
The beist is brint als weill as he,
Howbeit the beist be Innocent,
And so befell of the Serpent,
It was the Feind full of despyte,
Of Adamis fall quhilk had the wyte:
As he hes had of mony mo,
But till our purpose let vs go.
Than to the woman, for hir offence,
God did pronunce this sore sentence:
All plesour that thow had a forrow,
Sall changit be, in lesting sorrow.
Quhare that thow suld with mirth and Joy,
Haue borne thy birth but pane or noy:
Now all thy bairnis sall thow bair,
With dolour and continuall cair:
And thow salbe for ought thow can,
Euer subiectit to the man.
Be this sentence God did conclude,
Wemen from lybertie denude:
Quhilk be experience ze may se,
Quhow Quenis of most hie degre,
Ar vnder most subiectioun,

And ſuffcris moſt correctioun.
For thay lyke birdis in till anc cage,
Ar keipit ay vnder thirlage.
So all wemen in thair degre,
Suld to thair men ſubiectit be:
Howbeit ſum zit will ſtryue for ſtait,
And for the maiſtrie mak debait:
Quhilk gif thay want, baith euin & morrow,
Thair men will ſuffer mekill ſorrow.
Of Eue thay tak that qualitie,
To deſyre Soueranitie.
And than till Adam ſaid the Lord,
Becauſe that thow hes done accord
Thy will, and harknit to thy wyfe,
Now ſall thow loſe this pleſand lyfe:
Thow was till hir obedient,
Bot thow brak my Commandement.
Curſit and barren the eirth ſall be,
Quhare euer thow gois, till that thow de.
But laubour, it ſall bere na corne,
Bot Thiſtill, Nettill, Breir, and Thorne,
For fude thow gettis none vther beild,
Bot eit the herbis vpon the feild:
Sore laubouring, till thy browis ſwete,
From thyne furth, ſall thow win thy mete.
I maid the of the eirth certane,
And thow in eirth ſall turne agane.
Than maid he thame abilzement,
Of ſkinnis ane raggit rayment:
Thame to preſerue from heit and cauld
Than grew thair Dolour mony fauld.

Now

Now Adam arze lyke till vs,
With zour gay garment glozious?
To thame thir wozdis, said the Lozd,
Than cryit thay baith Miserizord,
Quhen from that geirth, with hartis sozie,
Banischit thay wer foz euer more,
Into this wretchit vaill of sozrow,
With daylie laubour ewin & mozrow,
Efter quhose dolozous departing,
The Lozd gaue Paradyse in keping,
Till ane Angell of Cherubin,
That none suld haue entres tharein.
At the quhilk entres he did stand,
With flammand fyrie swozd in hand:
To keip that Adam, and his wyfe,
Sulde nocht taist of the tre of lyfe.
Foz gif thay of that tre had preuit,
Perpetuallie thay micht haue leuit.
So Adam and his successioun,
Of Paradyse tynt possessioun,
And be this sin originall,
War men to miserie maid thrall.
My Sone, now may thow cleirlie se,
This warld began with miserie:
With miserie it doith proceid,
Quhose fyne sall dolour be and dreid.

C. Father (quod I) quhat kynd of lyfe,
Led Adam with his lustie wyfe,
Efter thair bailfull banischyng?

E. (Quod he) continuall womenting:

My hart hes zit compassioun,
How thay went wandzing vp and doun:
Weiping with mony lowd allace,
That thay had left that plesand place:
In wildernes to be exyld
Quhare thay fand nocht bot beistis wyld:
Wanneling thame for till deuore,
Quhilkis all obedient war afore.
C. Father (quod I) in quhat countre,
Did leif Adam, efter that he,
Was banischit from that delyte?
E. Clerkis (quod he) hes put in wryte,
How Adam dwelt with mekle baill,
In Namber, in that lustie baill:
Quhilk efter wes the Iowis land,
Genes. 4 Quhare zit his Sepulture dois stand.
I list nocht tary till discryue,
The wo of Adam nor his wyue:
Nor tell quhen thay had Sonnis two,
Cayn, and Abell, and na mo.
Nor how curst Cayn, for Inuy,
Did slay his brother cruelly:
Nor of thair murning, nor of thair mone,
Quhen thay but Sonnis wer left allone.
Abell lay slane vpon the ground
Curst Cayn flemit, and vacabound:
Nor how God of his speciall grace,
Send thame the thrid sone fair of face:
Most lyke Adam of flesche and blude,
Seth, was his name, gracious & gude.
Nor how blind Lameth, rakleslie,

Did slay

Did slay Cayn vnhappelie.
Adam, as Clerkis dois descryue,
Begat with Eue his wofull wyue:
Of Wen, Chyldren, threttie and two.
And of Dochteris alyke also.
Be this thow may weill vnderstand,
That Adam saw mony ane thousand:
That of his body did discend,
Or he out of the warld did wend.
Adam leuit in eirth but weir, Genes. 5.
Compleit, nyne hundreth & thretty zeir
And all his dayis wat bot sorrow,
Remembring daith euin and morrow:
Of Paradyce the prosperitie,
And syne of his grein miserie.
His hart micht neuer be reiosit,
Remembring how the heuin wes closit
From hym, and his successioun,
And that be his transgressioun.
Efter his death vis'd heir sell,
His Saule descendit to the hell:
And thare remanit prisoneir,
In that dungeoun, thre thousand zeir.
And mair, so did baith euill and gude,
Till Christ for thame had sched his bluide:
Than be that most precious Ransoun,
Thay wer delyuerit of prisoun.
I haue declarit now, as I can,
The miserie of the first man.

VIII. How God destroyit all leuand Creaturis in erth for Sin, and drownit thame be ane terribill Flude in the tyme of Noe.

PRudent Father Experience,
Declare to me, of ze gahence,
Quhat was the cause God did destroy,
All Creature in the tyme of Noy.
E. (Quod he) I trimmill for to tell,
That Infortune, how it befell:
The cause bene so abhominabill,
And the mater so miserabill.
Bot for to schaw the circumstance,
Manifestlie of that mischance;
First I mon gar the vnderstand,
Genes.6 How Adam gaue Aryes command,
That those quhilkis cum of Sethis blude,
Because thay wer gracious and gude,
Suld nocht contract with Caynis kin
Quhilkis wer inclynit all to sin:
Till obserue that commandement;
Cayn past into the Orient,
With his wyfe, callit Calmana,
Quhilk was his awin Sister alswa.
Quhare his offspring did lang remane,
Besyde the montane of Tarbane.
And Seth did lang tyme lede his lyfe,

with Delhoza, his prudent wyfe:
Quhilk was his Sister gude and fair,
In Damascene maid thair repair:
In that countrie of Sethis clan,
Discendit mony holy man,
So lang as Adam was leuand,
The pepill did obserue command,
Quhen he was dede, and laid in ground,
And pepill greitlie did abound:
And Cayn slane, as I haue schawin,
And Sethis dayis all ouer blawin.
The sonnis than of Sethis blude,
Seand the plesand pulchritude, Genes. 6
Of the Ladyis of Caynis kin,
Howbeit thay knew weill it wes Sin,
Oppreist with sensuall lustis rage,
Did take thame into Mariage.
And so corrupit wes that blude,
The gude with euill, and euil with gude:
Than as the pepill did increis
Thay did abound in wickkitnes:
As holy Scripture dois rehers,
Quhilk I abhor to put in vers,
Or tell with toung, I am nocht abill,
The suthe bene so abhominabill:
How men, and wemen, schamefullie,
Abusit thame selfis vnnaturallie,
Quhose foull abhominatioun,
And vncouth fornicatioun,
I think greit schame to put in wryte,
All that Paull Rose doith indyte.

Quhilk gif I wald at lenth declair,
It wer vneuch to fyle the air.
Greit Clerkis of Antiquiteis,
Hes wryttin mony trew storeis:
Quhilkis as worthy to be commendit,
Howbeit thay be nocht comprehendit:
At lenth in the Diuyne Scripture,
Bot I sall do my beste cure:
To tak the best (as I suppose)
That maist perteinis to my purpose.
And with support of Christ our King,
I purpose to confirme na thing:
Of the auld Historicience,
Contrarious till his Excellence.
Howbeit that sum mennis traditionis
Be contrair Christis Institutionis:
Of thame thocht sum thing I declair,
Now lat vs proceid further mair,
And with ane Language lamentabill,
Declair this mater miserabill.
C. Father the cauſis wald I knaw,
Quhy thay of Nature brak the law?
E. I traist (quod he) that wikkitnes,
Gennerit throw sleuthfull Idilnes.
The Deuill with all the craft he can,
Quhen he persauis ane Idill man:
Or woman geuin till Idilnes,
He gettis esilie entres,
And so by this occasioun,
And be the Feindis persuasioun:
The haill warld vniuersallie,

Corruptit

Corruptit was all interlie.
C. Quhat wes the cause thay Idill wairis
That cace (quod I) to me declair.
E. (Quod he) be my Imaginatioun,
For lak of vertuous Occupatioun.
For of Craftis thay had small vsage,
Of marchandyce, nor labouring age:
The eirth then wes so plenteous,
Of fruct and spyce delicious,
The herbis wer so comfortabill,
Delytesum and medicynabill:
The Fontanis freshe and redolent,
To labouring thay tuke gritt tent;
All maner of Beistis on thair pleuch,
Did multiplie without laubour.
The tyme betuix Adam and Noy,
To se the eirth it wes greit Joy:
Plantit with precious treis of pryce,
Four famous flodis of Paradyce
Ran throuch the eirth in sindrie partis,
Spreiding thair brainchis in all artis.
The watter was so strang and fyne,
Thay wald nocht laubour to mak wyne.
The fruct and herbis wer so guid,
Thay maid na maner for vther fude.
And so the people tuke no cure
Bot past thir tyme at thair pleasure.
Ay fund and new Inuentionis,
To fulfill thair Intentionis.
So that the Lord Omnipotent,
That he maid man, did hym repent.

And schew vntill his seruand Noy,
That he wald all the warld destroy:
Except hym self, and his Meinze.
Allace (quod Noe) quhen sall that be?
Than said the Lord, sen thow so speiris,
I sall prolong sax scoze of zeiris:
Tarying vpon thair repentance,
Or I fulfill my Just Sentence.
In the meine tyme, sall thow to warke
Incontinent, and betid ane Arke:
Quhilk Noe began obedientlie,
And wrocht on it continuallie:
And to the peiplis daylie preicheit,
To cry for grace, he to thame teicheit.
And to thame plainelie did declair,
That God his wand na mair wald spair
Bot on thame, he wald work vengence,
To Noe sic gaue thay na credence:
And so thay wer vncounsalabill,
Vsing thair lust abhominabill:
And tuke his preiching in delyte,
Ay followand thair foull delyte:
Quhill all and anoze, till that dulefull day,
Quhilk all the warld put in effray,
C. Father ze yarit me vnderstand,
Quhen Adam brak the Lordis command:
Till augment his affliction,
God gaue his malediction,
Vnto the eirth, quhilk wes so fair,
That it suld barren be and bair:
And without labour beir na corne,

Nor fruct, bot thrissill, breir, and thorne,
Now say ze, in the tyme of Noy,
To se the eirth, it wes greit Joy:
Plantit with fructis gude and fair,
The suthe of this to me declair.
Thir sayingis twa, gar me considder,
How ze mak thame agre to gidder.
E. God maid that promis sikkerlie,
Howbeit it come nocht instantlie:
(Quod he) as Clerkis dois conclude,
Bot efter quhen the furious flude,
Distroyit the eirth alluterlie,
Than come that promis sikkerlie.
Euin sic lyke, as God gaue command,
Adam to tuiche nocht with his hand:
Nor eit of the forbiddin tre,
Gif he did so, that he sild de.
Howbeit he deid: nocht, but weir,
Efter that day, nyne hundreth zeir.
Richt so the Prophet Esayas,
Speikand of Christ the great Messyas
Sayand the Barne is till vs borne,
To lait mankynd, quhilk is forlorne,
Is he had bene borne instantlie,
Zit was he nocht borne verilie,
Efter that saying mony one zeir,
Ar in the Scripture thow may heir:
Ane thousand zeir, quho reknith richt,
Is bot ane houre, in Goddis sicht. 2. Pet. 3.
Exemplis mony, I micht tell,
Wer it nocht tedious for to dwell:

Esa. 9.

Till our

Till our purpose lat vs proceid,
Schawand the hicht, the lenth & breid:
And qualitie of Noyis Ark,
Quhilk wes ane richt excellent wourk.
Of Pyne tre maid, bound weill about,
Laid ouer with pik, within, and out:
Junit ful cloce, with naillis strang,
And wes thre hundreth Cubitis lang.
Fyftie in breid, thretty in hicht,
Thre Chalmeris iunit weill and wicht:
And euerilk loft abufe ane vthet,
Without anker, air or ruther.
Ane richt Cubite, as I heir tell,
Of mesour now micht bene ane ell:
In the ane fyde, ane dur thare wes,
For beistis ane eslie entres.
This ark quhilk wes baith lang & large,
Maid in the boddum, lyke ane barge:
Couerit with burdis weill abufe,
Most lyke ane houfe, with set on rufe:
Genes. 7 Quhairin wes ane cubite braid,
Quharein thare wes ane windo maid.
Sum sayis, weil closit with chrystal cleir
Quharethrow the daylicht, micht weill appeir.
This wark the mair was to be pryfit,
Because be God it wes devyfit.
The making of this ark but weir,
Indurit weill ane hundreith zeir.
Quhen Noe had done compleit this wark,
God did him close within the Ark,
With him his wyfe, and Sonnis thre,

With

With thair thre wyffis, but mo menze.
And of all Foulis of the air,
Of euerilk kynd enterit ane pair.
Richt so twa beistis of euerilk kynd,
For quhy, it wes the Lordis mynd:
That genetatioun suld nocht faill,
Quhairfoir of Femell, and of Maill.
Of euerilk kynd wer keipit two,
Bot to rehers, myne hart is wo:
The dolent Lamentatioun,
That tyme of euerilk Natioun.
Sayand, allace ane thousand syis,
Quhen wynd, and rane, began to ryis.
The Rokis with reird began to ryue,
Quhen vglie cluddis did ouerdryue:
And dirkynnit so, the Heuinnis bricht,
That Sunne nor Mone, micht schaw no licht.
The terribill trimling of eirth quaik,
Gart Biggingis bow, and Citeis schaik.
The thounder rang the cluddis sabill,
With horribill sound espouentabill.
The fyreflauchtis flew ouerthort the fellis,
Than wes thare nocht, bot zowtis and zellis.
Quhen thay persauit, without remede,
All Creatures to suffer dede:
All Fontanis from the eirth vpspring,
And from the heuin the rane doune dang:
Fourtie dayis, and fourtie nichtis,
Than ran the pepill to the hichtis.
Sum clam in craigis, sum in treis,
And sum to the hicheſt montanis fleis:

With mair terrour, noȝ I can tell,
Bot all foȝ nocht, the Fludis fell:
And wynd did rowt, with sic ane reird
That euerilk wicht, warpit his weird.
Cryand allace, that thay wer borne,
Into that Flude, to be foȝlorne.
Men micht na help mak to thair wyifȝ
Noȝ zit support thair bairnis lyifis.
The fludis rose with so greit michtis,
That thay ouercouerit all the hichtis:
Thay micht na mair thair lyuis lenth,
Bot swame so lang as thay had strenth
And so with cryis lamentabill,
Endit thair lyuis miserabill.
Aboue montanis that war most hie,
Fyftie Cubitis rose the sie.
Men may Imagyne in thair mynd,
All Creature into thair kynd:
Baith beistis, and foulis in the air,
In thair maneir, maid mekill cair:
The fischis thocht thame euill begyld,
Quhen thay swame throuch the woddis wyld.
Quhailis tumland amang the treis,
Wyld beistis swomand in the seis:
Birdis with mony pietuous pew,
Efferitlie in the air thay flew:
So lang as thay had strenth to flee,
Syne swatterit Doun into the see.
Na thing on eirth, wes left on lyue,
Beistis noȝ Foulis, Man, noȝ Wyue:
God holelie did thame distroy,

Except

Except thame in the Ark with Noy,
The quhilk lay fletand on the flode,
Welterand amang the stremis wode:
With mony terribill effrayis,
Remanit ane hundreth and fiftie dayis:
In greit langour, and heuines,
Or wynd, or rane began to ces.
Sumtyme effectuouslie prayand,
Sumtyme the beistis besayand:
For be the Lordis commandement,
He maid prouisioun sufficient.
For Noe dwelt in that Ark but dout, Genes. 8
Ane zeir compleit, or he come out,
How at mair lenth, in holy wryte,
This dulefull historie bene Indyte:
And how that Nose gan to reiose,
Quhen Conductis of the heuin did close:
So that the rane na mair discendit,
Nor the flude na mair ascendit.
Quhen he persauit the heuinnis cleir,
He send furth Corbie messingeir,
Into the air, for to espy,
Gif he saw ony montanis dry.
Sum sayis the Rauin, did furth remane,
And come nocht to the ark agane.
Furth flew the Dow at Noes command,
And quhen scho did persaue dry land:
Of ane Olyue, scho brak ane branche,
That Noe micht knaw the watter stanche,
And thare na mair scho did sudiorne,
Bot with the branche scho did retorne,

That

That Noe micht cleirlie vnderstand,
That fellowyn Flude, was decressand:
And so it did, still at the last,
The Ark vpon the grc'ind stak fast:
On the top of ane Montane hie,
Into the land of Armenie.
And quhen that Noe had done espy,
How that the eirth began to dry:
Than dang he doun the durris all,
And lousit thame, the quhilk wes thral
The Foulis flew furth in the air,
And all the beistis pair and pair:
Past furth to seik thair pasturages,
Thare wes than but aucht personages:
Noe, his thre Sonnis, and thair wyuis,
On eirth, that left was with thair lyuis:
Genes. 9 Quhome God did blis, and sanctifie,
Sayand increis, and multiplie.
God, wat gif Noe was blyith and glaid,
Quhen of that presone he wes fraid.
Quhen Noe had maid his Sacrifice,
Thankand God of his Benefice:
He standing on mont Armenie,
Quharc he the countrie micht espie.
Ze may beleue his hart was sore,
Seing the eirth, quhilk wes afore
The flude, so plesand and perfyte,
Quhilk to behald, wes greit delyte:
That now was barren maid and bair,
Afore quhilk fructuous was and fair.
The plesand treis beiring fructis,

wer lyand rewin vp be the ruitis:
The holsum herbis and fragrant flouris,
Had tynt baith vertew and colouris:
The feildis grene, and flurist meidis,
wer spulzeit of thair plesand weidis.
The eirth quhilk first wes so fair formit,
wes be that furious flude deformit:
Quhare vmquhyle wer, the plesand planis,
wer holkit Glennis, and hie montanis:
From clattring craigis, greit and gray,
The eirth was weschin quyte away.
Bot Noe had greitest displesuris,
Behaldand the dede Creaturis:
Quhilk wes ane sicht richt lamentabill,
Wyen, wemen, beistis innumerabill:
Seyng thame ly vpon the landis,
And sum wer fleiting on the strandis:
Quhaillis, and monstouris of the seis,
Strickit on stobbis amang the treis.
And quhen the flude was decressand,
Thay wer left weltering on the land.
Afoze the Flude, during that space,
The Sey wes all into ane place.
Richt so the eirth, as bene decydit,
In syndrie partis was nocht deuydit:
As bene Europe, and Asia,
Deuydit ar from Africa.
Ze sé now diuers famous Iles,
Stand from the mene land monie myles.
All thir greit Iles, I vnderstand,
wer than equall with the ferme land.

Thare was none sey Mediterrane,
Bot onely the greit Occeane:
Quhilk did not spreid sic bullering strandis,
As it dois now ouerthort the landis.
Than by the raiging of that Flude,
The eirth of bewte wes denude:
The quhilk afore was to be pitie,
Quhose bewte than war dilagyit.
Than was the maledictioun knawin,
Quhilk fell to God till Adam schawin.
I reid how clerkis dois conclude,
Induring that most furious Flude:
With quhilk the eirth was so suppest,
The wattis flew furthof the southwest.
As may be sene be Experience,
How throw the wattris violence,
The hich montanis in euery art,
Ar bair, forgane the Sourthwest part:
As the montanis of Pyrenis,
The Alpes and Rochis in the feis:
Richt so the Rochis gryt and gray,
Quhilk standis into Norroway:
The hichest hillis in euery art,
And in Scotland, for the most part:
Throuch weltering of that furious Flude;
The craigis of eirth wer sa denude,
Trauelling men, may considder eit,
The montanis bair, wyrt the Southwest.
C. Declare (quod I) how conclude,
How lang leuit Ade efter the Flude.
E. (Quod he) in Genesis thow may here,

How that Noe was sex hundreth zere,
The tyme of his greit punischement,
And ay to God obedient: Genes. 9
And was the best of Sethis blude,
And als he leuit efter the Flude,
Thre hundreth and fyftie zeiris,
As the Haiyn Scripture witnes beiris.
And was, or he randerit the spreit,
Nyne hundreth and fyftie zeiris compleit.
To schaw this historie miserabill,
Ar lenth, my wittis ar nocht abill:
And als my Sone (as I suppose)
It langis nocht till our purpose:
To schaw how Noeis sonnis thrie,
Gan to incress and multiplie.
Nor how that Noe plantit the wyne,
And drank till he was dronkin syne:
And sleipit with his membris bair,
And how Cham, maid for him na cair,
Bot leuch to se his Father so,
Howbeit his brether war richt wo.
Nor how Noe, but restrictioun,
Gaue Cham his maledictioun:
And put hym vnder seruitude,
To Sem and Japhet that war gude.
Nor how God maid ane conuenent,
With Noe, to mak na punischement:
Nor be na Flude the pepill droun,
In signe of that condictioun,
His Rane Bow set into the air,
Of diuers heuinlie colouris fair:

For to be ane perpetuall ſtng,
Be Flude to mak na puniſſing:
This hiſtorie, gif thow liſt to knaw,
At lenth the Bibill ſall the ſchaw.

¶ The ſecund Buke:

I. Contening the building of Babilon be Nimrod. And how King Ninus began the Firſt Monarchie of thair Idolatrie. And how Semiramis gouernit the Impyre efter hir huſband King Ninus.



Father I pray zow, to me tell,
The firſt Infortune that befell,
Immediatlie efter the Flude,
And quha did firſt ſcheid ſaikleſs blude:
And how Idolatrie began?
E. (Quod he) I ſall do as I can:
Efter the Flude, I find na hiſtorie,
Worthy to put in memorie:
Genes. 9 Till Nimrod began to ring,
Abuſe the pepill, as ane King:
Quhilk wes the principall man of one,
That beildar wes of Babilone.

C. That

C. That hiſtorie Maiſter wald I knaw,
(Quod I) gif ze the ſnthe wald ſchaw:
Quhy, and for quhat occaſioun,
Thay beildit ſic ane ſtrang Dungeoun?
E. Than ſaid to me Experience,
I ſall declare with diligence,
Thoſe queſtionis at thy command,
Bot firſt Sone, thow mon vnderſtand
Of Nimrod, the Genealogie,
His ſtrenth, curage; and quantitie:
Howbeit Moyſes in his firſt buke,
That hiſtorie lichtlie did ouer luke,
Of hym na mair he doith declare,
Except he was ane ſtrang Huntare:
Bot vtheris Clerkis curious
As Oroſe doith, and Joſephus:
Diſcryuis Nimrod at mair lenth,
Baith of his ſtature, and his ſtrenth.
This Nimrod was the fourt perſoun,
From Noe be hyne diſcending doun.
Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, the ſuthe bene thus.
This Nimrod grew ane man of micht,
That tyme in eirth, wes noue ſo wicht:
He wes ane Gyand ſtout and ſtrang,
Perforce wyld beiſtis he doun thrang:
The pepill of that haill Regioun,
Come vnder his Dominioun.
Na man thair wes in all that land,
His ſtalwartnes that durſt ganeſtand.
Na mariell wes thocht he wes wicht

Ten cubitis large, he wes of wicht.
Proportionat in lenth and breid,
Efferand to his hicht we reid.
He grew so greit and glorious,
So pryde full and presumptuous:
That he come Inobedient,
To the greit God Omnipotent,
This Nimrod was the principall man
That first Idolatrie began.
Than gart he all the pepill call,
To his presence baith greit and small:
Genel. 11 And in that greit Conuentioun,
Did propone his Intentioun.
My freindis (said he) I mak it kend wtin,
The greit vengeance that God hes schawin,
In tyme of our fore Father Noy,
Quhen he did all the warld destroy.
And dround thame in ane furious Flude,
Quharefore, I think we suld conclude:
How we may mak ane strang defence,
Aganis sic watteris violence.
For to resist his Furious Ire,
Contrair baith to Flude and Fyre.
Lat vs ga spy sum plesand feild,
Quhare ane strang bigging we may beild,
Ane Cietie, with ane strang Dungeoun,
That none Ingyne may ding it doun.
So hich, so thick so large and lang,
That God till vs sall do na wrang:
It sall surmont the Planetis seuin,
That we from God may win the heuin.

Thou

Thoſe pepill with ane ferme intent,
All till his counſell did conſent:
And did eſpy ane pleſand plais,
Hard on the Flude of Euphrates.
The pepill thare did thame repair,
Into the plane feild of Sincar:
Quhilk now of Chaldie beiris the name,
Quhilk did lang tyme flureis in fame.
Thair greit Foxtres than did thay found,
And kaiſt till thay gat louer ground.
All fell to work, baith man and chyld,
Sum holkit clay, ſum bynt the tyld,
Nimrod, that curious Campioun,
Deuyſar wes of that Dungeoun.
Na thing thay ſpairit thair laubouris,
Lyke beſie beis vpon the flouris:
Or Emmettis trauelling into June,
Sum vnder wrocht, and ſum abune:
With ſtrang Ingenious Maſonrie,
Upwart thair work did fortifie,
With brynt tyld, ſtonis, large & wicht,
That Toure thay raiſit to ſic hicht,
Abufe the airis Regioun,
And Junit of ſo ſtrang faſſioun:
With Syment maid of pik and ter,
Thay vſit nane vther morter.
Thocht fyre or watter it aſſailit,
Contrair that Dungeoun nocht auailit.
The land about was fair and plane,
And it rais lyke ane hich montane:
Thoſe fuliſche pepill did intend,

That to the heuin it suld ascend:
So greit ane strenth wes neuer sene,
Into the warld with mennis ene.
The wallis of that wark thay maid,
Twa and fyftie faldome braid:
Ane faldome than, as some men sayis,
Wicht bene twa faldone in our dayis
Ane man wes than of mair stature,
Nor twa be now, thareof be sure.
Iosephus haldis opinioun,
Sayand the hicht of this Dungeoun,
Of large pasis of mesure bene,
Fyue thousand, aucht score & fourtene.
Be this rakning, it is full richt,
Fyue mylis, and ane halfin hicht:
Ane thousand pais, tak for ane myle,
And thow sall find it neir that style:
This toure in compas round about,
Wer mylis ten, withouttin dout:
About the Cetie of Staidis,
Foure hundreth, & four score I wis:
And be this noumer in compas,
About thre score of mylis it was.
And as Orosius reportis,
Thare wes fyue score of brasin portis.
The Translatour of Orosius
In till his Cronicle wryttis thus,
That quhen the Sunne is at the hicht
At none, quhen it dois schyne maist bricht:
The schaddow of that hidduous strenth,
Sex myle, and mair, it is of lenth.

Thus

Thus may ze Judge into zour thocht,
Gif Babilon be hich or nocht.

How God maid the diuersitie of Languagis, and maid impediment to the Buildaris of Babilon. II.

THan the greit God Omnipotent,
To quhome all thingis bene present
That wes, and is, and euer sall be,
Ar present till his Maieste:
The hid secretis of mannis hart,
From his presence may nocht depart:
He seand the ambitioun,
And the prydefull presumptioun:
How thir proude, prydfull did pretend,
Up throuch the heuinnis till ascend:
Quhilk was greit folie till deuyse,
Sic ane presumptuous interpryse:
For quhen thay wer most diligent,
God maid thame sic impediment:
Thay wer constraynit with hartis sore
From thyne departe and beild no more.
Sic Languagis on thame he laid,
That none wist quhat ane vther said.
Quhare wes bot ane language afore,
God send thame languagis thre score.
At that tyme all spak Hebrew,
Than sum began for to speik Grew:

Sum

Sum Dutche, sum language Sarasyne,
And sum began to speik Latyne.
The Waister men, gan to ga wylde,
Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tyld:
Sum said bring mortar heir atanis,
Than brocht thay to thame stokis and stanis.
And Nimrod thair greit Campioun,
Ran rageand lyke ane wyld Lyoun,
Manassing thame with wordis rude:
Bot never ane worde thay vnderstude.
Quhen thay fand hym gude and kynd,
But than thay thocht hym by his mynd.
Quhen he so furiouslie did flyte,
Than turnit his pryde into despyte.
So dirk Eclipsit wes his glore,
Quhen thay wald wirk for him na more.
Behald how God wes so gracious,
To thame quhilk wer so outragious:
Ye nather brak thair leggis nor armis,
Nor zit did thame none vther harmis:
Except of toungis diuisioun,
And for fynall conclusioun,
Constraynit thay wer for till depart,
Ilk cumpanie in ane syndrie art.
Sum past into the Orient,
And sum into the Occident.
Sum South, sum North, as thay thocht best,
And so thair policie left waist.
Bot how that cietie was repairit,
Heir efter it salbe declairit.

Of the

Of the first Inuentioun of Idolatric. How Nimrod compellit the Peuill till adorne the Fyre in Chaldea. III.

NOw Schir (said I) schaw me the man,
Quhilk first Idolatrie began:
E. That sall I do, with all my hart
My Sone (said he) or we depart.
Quhen Nimrod saw his purpose failit,
And his greit laubour nocht availit:
In maner of contemptioun,
Departit furth of that regioun,
And as Orosius doith reherse,
He past into the land of Perse:
And mony ane zeir did thare remane,
And syne to Babilon came agane,
And fand huge peuill of Chaldie,
Remanand in that greit citie,
That wer glaid of his returning,
And did obey him as thair king.
Nimrod, his name for till auance,
Amang thame maid new ordinance:
Sayand I think ze ar nocht wyse,
That to uther God makis sacrifyce.
Than to fulfill his fals desyre,
He gart be maid ane flammand fyre,
And maid it of sic breid and hicht,

He gart

He gart it birn, baith day and nicht,
Than all the pepill of that land,
Adorit the fyre, at his command,
Prosternit on kneis and facis,
Beseikand thair new God of gracis,
To geue thame mair occasioun,
He maid thame greit perswasioun.
This God (said he) is maist of micht,
Schawand his beinis on the nicht:
Quhen Sunne and Mone ar baith obscure,
His hevinlie brichtnes dois indure.
Quhen mennis memberis sufferis cald,
Fyre warmis thame euin as thay wald.
Than cryit the pepill at his desyre,
Thare is na God except the fyre.
Or thare was ony Imagerie,
Began this first Idolatrie.
At that tyme thair was none vsage,
To carue, nor for to paynt Image.
Than maid he Proclamatioun,
Quho maid richt adoratioun,
To that new God, without remede,
Into that fyre suld suffer dede.
I find na man into that land,
His tyrannie that durst gane stand,
Bot Abraham and Aram his brother,
That disobeyit, I find none vther:
Quhilk dwelland war in that cuntrie
With thair father callit Tharie
Thir brether Nimrod did reprene,
Sayand till him, Lord with your leue

This

This fyre is bot ane Element,
Pray ze to God Omnipotent:
Quhilk maid the Heuinnis be his micht,
Sunne, Mone, and Sterris, to geue licht.
He maid the Fisthis in the Seis,
The Eirth, with Beistis, Herbis, and Treis:
And last of all, for to conclude,
He maid man to his similitude.
To that greit God geue pryse and gloze,
Quhose Ring induris euermoze.
Than Nimrod in his furious Ire,
Thir brether baith kest in the fyre:
Abraham be God he wes preseruit,
Bot Aram in the fyre he steruit.
Quhen Thare hard his sone wes dede
He did depart out of that stede,
With Abraham, Nachor & thair wyuis
As the Scripture at lenth deseryuis:
And left the land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia:
And dwelt in Tharan all his dayis,
And deid thare, as the story sayis.
The lyfe of Abraham I suppose,
Na thing langis till our purpose.
Into the Bybill thow may reid,
His vertevus lyfe in word and deid.
Now to the, I haue schawin the man,
That first Idolatrie began.

Of the

IIII. Of the grett Miserie and Skaithis that cummis of Weiris: And how king Ninus began the First weiris, and straik the First battell.

FAther I pray zow, with myn hart,
Declare to me or we departe,
Quha first began thir mortal weiris,
Quhilk wreikis faithfull hart effeiris,
And every policie doun thrawis,
Expres agains the Lordis lawis?
Sen Christ our King Omnipotent,
Left Pece in till his Testament,
How dois proceid this cruelitie,
Aganis Justice and Equitie?
In land quhair ony weiris bene,
Greit Miserie thair may be sene.
Al thing on eirth, that God hes wrocht
Weir, dois distroy, and puttis at nocht:
Citeis, with mony strang dominge doun,
Ar brint, and to the eirth doung doun:
Virginis and matronis ar defloreit,
Templis that rychelie bene decoreit,
Ar brint, and all thair Preistis spulzeit

Pure Orphelenis vnder feit ar fulzeit.
Mony auld men maid Childerles,
And mony Childer Fatherles:
Of famous Sculis the Doctryne,
Baith Naturall Science and Deuyne,
And euery vertew trampit doun,
Na reuerence done to Religioun.
Strenthis destroyit alluterlie,
Fair Ladyis forsit schamefullie.
Young wedowis spulzeit of thair spousis,
Pure labozaris houndit from thair housis,
Thare dar na marchant tak on hand,
To trauell nother be sey noz land:
Foz bouchesouris quhilk dois thame confound,
Sum murdzeist bene, and sum ardzound.
Craftismen of Curious Ingyne,
Alluterlie put to rewyne.
The Bestiall reft, the Commonis slane.
The land but labouring dowsemane.
Quhair on the perfyte warkis,
Beildingis, Gardingis, plesand parkis:
Alluterlie distroyit haue,
Ereit graingis hyus, thare may be sene.
Ryches be reuersioun to powertie,
Plentie in till penuritie,
Deith, Younger, Deith is weil kend,
Of weir, this is the fatall end.
Justice turnit in tyrannie,
All plesour in aduersitie,
The weir alluterlie Deuoir the awis.
Baith the Ciuill and Cannounis lawis.

Weir generis murthour and miſcheif,
Sore lamenting without releif.
Weir doith diſtroy Realmes & Kingis,
Greit Princis weir to preſoun bringis.
Weir, ſcheddis mekill ſaikles blude:
Sen I can ſay of Weir na gude.
C. Declare to me, Schir, gif ze can,
Quha firſt this miſerie began.

V. ¶ Ane ſchort Deſcriptioun of the Foure Monarcheis. And how King Ninus began the Firſt Monarchie.

IF Weiris (ſaid he) ỳ greit outrage
Began into the ſecund age:
Be cruel, prydeful, couetous king,
Reuaris but richt of vtheris ring,
Howbeit Cayn, afore the Flude,
Wes firſt ſchedder of ſaikles blude.
Ninus wes firſt, a principall man,
Quhilk wrangous conqueſting began:
And was the man withouttin faill,
In eirth, that ſtraik the firſt battaill:
And firſt inuentit Imagerie,
Quhare throuch came greit Idolatrie.
We moſt knaw, or we further wend,
Of quhome King Ninus did diſcend.
Ninus, gif I can richt deſyre,
He was from Noe the fyft be lyne.

Noe ge

Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus:
And Belus Ninus hyt lesing,
Of Assyria the secund king.
And beildar of that greit Cite,
The quhilk was callit Ninive:
And was the first and principall man,
Quhilk the first Monarchie began.
C. Father (quod I) declare to me,
Quhat signifyis ane Monarchie?
E. The suith (said he) Sone, gif thow knew,
Monarchie bene ane terme of Grew:
As quhen ane Prouince principall,
Had haill power Imperiall;
During thair dominationis,
Abufe all kingis and Nationis,
Ane Monarchie that men dois call,
Of quhome I find four principall:
Quhilk hes roung sen the warld began.
C. Than (said I) Father, gif ze can,
Quhilk four bene thay, schaw me, I pray zow.
E. My Sone (said he) that sall I say zow:
First rang the kingis of Assyrianis:
Secundlie rang the Persianis.
The Greikis thridlie, with sword and fyre,
Perforce obteinit the thrid Empyre,
The Fourt Monarchie, as I here,
The Romanis brukit mony ane zere.
Lat vs first speik of Ninus king,
How he began his conquessing.
¶ The auld Greik Historiciane,

Diodorus he wrytt is plane,
At richt greit lenth of Ninus king,
Of his Impyre and Conquessing,
And of Semiramis his wyfe,
That tyme the lustiest on lyfe:
It wer to lang to put in wryte,
Quhilk Diodore hes done indyte.
Bot I sall schaw, as I suppose,
Quhilk maist belangis thy purpose.
Quhen Nimrod, Prince of Babilone,
Out of this wretchit warld was gone
And his sone Belus did alswa,
The first king of Assyria,
This Ninus, quhilk was secund king,
Tryumphantlie began to ring,
And wes nocht satisfyit, nor content,
Of his awin Regioun, nor his rent:
Thinkand his glore for till aduance,
Be his greit pepill and puissance:
Throuch pryde, couetyce, & vane glore,
Did him prepare to conqueis more:
And gatherit furth ane greit armie,
Contrair Babilon and Chaldie:
Quhare of he had ardent desyre,
Till rute that land till his Impyre.
Howbeit he had thareto na richt,
Bot be his tyrannie and micht:
Withouttin feir of God or man,
His conquessing thus he began.
This pepill beand in array,
To Chaldea tuke the reddy way:

Quhen

Quhen that the Babilonianis,
To gether with the Chaldianis:
Hard tell king Ninus wes cummand,
Maid proclamation, throuch the land:
That ilk man efter thair degre,
Suld cum, & saik thair awin countre.
Howbeit thay had na vse of weir,
Thay past forduart withouttin feir:
And put thame selfis in gude ordour.
To meit king Ninus on the bordour,
In that tyme, ze sall vnderstand,
Thare wes na harnes in the land,
For till defend, nor till inuaid,
Quhare throw mair slauchter thair wes maid.
Thay faucht throw strenth of thair bodeis,
With gaddis of Irne, with stonis and treis.
With sound of horne, and hidduous cly,
Thay ruschit to gether richt rudely:
With hardy hart, and strenth of handis.
Till thousandis deid lay on the landis.
Quhare men in battell naikit bene,
Greit slauchter sone thare may be sene,
Thay faucht so lang, and cruellie,
And with vncertain victorie.
Na man michtiudge, that stude on far
Quha gat the better nor the war.
Bot quhen it did approche the nicht,
The Chaldeanis thay tuke the flicht:
Than the king and his companie,
Wer richt glaid of that victorie,
Because he wan the first battell,

That strikkin was in eirth but faill:
And peceable of that Regioun,
Did take the haill Dominioun.
Than wes the king of Chaldea,
Alsweill as of Assyria:
As for the king of Arabie,
In his conqueſt maid him supplie.
Of this zit wes he nocht content,
Bot to the realme of Wede he went:
Quhare Farnus king of that countrie,
Did mete him with ane greit armie:
Bot king Ninus the battell wan,
Quhare slane wer mony nobill man:
And to that king wald geue na grace,
Bot planelie in ane publict place,
With his seuin sonnis & his Ladie,
Cruelie did thame crucifie.
Of that tryumphe he did reiois,
Syne forduart to the feild he gois,
Than conqueist he Armenia,
Perse, Egypt, and Pemphylia,
Cappadoce, Lide, and Mauritane,
Caspia, Phrigia, and Hyrcane,
All Africa and Asia,
Except greit Inde, and Bactria.
Quhilk he did conques efterwart,
As ze sall heir or we depart.
Now wald I or we further wend,
That his Idolatrie war kend.
Syne efter that without sudiorne,
Till our purpose we sall retorne.

How

How King Ninus inuentit the VI. first Idolatrie of Imagis.

NInus ane Image he gart mak,
For king Belus his Fatheris saik:
Maist lyke his father of figour,
Of quantitie and portraitour.
Of fyne gold was ȳ figour maid,
Ane craftie Croun vpon his haid,
With precious stonis in tokning,
His father Belus was ane king,
In Babilon he ane tempill maid,
Of craftie work baith hich and braid:
Quharein that Image gloriouslie,
Wes thronit vp trymphantlie.
Than Ninus gaif ane strait command
Till all the pepill of that land:
Aswell in till Assyria,
As in Sinear and Chaldia,
Under his dominatioun,
Thay sulde make adoratioun,
Apon thair knees to that figour,
Under the pain of forfaltour.
Thare was na Lord in al that land,
His summonding that durst ganestand,
Than young and auld, baith greit and small,
Till that Image thay prayit all:
And changit his naine, as I here tell,

From Belus, to thair greit God Bell,
In that tempill he did deuyse,
Preistis for till make Sacrifyce.
Be consuetude, than came ane law,
None vther God that thay wald knaw:
And als he gaif to that Image,
Of Sanctuarie the Priuilege,
For quhat sum euer transgressour,
Ane Homicide, or Oppressour,
Seand that Image in the face,
Of thair gilt gat the kingis grace.
C. Declare to me sweit Sir (said I)
Was thare na mair Idolatry?
Efter that this fals Idole Bell,
Wes thronit vp, as ze me tell.
E. My Sone (said he) incontinent,
The nouellis throuch the warld thay went:
How king Ninus, as I haue said,
Ane curious Image he had maid:
To the quhilk all his Natioun,
Maid deuote adoratioun.
Than euery Countrie tuke consait,
Thay wald king Ninus conterfait:
Quhen ony famous man was deid,
Set vp ane Image in his steid,
Quhilk thay did honour from the splene,
As it immortall God had bene:
Imagis sum maid for the nanis,
Of fyne gold, sum of stokis and stanis:
Of siluer sum, and Euer bane,
With diuers names till euery ane.

For

For sum thay callit Saturnus,
Sum Jupiter, sum Neptunus,
And sum thay callit Cupido,
Thair God of lufe, and sum Pluto.
Thay callit sum Mercurius,
And sum the wyndie Eolus:
Sum Mars maid lyke ane man of weir.
Enarmit weill with sworde and speir.
Sum Bacchus, and sum Apollo,
Of names thay had ane hundreth mo.
Quhen ane Lady of greit fame,
wes deid, for till exalt hir name,
Ane Image of hir portratour,
Wald set vp in ane Oratour:
The quhilk thay callit thair goddes,
As Venus, Juno, and Pallas.
Sum Cleo, sum Proserpina,
Sum Ceres, Vesta, and Diana:
And sum the greit goddes Minerue,
With curious colouris thay wald carue.
Amang the Poetis, thou may sie,
Of fals goddis the genealogie.
So thir abhominationis,
Did spreid ouerthort all Nationis:
Except gude Abraham, as we reid,
Quhilk honourit God, in worde & deid.
For Abraham had his beginning,
Into the tyme of Ninus king.
Ninus began with tyrannie,
And Abraham with humilitie.
Ninus began the first Impyre,

Abraham, of weir, had na desyre.
Ninus began Idolatrie,
Abraham in spreit and veritie,
He prayit to the Lord alane,
Fals Imagerie he wald haue nane.
Of him discendit, I here tell,
The twelf Tribis of Israell,
Thir pepill maid adoratioun,
With humill supplicatioun,
Till him quhilk wes of kingis King,
That heuin & eirth maid of na thing:
Dede Imagis thay held at nocht,
That wer with mennis hand\ wrocht
Bot the almychtie God of lyfe,
My Sone, now haue I done descryfe
Thir questionis at thy command,
The quhilkis thow did at me demand.
C. Quhat wes the cause (schir mak me sure)
Idolatrie did so lang indure,
Outrpouch the warld so generallie,
And with the Gentilis speciallie?
E. (Quod he) sum causis principall,
I fynd in my memoriall:
First wes throuch Princis commandement,
Quhilk did Idolatrie inuent,
Syne singular profite of the Preistis,
Paintouris, Goldsmythis, Masonis, Wrichtis,
Thir men of craft full curiouslie,
Maid Imagis so plesandlie:
And sauld thame for ane sumptuous pryce,
To be thair craftie Merchandyce,

Thay

Thay wer maid ritche abone meſure,
As for the Preiſtis I the aſſure:
Large profite gat ouerthort all landis,
Throuch ſacrifice and offerandis,
And be thair fayned ſanctitude,
Abuſit mony ane man of gude:
As in the tyme of Daniell, Daniel 3
The Preiſtis of this Idoll Bell,
Quhen Nabuchodonoſor king,
In Babilon royallie did ring,
Thir preiſtis the king gart vnderſtand,
That Image maid be mennis hand,
Ye wes ane glorious God of lyfe,
And had ſic ane prerogatyfe,
That be his greit power deuyne,
Wald eit Beif, Mouttoun, breid & wyne
And ſo the king gart euery day
Afore Bell on his aultar lay,
Fourty freſche bedderis fat and fyne,
And ſax greit rowbouris of wicht wyne:
Twelf greit Louis of bowtit flour,
Quhilk wes all eittin in ane hour,
Nocht be that Image deif and dum,
Bot be the Preiſtis all and ſum:
As in the Bibill thow may ken,
Quhoſe nouner wer thre ſcore and ten,
Thay, and thair wyfis euerilk day,
Eit all that on the Aulter lay,
Than Daniell in concluſion,
Schew the king thair abuſioun,
And of thair ſubteltie, maid him ſure,

How vnderneth the tempill flure,
Throuch ane paſſage thay came be nicht,
And eit that meit with candill licht.
The King quhen he the mater knew.
Thir Preiſtis with all thair wyffis he ſlew.
Thus ſuttellie the King was ſylit,
And all the pepill wer begylit.
My Sone (ſaid he) now may thou ken
How be the Preiſtis, and Craftiſmen:
And be thair craftines and cure,
Idolatrie did ſo lang indure.
Behauld how Jhone Boccatius,
Hes wrytttin wrkis wounderous,
Of Gentilis ſuperſtitioun,
And of thair greit abuſioun:
As in his greit Buke thow may ſie,
Of Fals Goddis the Genealogie.
Of Demogorgon, in ſpeciall,
Fore Grandſchir till the Goddis all:
Honourit amang Archadianis,
And of the fals Philiſtianis:
With thair greit deuilliſche god Dagone,
With vtheris Idollis mony one:
Bot I abhor the treuth to tell,
Of the Princis of Iſraell,
Choſin be God Omnipotent,
How thay brak his commandement,
3. Reg. 11 King Salomon, as the Scripture ſayis,
He dotit in his latter dayis:
His wantoun wyffis to compleis,
He curit nocht God till diſpleis.

And ſo

And did commit Idolatrie,
worschipping caruit Imagerie:
As Moloch god of Ammonites,
And Chamos, god of Moabites.
Astaroth, god of Sydoniens,
So for his inobediens,
And foull abhominatioun,
Wer punist his successioun.
His Sone Roboam, I here tell,
Tint the ten Tribis of Israell,
For his fatheris Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thow may sie.

Of Imagis vsit amang Christiane men. VII.



Father, zit ane thing I wald speir,
Behald in euery Kirk and Queir:
Throuch Christindoome in Burgh and land,
Imagis maid with mannis hand:
To quhome be geuin diuers names,
Sum Peter and Paule, sum Jhone & James.
Sanct Peter caruit with his keyis,
Sanct Michaell with his wyngis and weyis,
Sanct Katherine, with hir sworde & quheill,
Ane Hynd set vp besyde sanct Geill.

It war

It war to lang for till deſcryue,
Sanct Franchis with his woundis fyue:
Sanct Tredwall, als thare may be ſene,
Quhilk on ane preik hes baith hir ene.
Sanct Paull weill paintit with ane ſworde,
As he wald fecht at the firſt word,
Sanct Apolline on aulter ſtandis,
With all hir teith in till hir handis,
Sanct Roche weill ſeiſit, men may ſie,
Ane byill new brokin on his thie.
Sanct Eloy he dois ſtaitlie ſtand,
Ane new horſe ſcho in till his hand.
Sanct Niniane of ane rottin ſtok:
Sanct Doutho borrit out of ane blok.
Sanct Androw with his croce in hand
Sanct George vpon ane horſe rydand
Sanct Anthonie ſet vp with ane ſow.
Sanct Bryde weil caruit with ane kow:
With coiſtlie colouris fyne and fair,
Ane thouſand mo, I mycht declair:
As ſanct Coſme and Damiane,
The Sowtaris ſanct Criſpiane:
All thir on aulter ſtaitlie ſtandis,
Preiſtis cryand for thair offerandis,
To quhome we Commons on our knes
Dois worſchip all thir Imagereis:
In kirk, in Queir, and in the cloſter,
Prayand to thame our Pater noſter.
In Pilgramage from town to toun,
With offerand, and with Dirigeoun:
To thame ay babland on our beidis,

That thay may help vs in our neidis:
Quhat differs this declare to me,
From the Gentilis Idolatrie?
E. Gif that be trew that thow reportis
It gois richt neir thir samin sortis:
Bot we be counsaill of Clargie,
Yes lycence to mak Imagerie:
Quhilk of vnleirnit beme the buikis,
For quhen lawit folk vpon thame luikis
It bringis to rememberance,
Of Sanctis lyuis the circumstance,
How the Faith for to fortifie,
Thay sufferit pane richt patientlie,
Seand the Image of the rude,
Men suld remember on the blude:
Quhilk Christ in tūl his Passioun;
Did sched for our Saluatioun:
Or quhen thow seis ane portraicture,
Of hyllit Mayde Virgine pure,
Ane bony Babe vpon hir kneis
Than in thy mynde remember theis
The wordis quhilkis the Propheit said,
How schald be baith mother and maid,
Bot quhat sillis doun on thair kneis
Prayand tillonie Imageis:
With Offerie or offerand
Kneland with cap into thair hand.
Na difference betwix I say to thie,
From the Gentilis Idolatrie.
Richtso of diuers nationis,
I reid the abhominationis,

How

How Greiſis maid thair deuotioun haill,
To Mars, to ſaif thame in battaill.
Till Juppiter, ſum tuke thair vayage,
To ſaue thame from the ſtormis rage,
Sum prayit to Venus from the ſpiene
That thay thair luiffis micht obtene:
And ſum to Juno for rytches,
Thair Pilgramage thay wald addres.
So dois our commoun populare,
Quhilk war to lang for till declare,
Thair ſuperſtitious pilgramagis:
To mony diuers Imagis,
Sum to ſanct Roche with diligence,
To ſaif thame from the peſtilence:
For thair teith to ſanct Apolline,
To ſanct Tredwell, to mend thair ene.
Sum makis offerand to ſanct Eloy,
That he thair houſe may weill conuoy.
Thay ryn, quhen thay haue Jowellis tint,
To ſeik ſanct Swith or euer thay ſtint.
And to ſanct Germane, to get remeid,
For maladeis into thair heid.
Thay ſwing mad men on fute and hors,
And vowis thame to ſanct Mongois Cros.
To ſanct Barbara thay cry full faſt,
To ſaif thame from the thonder blaſt,
For gude Nouellis, as I heir tell,
Sum takis thair gate to Gabriell.
Sum wyffis ſanct Margaret dois exhort.
Into thair byrth thame to ſupport,
To ſanct Anthony, to ſaif the ſow.

To ſanct

To sanct Bryde to reip Calfe and kow.
To sanct Sebastiane thay ryn and ryde,
That from the schot he saif thair syde:
And sum in hope to get thair heill,
Rynnis to the auld Ryde of Rerrell.
Howbeit thir simpill pepill vnde,
Think thair intentioun be bot gude.
Wo be to Preistis, I say for me,
Quhilk suld schaw thame the verite,
Prelatis quhilkis hes of thame the cure,
Sall mak answeir thare of be sure,
On the greit day of Judgement,
Quhen na tyme beis for to repent,
Quhare manifest Idolatrie,
Sall punist be perpetuallie,

Ane Exclamatioun againis Idolatrie. VIII.



Imprudent pepill, Ignorant and blynd,
By quhat resone, law or auctoritie
Or quhat autentick scripture can ze find,
Lesum for till commit Idolatrie,
Quhilk bene to bow zour body or zour knie:
With deuote humill adoratioun,
Till ony Idolis maid of stone or tre,
Geuand to thame offerand or oblatioun.

Quhy

Quhyndo ȝe gyue the honour, laud and glore,
Pertenyg to God, quhilk maid all thig of nocht,
Exod. 32 Quhilk was, and is, and salbe euer more,
Till Imagis be mennis handis wrocht:
O fulisch folk, quhy haue ȝe succour socht
Of thame quhilk can not help ȝow in distres:
Ȝit reasonably reuolue into ȝour thocht,
In stok, nor stane, can be none holynes.

In the desert the pepill of Israell,
Moyses remaning in the mount Synay,
Thay maid ane moltin Calf of tyne merrell,
Quhilk thay did honour as thare God perray:
Bot quhen Moyses descendit, I here say,
And did considder thair Idolatrie,
Of that pepill, thre thousand gart he slay.
As the Scripture at lenth dois testifie.

Dani. 14 Becaus the holy Prophet Daniell,
In Babilon Idolatrie repreuit,
And wald not worschip thair fals Idoll Bell,
The haill pepill at him wer so aggreuit,
To that effect that he suld be mischeuit:
Deliuerit him to rampant Lyonis seuin,
Bot of that daungerous den, he was releuit,
Throuch mirakle of the greit God in Heuin.

Behauld how Nabuchodonosor king,
Into the baill of Duran, did prepare,
A hie Image of tyne gold, ane meruallous thing
Thre score of cubitis hich, and sex in square,
Daniel. 3 As more cleirlie the Scripture dois declare:
To quhome all pepill be proclamatioun;

with

with bodyis bowit, and on thair kneis bare,
Richt humillie thay maid adoratioun.

Ane greit wounder, that day was sene also,
How Nabuchodonosor in his Ire:
Tuke Sidrach, Misach, and Abednago,
Quhilk wald not bow thair kne at his desyre,
Till that Idoll, gart cast thame in the fyre,
For to be brynt, or he steirit of that staid,
Quhen he beleuit, thay wer brynt bone and lyre
Was nocht cõsumit ane small hair of thair heid.

The Angell of the Lord was wt thame sene,
In that hait Furneis passing yp and down,
In till ane Rose Gairth, as thay had bene:
None spot of fyre, distayning coit nor gown,
Of victorie thay did obtene the Crown:
And war to thame, that maid adoratioun,
To that Idoll, or bowit thair body donn,
Ane witnessing of thair Dampnatioun.

Quhat was the cause, at me thou may demand,
That Salomon vsit nane Imagerie,
In his tryumphant Temple for till stand:
Of Abraham, Isac, Jacob, nor Jesse,
Nor of Moyses, thair sauegard throuch the see:
Nor Josue, thair bailzeand Campioun:
Because God did command the contrarie, Exo. 20.
Thay sulde nocht vse sic superstitioun. Deutr. 5.

Behauld how the greit God Omnipotent,
To preserue Israell from Idolatrie,
Directit thame ane strait Commandement,

Thay suld nocht mak, nane caruit Imagerie;
Nother of gold, of siluer, stane, nor trie:
Nor giue worschip till ony similitude,
Beand in Heuin, in Eirth, nor in the Sie,
Bot onelie till his Souerane celsitude.

Barn.6. Pſal.115. The Prophet Dauid planelie did repreue,
Idolatrie to thair confusioun,
In grauit stok, or stane that did beleue,
Declaring thame thair greit abusioun,
Spekand in maner of derisioun,
How dede Idolis be mennis handis wrocht,
Quhame thay honourit, with humill orisonn,
Wer in the merket daylie sauld and bocht.

The Deuillis seand the euill conditioun,
Of the Gentilis, and thair vnfaithfulnes,
For till augment thair superstitioun,
In those Idolis, thay maid thair entres,
And in tahme spak, as storpis dois exprес:
Than men beleuit of thame to get releif,
Alsmaid thame help in all thair besynes,
Bot finallie that turnit to thair mischeif.

Traist weill in thame, is nane Diuinitie.
Quhen reik and roust thair fair colour dois fald
Thocht thay haue feit on fute thay can not fle,
Howbeit the tempill birn abone thair heid,
In thame is nother freindschip nor remeid,
In sic figuris quhat fauour can ze find?
With mouth & eiris, & ene thocht thay be maid,
All men may see, thay ar dum, deif, & blind.

Howbeit

Howbeit thay fall doun flatling on the flure
Thay haue na ſtrenth thare ſelf to raiſ agane,
Thocht ratton ouer yame rin, thay tak na cure
Howbeit thay brek thair nek, thay feill na pane,
Quhy ſuld men Pſalmis to thaime ſing or ſane:
Sen growand treis, that zeirlie beiris frute,
Ar mair to praiſe, I mak it to the plane,
Nor cuttit ſtockis, wãting baith crop and rute.

Of Edinburgh, the greit Idolatrie,
And manifeſt abhominatioun,
On thair feiſt day, all Creature may ſie,
Thay beir ane auld ſtok Image throw ỹ toun,
With talbrone, trumpet, ſchalme & clarioun,
Quhilk hes bene vſit, mony ane zeir bygone,
With preiſtis, and freiris, into proceſſioun,
Siclyke as Bell wes borne throuch Babilon.

Eſchame ze nocht ze ſeculare preiſtis & freiris
Till ſo greit ſuperſtitioun to conſent:
Idolatreis ze haue bene mony zeiris,
Expres aganis the Lordis commandement,
Quharefor brether I counſale zow repent:
Giue na honour, to caruit ſtok, nor ſtone,
Giue laude and gloze to God Omnipotent,
Allanerlie, as wyſelie wrytis Jhone.

Fy on zow Freiris, that vſis for to preche.
And dois aſſiſt to ſic Idolatrie:
Quhy do ze nocht the Ignorant pepill teche,
How ane deid Image caruit of ane tre,
As it wer holy, ſuld nocht honourit be:
Nor borne on Burges backis vp and doun.

Bot ze schaw ylanelie zour Hypocrisie,
Quhen ze past formest in processioun.

Fy on zow fosteraris of Idolatrie,
That till ane dede stok dois sic reuerence,
In presence of the pepill, publikelie.
Feir ze nocht God, to commit sic offence?
I counsale zow, do zit zour diligence,
To gar suppresse sic greit abusioun:
Do ze nocht so, I dreid zour recompence,
Salbe nocht ellis bot clene confusioun.

Had sãct Frãces bene borne out throw ỹ toun,
Or sanct Dominik, thocht ze had nocht refusit,
With thame till haue past in processioun:
In till that cace, sum wald haue zow excusit.
Now men may see, how that ze haue abusit,
That nobill toun, throuch zour hypocrisie,
The pepill trawis that thay may richt weil vsit
Quhen ze pas with thame into companie.

Sum of zow hes bene quiet counsallouris,
Prouokand Princis, to sched saikles blude,
Quhilk neuer did zour prudent predecessouris:
Bot ze lyke furious Phariseis denude,
Of Cheritie, quhilk rent Christ on the rude.
For Christis flok, without malice or Ire:
Conuertit fragill faltouris I conclude,
Be Goddis worde, without swerd or fyre.

Reid ze not how ỹ Christ hes geuin cõmand,
Gif thy brether doith ought the till offend,
Matt. 18 Than secreitlie correct him hand for hand,

Than

In freindlie maner, betwix zow twa,
Gif he will nocht heir the, than mak it kend,
Till ane or twa, be trew narratiun.
Gif he thairin, will not his mis amend,
Declare him to the Congregatioun.

And gif he zit remanis obstinate,
And to the holy kirk incounsolabill,
Than lyke ane Turk hald him excommunicate
And with all faithfull folk abhominabill,
Banissing him, that he be na mair abill,
To dwell amang the faithfull cumpanie:
Quhen he repentis, be nocht vnmerciabill;
Bot him resaue agane richt tenderlie.

Bot our dum Doctours of Diuinitie,
And ze of the laste fonde Religioun,
Of pure Transgressouris ze haue na pitie:
Bot cryis to put thame to confusioun,
As cryit the Jowis, for the effusioun
Of Christis blude into thair birnand Ire,
Crucifige, so ze with ane vnioun,
Cryis fy; gar cast that faltour in the fyre.

Vnmercifull memberis of the Antechrist, Matt. 15.
Extolland zour humane traditioun, Ephe. 6.
Contrair the Institutionn of Christ,
Effeir ze nocht Diuine punitioun,
Thocht sum of zow be gude of conditioun,
Reddy for to resaue new recent wyne,
I speik to zow auld Boissis of perditioun,
Returne in tyme, or ze tyn to rewyne.

As ran the peruerst Prophetis of Baall,
Quhilkis did consent to the Idolatrie,
Of wickit Achab, king of Israell:
Quhose noumer wer foure hundreth and fyftie,
Quhilkis honorit that Idoll oppinlie,
Bot quhen Elias did preue thair abusioun:
He gart the peiple slay thame cruellie,
So at ane hour came thare confusioun.

I pray zow prent in zour remembrance,
How the reid Freiris, for thair Idolatrie,
In Scotland, Ingland, Spane, Italy & Frace
Upon ane day, wer punisit pietuuslie.
Behalde how zour awin brether now laitly,
In Dutchelād, Inglād, Dēmark & Norrowey,
Ar trampit doun, with thare Hypocrisie,
And as the straw ar meltit clene away.

I meruell ỳ our Bischopp̃ thinkis na schame
To giue zow Freiris sic preeminence,
Till vse thair office, to thair greit defame,
Preiching for thame, in oppin audience.
Bot micht ane bischop eik til his awin expence,
For ilk Sermon ten Ducatis in his hand,
He wald, or he did want that recompence,
Ga preiche him self, baith into burgh and land.

I traist to see gude reformatioun,
From tyme we get ane faithfull prudent king,
Quhilk knawis the trueth, & his vocatioun,
All Publicanis, I traist he will doun thring,
Matt. 18 And will norht suffer in his Realme to ring,

Corrupti

Corrvptit Scrybis, nor fals Phariſience,
Aganis the trueth, quhilk plainly dois maling,
Till that kingdum, we man tak pacience.

Now fare weil freindſ, becauſe I can not flyte,
Howbeit I cuide, ze mon hald me excuſit,
Thocht I aganſt Idolatrie indyte,
Or thame diſpyte, that will nocht zit refuſit.
I pray to God, that it be na mair vſit,
Amang the Rewlaris of this Regioun,
That commoun pepill be na mair abuſit,
Bot gif him gloze, that bair the cruell croun.

Quhilk teichit vs, be his Diuine Scripture,
Till richt prayer, the perfyte reddy way,
As wrytis Matthew in his ſext Chapture,
In quhat maner, and to quhome we ſuld pray,
Ane ſchort compendious oriſone euerilk day,
Maiſt proffitabill, for baith body and ſaull,
The quhilk is nocht directit, I here ſay,
To Jhon, nor James, to Peter nor to Paull.

Nor to nane vther of the Apoſtlis twelf,
Nor to na Sanct, nor Angell in the Heuin,
Bot onelie till our Father God him ſelf,
Quhilk Oriſone it doith contene full euin,
Maiſt proffitabill for vs petetionis ſeuin,
Quhilk we lawid folk, the Pater noſter call.
Thocht we ſay Pſalmes, nyne, ten, or elleuin,
Of all prayer this bene the principall.

Be reſoun of the maker, quhilk it maid,
Quhilk wes the Sone of God, our Saluiour,

Be reſoun als, to quhome it ſulde be ſaid,
Till the father of heuin, our Creatour,
Quhilk dwellis nocht in tempill wꝛ in tour,
Ye cleirlie ſeis our thocht, will, and intent.
Quhat neidis vs, at vtheris ſeik ſuccour,
Quhen in all place, his power bene preſent.

Ye Princis of the Preiſtis that ſulde preche,
Quhy ſuffer ze ſo greit abuſioun?
Quhy do ze nocht the ſempill pepill teche,
How, and to quhome, to dres thair oꝛiſoun?
Quhy thole ye thame, to ryn from toun to toun
In pilgramage, till ony Imagereis?
Hopand to get thare ſum ſaluatioun,
Prayand to thame deuotlie on thair kneis.

This was the practik of ſum Pilgramage,
Quhen Fillokis into Fyfe, began to fon,
With Joke and Thome, than tuke thay thair
vayage,
In Angus to the feild Chapell of Dꝛon:
Than kittok thare als cadye as ane Con,
Without regard, other to ſin oꝛ ſchame,
Gaue Lowꝛie leif, at laſer to loup on,
Far better had bene, till haue biddin at hame.

I haue ſene pas ane meruallous multitude,
Young men & wemen, ſyngand on thair feit,
Under the foꝛme, of fenzeit ſanctitude,
Foꝛ till adoꝛne ane Image in Loꝛeit,
Mony came with thair marrowis foꝛ to meit,
Committant thair foull foꝛnicatioun:

Sum

Sum kiſſit the claggit taill of the Armeit.
Quhy thole ze this abhominatioun?

Of Foznicatioun and Idolatrie,
Apperandlie ze take bot litill cure,
Seand the maruellous infelicitie:
Quhilk hes ſo lang done in this land indure,
In zour defalt, quhilk hes the charge and cure,
This bene of treuth, my Lozdis, with zour leue:
Sic pilgramage hes maid mony ane hure,
Quhilk, gif I pleſit, planelie micht preue.

Quhy mak ze nocht, the Scripture manifeſt
To pure pepill twiching Idolatrie:
In zour preiching, quhy haue ze nocht expreſt,
How mony Kingis of Iſraell cruellie,
Wer puniſchit be God ſo rigozouſlie?
As Jeroboam, and mony mo but dout,
Foz woꝛſchipping of caruit Imagerie,
War from thair Realmes rudlie rutit out. 3. Reg. 13

Quhy thole ze vnder zour Dominioun,
Ane craftie Preiſt, oz feinzeit fals Armeit,
Abuſe the pepill of this Regioun,
Onely foz thair particular profeit?
And ſpeciallie that Armeit of Laureit:
He pat the commoun pepill in beleue,
That blynd gat ſicht, & cruꝛit gat thair feit:
The quhilk that Balzard na way can appreue.

Ze maryit men that hes trim wantoun wyfis
And luſtie douchteris of zoung and tender age,
Quhoſe honeſtie ze ſuld lufe as zour lyfis:

Permit thaime nocht to pas in pilgrainage,
To seik support at ony stok Image:
For I haue wittin, gude wemen pas fra hame,
Quhilk hes bene trappit with sic lustis rage,
Hes done returne, baith with greit sin & schame

Get vp, thow sleipis all to lang, O Lord,
And mak ane haistic Reformatioun,
On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thy gratious word,
And hes ane deidlie indignatioun,
At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun,
Of thy Gospell, schawing the veritie,
O Lord I mak the supplicatioun,
Support our Faith, our Hope, and Cheritie.

IX. How King Ninus beildit the greit Cietie of Niniue. And how he vincust Zoroastes King of Bactria.

THis Ninus of Assyria King,
Quhen he had maid his cõquesting,
To beild ane Cietie he him drest,
Chusing the place quhair he thocht best:
Quhare he had first Dominioun,
In Assyria his awin Regioun,
Thocht Assur, as the Scripture sayis,
Gen. 10. Quhilk came afore king Ninus dayis,
And fundit that famous Ciete,
The quhilk was callit Niniue:

Bot as reherſis Diodore,
Ninus that Citie did decore:
So maruellous tryumphantlie,
As ze ſall here immediatlie,
Upon the ſyde of Euphrates,
Quhilk to behald greit wounder wes,
Ane hundreth and fyftie ſtaigis,
That Citie was of lenth I wis:
The wallis ane hundreth fute of hicht,
Na wounder was thocht thay wer wicht.
Sic breid abufe the wallis thair was,
Thre cartis micht ſydlingis on thame pas:
Four hundreth ſtaigis, and four ſcore,
In circuite but myn or more.
Of towris about thoſe wallis I wene
Ane thouſand and fyue hundreth bene:
Of hicht twa hundreth fute, and more,
As wrytttis famous Diodore.
The Scripture makis mentioun,
Quhen God ſend Jonas to that toun:
To ſchaw thame of his puniſchement, Ioan. 3.
Outtrouch the Citie quhen he went:
Thre dayis Jonay till him it was.
The Bibill ſayis it was na les.
My Sone, now haue I ſchawin to the,
Of the building of Niniue:
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus gart call it efter his name.
Quhen he that greit Citie had endit,
To conques mair zit he intendit:
And did depart from Niniue,

And

And rasit vp ane greit Armie,
Of the maist stalwart men and stout,
Of all his Regionis round about,
In greit ordour tuke thair Journay,
Towart the Realme of Bactria.
Of wicht fute men, I vnderstand,
Ye had seuintene hundreth thousand,
Without horsmen, and weirlyke cartis
Quhome he ordourit in syndry partis:
Quhilk till descryue, I am nocht abill,
Quhose noumer bene so vntrowabill.
¶ Zoroastes, that nobill king,
Quhilk Bactria had in gouerning,
That prudent Prince, as I here tell,
Did in Astronomie precell:
And fand the Art of Magica,
With naturall Science mony ma.
Seand King Ninus on the feild,
Fordwart he came with speir & scheild:
Four hundreth thousand men he wes,
In his Armie thare was na les.
And met King Ninus on the bordour,
Richt vailzeantlie, and in gude ordour:
On the Vangarde of his Armie,
On thame he ruschit richt rudelie:
And of thame slew, as I here say,
Ane hundreth thousand men that day.
The rest that chaipit war vnslane,
To Ninus greit oist fled agane.
Of that, King Ninus was so noyit,
Ye restit neuer till he destroyit,

All haill

All haill that Regioun vp and down,
And from the king did reif the Crown:
And maid the Realme of Bactria,
Subiectit till Assyria.
And in that sampn land I wis,
Ye tuke to wyfe Semiramis:
Quha, as myne Auctour dois descryue
Was than the lustiest on lyue.
That beand done without sudgeorne,
Till Niniue he did retorne:
With greit tryumphe of victorie,
As myne Auctor dois specifie.
Baith Occident and Orient,
War all till him obedient.
It wald abhor the, till here red,
The saikles blude, that he did sched:
Quhen he had roung, as thou may heir
The space of thre and fourty zeir:
Beand in his excellent glore,
The dolent deith did him deuore:
In quhat sort, I am nocht certane,
Sum Auctour sayis that he was slane
And left till bruke his Heritage,
Ane litill Babe of tender age.
Young Ninus was the Chyld's name,
Quhilk efter flurischit in greit fame.
Sum sayis that be his wyffis tresoun,
King Ninus deid in presoun:
As I sall schaw, or I hyne fare,
Quhow Diodore hes done declare.

X. Of the wounderfull deidis of the Quene Semiramis.

NInus luffit so ardentlie,
Semiramis his fair Ladie,
Thare was na thing, scho wald command.
Bot all obeyit was fra hand.
Scho seand him so Amorous.
Scho grew proude and presumptuous
And at the King scho did desyre,
fyue dayis to gouerne his Impyre:
And he of his benevolence,
Did grant hir that preeminence:
With Sceptour, Crown, & Rob royall
And haill power Imperiall,
Till fyue dayis wer cum and gone,
That scho as King suld regne allone.
Than all the Princis of the land,
During that tyme maid hir ane band,
With bankat Royall merilie,
Scho treatit thame tryumphantlie.
So the first day the pepill all,
Came till her seruyce bound and thrall:
Bot or the secund day was gane,
Scho tuke sic gloze to regne allane:
Be ane decreit maid thame amang,
The King scho put in prisone strang.
Ireid weill of his presoning,

Bot nocht

Bot nocht of his delyuering:
How euer it wes in till his flouris,
He did of deith ſuffer the ſchouris,
And micht not lenth his lyfe ane houir,
Thocht he wes the firſt Conquerour:
Quhoſe conqueſing for to conclude,
Wes nocht but greit ſchedding of blude.
Now haue ze hard of Ninus King,
How he began, and his ending:
Howbeit myne Auctour Diodore,
Of him haith wryttin mekill more.
Princis for wrangous conqueſing,
Doith mak oft tymes ane euill ending
Thocht he had lang proſperitie,
He endit with greit miſerie.

Of King Ninus Sepulture. XI.

THe Quene ane ſepulture ſcho maid
Quhare ſcho king Ninꝰ bodie laid
Of curious craftie wark & wicht,
The quhilk had ſtaidꝭ nine of hicht
And ten ſtaidis of breid it wes,
Diodore ſayis it was na les.
For aucht ſtaidis ane myle thow tak,
And thare efter thy noumer mak:
So be this compt, it was full richt,
Ane myle, and als ane ſtaid of hicht.
Except the tour of Babilone,
So hich ane werk, I reid of none.

Semiramis

Semiramis this lustie Quene,
Considering quhat danger bene:
To haue ane King of tender age,
Quhilk micht nocht vse na Vassalage.
Scho tuke ane courageous consait,
Thinkand that scho wald mak debait:
Gif ony mald rebellioun,
Contrair hir Sone, or his Regioun.
Quhome scho did foster tenderlie,
And keipit him full quietlie:
Scho laid apart hir awin cleithing,
And tuke the rayment of ane King.
Quhen scho wes in till armour dicht,
Micht na man knaw hir be ane knicht
Scho vailzeantlie went to the weir,
And to geue battell, tuke na feir:
Dantyng all Realmes round about,
That all the warld of hir had dout:
Mair fortunate in hir conquesting,
Nor wes hir husband Ninus King.
¶ Babilon scho did fortifie,
Templis and towris triumphandlie:
So plesandlie did thame prepare,
Quhilk in the eirth had na compare.
Howbeit Nimrod, of quhome I spak,
The hyddious dungeoun he gart mak
And of the Citie the foundement,
To quhome God maid impediment.
Quhare Nimrod left, thare scho began
And put to wark mony ane man.
Of all the Realmes round about,

Of mail

Of maist Ingyne scho socht thame out,
Scho had wirkand with ire and stanis,
Twelf houndreth thousand men at anis,
Ga reid the buke of Diodore,
And thow sall find the noumer more,
On euerilk syde of Euphrates,
That nobill Cietie beildit wes.
And so that ryuer of renown,
Ran throuch the midpart of the town.
Ouerthort that flude scho briggis maid,
Of maruellous strenth baith lang and braid:
Thay wer fyue staidis large of lenth,
On euerilk Brig scho maid ane strenth
The circuite, as I said afore,
Four houndreth staidis and foure score
The wallis hicht, quha wald deseryue,
Thre houndreth fute, thre score & fyue:
Sax cartis micht pas richt eselie,
Abufe the wallis of that Cietie,
Sydlingis without Impediment.
Consydder be zour Judgement:
Gif those wallis wer hich or nocht,
And also curiouslie wer wrocht:
As Diodore hes done defyne,
Quhilk doith transcend my rude ingyne.
Of Babilon the magnificence,
To quhome ze walde geue na credence:
Gif I at lenth wald put in wryte,
Quhilk Diodore hes done indyte.
Compare of Cieteis fynd I none,
Till Ninine and Babilone.

From Ninive in Assyria,
Till Babilon in Chaldea:
Be briggis plesandlie ze may pas,
Upon the Flude of Euphrates,
Amang the Fludis of Paradyce,
This Euphrates may bere the pyre.
All wark quhilkis the Quene began,
Transcendit the ingyne of man.
The proude Quene Penthesilea,
The Princesse of Amazona:
With hir Ladyis tryumphandlie,
At Troy quhilk faucht sa bailzeandlie:
Nor zit the fair Madin of France,
Danter of Inglis Ordinance:
To Semiramis in hir dayis,
Wer na compair, as buikis sayis.
Except tryumphand Julius,
Strang Hanniball or Pompeius:
Or Alexander the Conquerour,
I find na greiter weiriour.
Wald I reherse, as wyttis Clarkis,
Hir wounderfull & bailzeand warkis:
It wer to me ane greit laubour,
And tedious to the Auditour:
Quhat scho did in Ethiopia,
And in the land of Media:
Beildand Cieteis, Castellis & Towris,
Parkis and Gardingis of plesouris:
For the exalting of hir name,
And immortall to mak hir fame,
Of Jarcius the hich montanis,

Scho gart ryue down, & mak thame planis.
Greit Montes that Montane wicht,
Twentie and fyue stadis of hicht:
Till hir Palice to draw ane Loch,
Be force of men, scho raue it throch.
Had scho keipit hir chastitie,
Scho micht haue bene ane Apper se.
Quhen scho had ordourit hir Impyre,
Of Venus wark scho tuke desyre:
Ane secreit Mansioun scho gart mak,
Quhare scho plesandlie micht take,
Young gentill men, for hir plesour,
The quhilk scho vsit aboue measour:
Ane man allane, micht nocht be abill,
To stanche hir lust insatiabill.
Quhen scho was satisfyit of one,
Scho gart ane vther cum anone:
The lustiest of all the land,
Came quietlie at hir command:
Quhen thay at lenth had lyin hir by,
Scho slew thame all richt cruelly,
Quhen hir Sone came till age perfyte
Of him scho tuke so greit delyte:
Scho causit him with hir to ly,
Amang the rest richt quietly.
Sum sayis, throuch sensual lustis rage
Scho band him into Mariage:
And held him vnder tutorie,
To vphald hir authoritie.

XII. How the Quene Semiramis with anc greit Armie past to Inde, and faucht with the King Staurobates. And of hir miserabill end.

Quhen scho had lang tyme leuit in
rest,
To conques mair scho hir addrest:
Because of diuers scho hard tell,
How that the Inde Orient cell,
Precellit in greit commoditeis,
As bestiall, cornis, & frutefull treis.
All kind of Spyce delitious,
Gold, Syluer, stonys Precious,
And how that plenteous land did bere
Corne, frute & wyne, twyse in the zere:
With Oliphantis innumerabill,
In battell wounder terribill.
Scho heirand this and mekle moze,
Beleuand till augment hir glore,
Gart mak strait Proclamationis,
In all and syndrie Nationis,
Schawand how it was hir desyre,
All Princis vnder hir Empyre:
In Egipt and Arabia,
In Perse, in Mede, and Chaldea,
In Greece in Caspia, and Hyrcane,
In Capadoce, Lidia and Mauritane.
In Armenie and Phrigia,

In Pam-

In Pamphilie, and Assyria,
That ilk land efter their degre,
Sulde bring till hir ane greit Armie,
In all the gudelie haist thay may,
And meit hir in till Bactria:
Declaring thame that hir intent,
Was till pas to the Orient:
And mak weir on the King of Inde,
From tyme thay knew quhat was hir mynde:
Than be thair selfis ilk Regioun,
Came forduart with thair Garnisoun,
Tryumphandlie in gude array,
Till Bactria tuke the reddy way,
And maid thair mustouris to the Quene
Bot sic ane sicht was neuer sene:
In battel ray so mony ane man,
Atainis, sen God the warld began.
Bot Spanze, France, Scotland, Ingland,
Dutcheland, Denmark, noꝛ zit Ireland,
Wer nocht inhabite in those dayis,
Noꝛ lang efter, myne Authoꝛ sayis.
Etheslas, he dois specifie,
The nounmer of this greit Armie:
Sayand thare came at hir command,
Fute men, threttie houndreth thousand,
Of horsmen, mountit galzeardlie,
Fyue houndreth thousand verraylie.
Ane houndreth thousand Cameilis wicht
On euerilk Cameill raid ane Knicht:
Prepairit till pas into all partis,
Thare was ane houndreth thousand Cartis.

Twa thousand boitis with hir scho caryis,
On hors, Cameilis and Dromodaryis.
Briggis for to mak scho did conclude,
Ouerthort Indus that furious flude:
Quhilk bene of Inde the outmaist bordour,
On the quhilk flude with richt gude ordour,
Of hir bairgis, scho briggis maid,
Quhare on hir greit Oist saiflie raid.
C. Father, I wald men vnderstude,
How sic ane maruellous multitude,
Micht vs atainis brocht to the feild,
Reddy to fecht, with speir and scheild.
Sum men will iuge, this bene ane fabill,
The mater bene so vntrowabill.
E. It may weill be, my Sone (said he)
As be exempill ye may se:
2. Samu. How Dauid King of Israell,
24. His pepill gart noumer and tell,
Be Joab his cheif Capitane,
As holy Scripture schawis plane,
Of fechtand men, into that land,
He fand threttene hundreth thousand.
Sen Dauid in that small cuntrie,
Micht haue rasit sic ane Armie:
To this Lady it was na wounder,
The quhilk had greiter Realmis ane hounder
Nor Dauidis litill Regioun,
Thocht scho had mony ane Legioun,
Of men, ma nor I tauld afore.
Tharefore, my Sone, maruell na more
C Staurobates the king of Inde,

Greitlie

Greitliie perturbit in his mynde,
Heiring of sic ane multitude,
To make defence he did conclude:
And send ane Message to the Quene,
Prayand hir Maiestie serene:
That scho wald of hir speciall grace,
Geue him lycence to leue in pace:
Failzeand of that, thocht he sulde die,
That he sulde gar hir fecht or flie:
And till his God ane vow he maid,
Gif na pais micht of hir be had:
And gif he wan the victorie,
That he the Quene sulde crucifie.
At this boisting the Quene maid bourds,
Sayand it sall nocht be na wourdis:
Sall gar me pas fra my purpose,
Bot michtie straikis, as I suppose,
The Messinger schew to the King,
Of hir presumptuous answering.
Than Staurobates wyse and wicht,
Came fordwart lyke ane nobill knicht:
With mony ane thousand, speir & scheild,
Arrayit Royallie on the feild:
Thinkand he wald his land defend,
Or in the battell mak ane end.
¶ The Quene vpon the vther syde,
Full of presumptioun and of pryde,
Hir Baneris plesandlie displayit,
With hardy hart and vneffrayt:
Apon Indus that famous flude,
Thay met, quhare sched was meikill blude:

In Bote, In Balingar, and Bargis,
The twa Armeis on vtheris chargis.
Semiramis the battell wan,
Quhare drownit and slane wer mony ane man:
So that the watter of the Flude,
Ran reid mixit with mennis blude.
The King of Inde with all his micht,
From Indus Flude he tuke the flicht:
Till his cheif Cietie he reteirit,
Quhare in his presens thare appeirit,
In battell ray ane new Armie,
Of richt inuincibill Cheualrie:
With Elephantis, ane hidduous nummer,
Quhilk efterwart maid meikill cummer.
Semiramis and hir cumpanie,
In the mene tyme full cruellie,
Distroyit the Boundouris of that land,
Tuke presonaris, ma than ten thousand,
Scho tuke ane curageous consait,
Greit Elephantis to conterfait.
Scho had ten thousand Orin hydis,
Weill sewit togidder bak and sydis:
With mouth & nose, teith, eiris, and ene
Quick Elephantis as thay had bene:
Richt weill stuffit, full of stray & hay,
Quhare of the Indianis tuke affray:
Upon Cameilis and Dromodareis,
Those fals figuris with hir scho careis.
Sere Indianis, quhen thay saw that sicht,
Efferitlie thay tuke the flicht.
For sic ane sicht was neuer sene,

Gif naturall beistis thay had bene.
The king himself, wes richt effeirit,
Till he the veritie had speirit:
And knew be his explosatouris,
Thay war bot fenzeit fals figouris.
Than manfullie lyke men of weir,
Fordwart thay came withouttin feir,
Richt so Semiramis the Quene,
Quhilk for ane man, was ay fyftene.
Thir twa Armyis full cruellie,
Thay ruschit togidder so rudelie,
With hydduous cry and trumpettis sound,
Till thousandis deid lay on the ground.
Semiramis had sic ane nummer,
Till ordour thame, it was greit cummer.
Than the greit Elephantis of Inde,
Richt strang and hardy of thair kynde,
Fordwart thay came, and wald nocht ceis,
Till throuch the middis of the preis,
Of the greit Oist than rudelie ruschit,
Thair men & hors till eird thay duschit
Those feinzeit beistis withouttin spreit
War struschit and fuilzeit vnder feit.
The King of Inde with curage kene,
Met with Semiramis the Quene,
He rydand on ane Elephand,
Bot scho with hym faucht hand for hand,
And gaue the King so greit affay,
That he was neuer in sic affray:
To straik at hym scho tuke na feir,
So weill scho vsit was in weir:

Hys straikis scho had bot lytill comptit,
Wer nocht the King wes so weill montit,
Ather at vther straik so fast,
Till thay war tynit at the last.
The King he thocht him self eschamit,
With ane woman to be defamit:
And was determit nocht to flie,
Thocht in that battell he sulde die:
As man the quhilk disparit bene,
He rudelie ran vpon the Quene:
And throuch the arme gaif hir ane wound,
Quhilk till hir hart gaif sic ane stound,
That scho constrainit was to flie,
Than all the rest of hir Armie:
Quhen thay persauit that scho was gane,
Till Indus Flude thay fled ilk ane.
The Quene ouerthort the Flude scho raid,
On briggis quhilk wer of botis maid,
With hir ane sober cumpanie,
Quhilk with hir fled affrayitlie.
The Indianis followit on the chais,
Than on the Briggis came sic ane prais,
Of fleand folkis, quhilk was greit wonder,
So that the Bairgis brak in sonder.
Sum sank, sum doun the ryuer ran,
Than drownit thare mony ane nobill man:
Quhilk was greit pietie till deplore,
As wrytis famous Diodore.
And finallie for till conclude,
Was neuer sched so meikill blude,
At ane tyme, sen the warld began,

For flam

Nor slaue so mony ane faikles man,
And all throuch the occasioun,
And the pydefull perswasioun,
Of this ambitious wickit Quene,
Sic ane was neuer hard nor sene.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Greitlie reioyſit in his mynde,
Of this tryumphe and victorie,
Semiramis with hart full ſorie:
Seand ſa mony tane and ſlaine,
Till hir cuntrie returnit agane:
Lamentand Fortunis variance,
Quhilk brocht hir to ſa greit mischance
Afore quhilk was ſa fortunate,
And than of comfort deſolate.
Hir Sone, ane man of perfectioun,
Conſiderand his ſubiectioun:
His lybertie he did deſyre,
That he micht gouerne his Impyre:
Seand his Mother vitious,
And with that ſa ambitious:
As myne Author dois ſpecifie,
He ſlew his Mother cruellie.
Quhat vther cauſe, or intentioun,
I fynd no ſpeciall mentioun,
Sum ſayis, to be at lybertie,
Sum ſayis for hir adulterie:
None vther cauſe I can deſyne,
Except punitioun Deuyne.
Of this fair Ladie courageous,
Behald the ending dolorous.

Quhilk

Quhilk was bot twentie zeiris of age,
Quhen scho began hir Vassalage:
And rang tryumphandlie but weir,
The space of twa and fourtie zeir:
Quhen scho was slane, scho was threscore,
With zeiris twa, scho was no more.
As Diodore wrytis in his buke,
His Cronikill, quha list to luke.
Of this Lady I mak ane end,
Thynkand na way, I can commend,
Wemen for till be to manlie,
Nor men for till be womenlie.
For quhy, it bene the Lordis mynd,
All Creature till vse thair kynd.
Men for till haue preeminence,
And wemen vnder obedience:
Thocht all wemen inclynit be,
Till haue the Soueranetie.
As this Lady, quhilk wald nocht rest,
Till scho hir Husband had supprest,
Till that intent that scho micht ring,
Allane to haue the gouerning.
Ladyis na way I can commend,
Presumptuouslie quhilk dois pretend,
Till vse the Office of ane King,
Or Realmes tak in gouerning.
Howbeit thay bailzeant be and wicht,
Going in battell lyke ane Knicht:
As did proude Penthesilea,
The Princes of Amazona,
In mennis habite ane resoun,

Sicklyke I think derisioun,
Ane Prince to be effeminate,
Of knichtlie courage desolate:
Neglect and his auctoritie,
Throuch beistlie sensualitie:
Accompanyit baith day and nichtis,
With wemen mair than vailzeant knichtis:
Sic kingis I discommend at all,
Exempill of Sardanapall.
C. Father (said I) schawe me howe lang,
The succession of Ninus rang.
E. That sall I do with diligence,
My Sone (said he) or I ga hence.
Sen I haue schawin at thy desyre,
Quhat man began the first Impyre,
Now wald I it wer to the kend,
Of that Impyre the fatall end.

How king Sardanapalus for his vitious lyfe, maid ane miserabill end. XIII

BEtuix this Conquerour Ninus,
And sensuall Sardanapalus:
I can nocht find na speciall storie,
Worthy to put in memorie,
Except quhilk I haue done discrive
Of Semiraine, king Ninus wife.
Bot I can fynd na gude at all,
To wryte of king Sardanapall,
Quhilk was the sax & threttie king,

Be lyne

Be lyne from Ninus discending:
At lenth his lyfe for to declare,
I thynke it is nocht necessare:
Because that mony cunning clarkis,
Hes him descryuit in thair warkis:
How he was last of Assyriens,
Quhilk had the haill preeminens,
That tyme of the first Monarchie,
In Chronicles as thow may sie.
The last, and the maist vitious King,
Quhilk in that Monarchie did ring:
That Prince was sa effeminate,
With sensuall lust intoxicate:
He did abhor the cumpanie,
Of his maist nobill Cheualrie,
That he micht haue the mair delyte,
Till vse his beistlie appetyte:
Conuersit with wemen nicht and day,
And clothit him in thair array:
Sa that na man that him had sene,
Culd iuge ane man that he had bene:
Sa in huredome and harlatrie,
Did keip him self sa quyetlie.
The Princis of Assyriens,
Of him thay could get na presens:
Thus leuit he continuallie,
Aganis Nature inordinatlie.
Quhen to the Persis and the Meidis,
Reportit was his vitious deidis:
With the Rewlaris of Babilone,
Thay did conclude all in till one:

That

Thay wald nocht ſuffer for till ring.
Abuſe thame ſic ane vitious king:
Bot Arbaces ane Duke of Mede,
He darſlie tuke on hand that dede.
¶Bot firſt he came to Miniuie,
To ſe the kingis Maieſtie:
And till ane of the kingis gard,
He gaue ane ſecreit rytche reward:
Till put him in ane quyet place,
Quhare he micht ſe the kingis grace:
And be vnſene with ony wicht,
Bot he ſaw nother king nor knicht,
In till his Maiſteris cumpanie,
Except wemen allanerlie:
And as ane woman he was cled,
With wemen counſalit and led.
And ſchamefullie he was ſittand,
With ſpindill & with rock ſpinnand.
Quhen Arbaces that ſicht had ſene,
His courage rais vp from the ſplene:
And thocht it ſmall difficultie,
For till depryue his Maieſtie.
¶Than raiſit he the Perſianis,
With Medis and Babilonianis:
Ennarmit weill with ſpeir & ſcheildis,
Tryumphandlie thay tuke the feildis.
¶The king raiſit Aſſyrianis,
Togidder with the Chaldeanis:
And thame reſyſtit, as thay micht:
Bot finallie he tuke the flicht,
To ſaue him ſelf in Miniuie,

Thay

Than seigeit thay that greit Citie,
Continuallie twa zeir and moze,
As wryttis famous Diodore,
Till that the fluide of Euphrates,
Arais with sic ane furiousnes,
Quhare throuch, ane greit part of the toun,
Be violence was doungin doun.
Than quhen the king saw na remeid,
Bot to be taikin, or to be dede,
As man dispairit full of Ire,
Gart mak ane furious flammand fyre,
And tuke his Golde and Jowellis all,
With Sceptour, Crown & Rob royall:
With all his tender Seruituris,
That of his corps had greitest curis,
Togidder with his lustie Quenis,
And all his wantoun Concubenis:
And in that fyre he did thame cast,
Syne lap hym self in at the last:
Quhare all wer brynt in poulder small
Thus endit king Sardanapall:
Withouttin ony repentence,
As may be sene be this sentence,
Heir following, quhilk he did indyte,
Afore his deith, in greit despyte:
Quhilk is ane richt vngodly thing,
As ze may see, be his dyting.

* Epitaphium Sardanapali. *

CVM te mortalem noris, præsentibus exple
Delitijs animum, post mortem nulla volupt
Et Venere, & cænis, & plumis Sardanapali.

¶ Now haue I schawin with diligens,
The Monarchie of Assyriens:
The quhilk that King Ninus began,
And endit at this myscheant man:
And did indure withouttin weir,
Ane thousand, twa hundreth, fourty zeir:
As dois indyte Eusebius,
Reid him, & thow sall fynd it thus.

¶ The Thrid Buke. I.

Of the miserabill Destructioun of the Fyue Cieteis, callit Sodome, Gomorre, Sceboim, Segor, and Adama, with thair haill Regioun. &c.



Ather, I pray zow, to me tell,
Quhat notabill thingis that befell,
During the regne of Assyriens,
Quhilk had sa lang preeminens:
I mene of vther Nationis,
Under thair Dominationis?
E. That may be done in termis schort,
(Said he) as storyis dois report:
Indiuring this First Monarchie,
Became that wofull Miserie: Gen. 19.

Of Sodome, Gomorre, and thair Regioun,
As Scripture makis mentioun:
Quhose pepill wer sa sensuall,
In fylthie synnis vnnaturall:
The quhilk into my vulgar Vers,
My toung abhorris to rehers,
Lyke brutell beistis by thair myndis,
Vnnaturally abuse thair kyndis,
Be fylthie stinkand Lecherie,
And most abhominabill Sodomie:
As haly Scripture dois descryue,
Ifr that Cuntrie war Cieteis fyue:
Quhilk wer Sodome, and Gomorra,
Aldoim, Segor and Adama:
Amang thame al, fund wes thair name
Vndefylit, bot Loth allane.
Haly Abraham dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk prayit for Loth effectuouslie,
For God maid hym aduertisment,
That he wald mak sic punischement,
To Loth twa Angellis God did send,
Him from that furie till defend.
Quhen the pepill of that Regioun,
Saw the Angellis cum to the toun,
Transformit into fair zoung men,
Thay purposit thame for to ken,
And abuse thame vnnaturallie,
With thair foule stinkand Sodomie,
Of that gude Loth was wounder wo
And offerit thame his douchteris two,
Thame at thair plesour for till vse:

Bot thay

Bot thay his Douchteris did refuse.
And than the Angellis be thair micht,
Those men depryuit of thair sicht:
And sa perforce leit thame allane.
To Lothis lugeing quhen thay wer gane,
Thay him commandit haistellie,
For till depart of that Cietie.
That foule vnnaturall Lechery,
Ane vengeance to the heuin did cry:
The quhilk did moue God till sic Ire,
That from the heuin brymstone & fyre
With aufull thounding ramit doun,
And did consume that haill Regioun.
Of all that land chaipit no mo,
Except Loth and his douchteris two.
His wyfe was turnit in ane stane,
Sa wyfeles wes he left allane.
For scho wes inobedient,
And keipit na commandement,
Quhen the Angell gaue thame command,
Sone till departe out of that land:
He monischit thame vnder greit pane,
Neuer to turne bakwart againe.
Quhen Lothis wyfe hard the thoundring,
Of flammand fyre and lichtning:
The vgly cruell tempestabill,
Of pepill most lamentabill:
For nane of thame had force to flee,
Scho garnit that sorrowfull sicht to see:
And as scho turnit hir anone,
Scho was transformit in ane stone:

Quhare scho remainis still this day,
Of hir I haue na mair to say.
To schaw at lenth, I am nocht abill,
That pieteous proces lamentabill:
How Citeis, Castellis, Townis, & Towris,
Villaigis, Bastailzeis, and Bowris:
Thay war all into poulder dreuin,
Forrestis be the ruitis vpreuin:
Thair King, thair Quene & pepill all,
Young & auld, brynt in poulder small:
Na Creature was left on lyfe,
Foulis, Beistis, Man nor Wyfe:
The eirth, the corne, herbe, frute & trie,
The Babbis vpon the Nurische knie:
Richt suddandlie in ane instent,
Unwarlie came thair Jugement:
As it came in the tyme of Noy,
Quhen God did all the warld destroy,
For that self Sin of Sodomie,
And vthir abhominabill Bowgrie:
That vyce at lenth for to declare,
I think it is nocht necessare.
Quhen al was brint, flesche, blude, & bonis,
Hillis, vallayis, stockis and stonis:
The Cuntrie sank for to conclude,
Quhare now standis ane vglie flude:
The quhilk is callit the Deid Sey,
Nixt to the Cuntrie of Judey.
Quhois stinkand strandis blak as tar,
The fleuour of it, men feilith on far:
In till Orontius thow may reid,

Of that

Of that Cuntrie the lenth and breid,
Of lenth fyftie mylis and two,
And fourtene myle in braid also.
Loth of his wyfe was sa agast,
That he till ane wyld montane past:
Of companie he had na ma,
Except his lustie douchteris twa:
And be thair prouocatioun,
As Moyses maketh narratioun:
Allane into that Montane wylde,
His douchteris baith he gat with chylde
For thay beleuit in thair thocht,
That all the warld was gane to nocht
As it became of that Natioun,
Thynkand that Generatioun,
wald faill, without thay craftely.
Gar thair Father with thame to ly:
And sa thay fand ane craftie wyle,
How thay thair father micht begyle:
And causit him to drink wicht wyne,
Quhilk men to lytcherie dois inclyne.
Quhen he was full, and fallin on sleip,
His Douchteris quyetlie did creip,
In till his bed, full secreitly,
Prouokand him with thame to ly.
And knew nocht how he was begyld,
Till baith his douchteris wer wꝫ chyld:
And bure twa Sounis in certane,
Thay beand in that wyld Montane:
Of quhame twa Nationis did proceid,
As in the Scripture thow may reid:

Gen. 19.

In the quhilk Scripture thow may sie,
At lenth this wofull miserie.
This miserie became but weir,
From Noeis Flude thre hundreth zeir,
Togidder with four scoir and elleuin,
As comptit Carion full euin.
And efter Noeis deith I ges,
Ane and fourtie zeir thare wes:
Quhen Abraham was of age I wene,
Four scoir of zeiris, and nyntene:
Quhen this foule Sin of Sodomie,
Was punischit sa rigorouslie.
Greit God preserue vs in our tyme,
That we commit nocht sic ane cryme.
Tedious it wer for me to tell,
This Monarchie during quhat befell:
And wounderis that in eirth wer wrocht,
Quhilk to thy purpose langis nocht,
As how the pepill of Israell,
Exod.1. Did lang tyme into Egypt dwell:
And of thair greit punitioun,
Exod.14 Throuch Pharaois persecutioun:
And how Moyses did thame conuoy,
Throuch the reid sey, with meikle Joy,
Quhare king Pharao richt miserablie;
Was drownit with all his huge armie.
And how that pepill wanderand wes,
Exod.20 Fourtie zeiris in wildernes.
Moyses that tyme, as I here say,
Resauit the Law on Mont Sinay.
Iosue.3. That tyme Josue throuch Jordan,

Led thos

Led thoſe pepill to Canaan:
Quhare Saull, Dauid, & Salomone,
With Hebrew kingis mony one:
Did rytchelie regne in that Cuntrie,
Induring this Firſt Monarchie.
The ſeige of Thebes miſerabill,
Quhare blude wes ſched incomparabil
Of nobill men, into thoſe dayis,
With vtheris terribill affrayis.
As how the Greikis wrocht vengeans
Apon the nobill Troians:
Becauſe that Paris did conuoy,
Perforce fair Helena to Troy:
Quhilk was king Menelaus wyfe,
Quhare mony ane thouſand loſt thair lyfe.
That tyme the vailzeant Hercules.
Outtrouch the warld did hym addres:
Quhare he did mony ane douchty deid
As in his ſtorie thow may reid,
And how throuch Dianira his wyfe,
That Campioun did loſe his lyfe,
In flammand fyre full furiouſlie,
The deith he fufferit cruellie.
That tyme Remus and Romulus,
Did found that cietie maiſt famous,
Of Rome ſtanding in Italie,
As in thair ſtorie thow may ſie,
Wald thow reid Titus Liuius,
Thow ſuld find warkis wounderous,
Quhoſe douchtie deidis ar weill kend,
And ſalbe to the warldis end:

Thocht thay began with crueltie,
And endit with greit miſerie:
Asbene, the mater to conclude,
Of all ſchedderis of ſaikles blude.
In Grece the ornate Poetrie,
Medicine, Muſike, Aſtronomie:
Duryng this firſt Monarchie began,
Be Homerus, that famous man:
Togidder with Heſiodus,
As diuers Authouris ſchawis vs:
It war to lang to put in Ryme,
The buikis that thay wrate in thair tyme:
Thir war the Actis principell,
Gen.17. That Monarchie during quhilk befell:
As forgude Abraham and his ſeid,
Into the Bibill thow may reid,
How in this tyme, as I here tell,
began the Kingdome Spirituell:
As I haue ſchawin to the afore,
Quharefor I ſpeik of thame no more.

II. Ane ſchort Deſcriptioun of the Secund, Thrid, and Fourte Monarchie.

FAther (ſaid I) quhilk was the mã
That the nixt Monarchie began?
E. Cyrus (ſaid he) the king of Perſe
As Cronickils hes done reherſe,
Prudent, and full of Policie,
Began

Began the secund Monarchie:
For he was the most godlie King,
That euer in Perse or Mede did ring:
For he of his benignitie, 1. Para. 36.
Delyuerit from captiuitie,
The haill pepill of Israell,
Into the tyme of Daniell:
The quhilkis had bene presoneiris,
In Babilone seuin scoir of zeiris:
Thairfor God of his grace bening,
Gaue him ane Deuyne knawledging,
During his tyme, as I here tell,
He vsit counsail of Daniell.
Carion at lenth dois specifie,
Of his maruellous natiuitie:
And of his vertuous vpbringing,
And how he vincust Cresus King:
With mony vther vailzeand deid,
As into Carion thow may reid:
Quhose succession did indure,
Till the tent king, thareof be sure.
Bot efter his greit conquesing,
Richt miserabill was his ending:
As Herodotus doith discryue,
In Scithia he lost his lyfe:
Quhare the vndantit Scithianis,
Vincust those nobill Persianis:
And efter that Cyrus was deid,
Quene Tomyre hakkit of his heid,
Quhilk was the Quene of Scythians
In the dispyte of Persianis:

Scho keſt his heid, for to conclude,
In till ane Veſſell full of blude:
And ſaid thir wordis cruelly,
Drink now thy fyll, gif thow be dry:
For thow did ay blude ſchedding thriſt.
Now drynk at layſour, gif thow liſt.
Efter that Cyrus ſucceſſioun,
Of all the warld had poſſeſſioun,
Till Alexander with ſworde and fyre,
Obteinit perforce the Thrid Impyre:
Quhilk was the King of Macedone,
With vailzeand Greikis mony one,
In battell fell and furious,
Vincuſt the michtie Darius:
Quhilk wes the tent, and the laſt king,
Quhilk did efter King Cyrus ring:
As for this potent Empriour,
Alexander the Conquerour,
Gif thow at lenth wald reid his ring,
And of his cruell conqueſing,
In Ingliſche tonng, in his greit Buke,
At lenth his lyfe, thare thow may luke:
How Alexander that potent king,
Was twelf zeiris in his Conqueſing:
And how for all his greit conqueſt,
He leuit bot aine zeir in reſt:
Quhen be his Seruand ſecreitlie,
He poyſonit wes full pieteoſlie.
Lucane doith Alexander compair,
Till thounder or fyreſtaucht in the air:
Ane cruell Planeit, ane mortall weird,

Down

Doun thringand peptil with his sweirde.
Ganges that maist famous Flude,
He myrit with the Indianis blude.
And Euphrates, with the bludé of Perse,
Quhose crueltie for to rehersse:
And saikles blude quhilk he did sched,
War richt abhominabill to be red.
Efter his schort prosperitie,
He deit with greit miserie.
It war to lang for to decyde it,
How all his Realmis wer deuydit,
Ay quhyll that Cesar Julius,
Quhen he had vincust Pompeius,
Was chosin Empriour and King,
Abuse the Romanis for till ring.
That potent Prince was the first man,
Quhilk the fourt Monarchie began:
And had the haill Dominioun,
Of euerilk land and Regioun:
Quhose successouris did regne but weir,
Quer the warld mony ane houndreth zeir:
Bot gentill Julius allace,
Rang Empriour bot lytill space:
Quhilk I think pietie till deplore,
In fyue Moneth, and lytill more,
Be fals exorbitant treasoun,
That prudent Prince was trampit down,
And murdrest in his counsale hous,
Be cruell Brutus, and Cassius.
Efter that Julius was slane,
Did regne the greit Octauiane:

Of Cu-

Of Empriouris ane of the beſt,
During his tyme, wes peace and reſt,
Quer all the warld, in ilk Regioun,
As ſtoryis makis mentioun:
And als I mak it to the plane,
During the tyme of Octauiane:
The Sone of God, our Lord Jeſu,
Tuke mankynd of the Virgin tru:
And wes that tyme in Bethleem borne;
Matth. 2 To ſaif mankynd, quhilk was forlorne:
As Scripture makis narratioun,
Of his bliſſit Incarnatioun:
Now haue I tauld the, as I can,
How the foure Monarcheis began.
Bot in thy mynd thow may conſidder,
How wardlie power bene bot ſlidder:
For all thir greit Impyris ar gane,
Thow ſeis thare is na Prince allane,
Quhilk hes the haill dominioun,
This tyme of euery Regioun.
C. Father quhat reſoun had thoſe kingis,
Rewaris to be of vtheris ringis,
But ony richt or Juſte querrell,
Quharethrouch ỹ thay micht mak battel
And commoun pepill to dounthring?
To this (ſaid I) make anſwering.
E. My Sone (ſaid he) that ſall be done,
As I beſt can, and that richt ſone:
Thir Monarcheis, I vnderſtand,
Preordinat war be the command,
Of God, the Plaſinatour of all,

For to

For to doun thring, and to mak thrall, Dan. 8.
Vndantit pepill vitions,
And als for to be gracious,
To thame quhilk vertuous wer, & gude,
As Daniell hes done conclude,
At lenth in till Propheceis,
How thair sulde be four Monarcheis:
His secund Chapture thow may sie,
How efter the First Monarchie:
Quhen Nabuchodonosor king,
Ane Image saw in his sleiping:
With austeir luke, in hicht and breid,
And of fyne pure gold was his heid:
His breist and armis of siluer bricht,
His wame of copper hard and wicht:
His loyns & lymmis of Irne richt strang,
His fete of clay, Irne mixt amang.
From ane Montane thare came allane,
But hand of man, ane mekle stane:
Quhilk on that Figouris fete did fall,
And dang all doun in pouder small.
Of quhose Interpretatiõn,
Doctouris doith mak narratioun:
The Heid of Golde did signifie,
First of Assyrianis Monarchie:
The siluer Breist, that did apply,
To Persianis quhilk rang secundly.
The Wame of copper, or of bras,
Thridlie of Greikis compairit was:
His loynis, & lymmis, of Irne and steill,
Clarkis hes thame compairit weill,

To Ro-

To Romanis, throuch thair diligence,
To haue the fourt preeminence:
Abufe all vther Natioun,
Be this Interpretatioun,
The myrit fete, with Irne and clay,
Did fignifie the leter day:
Quhen that the warld fulde be deuydit,
As efterwart fall be decydit.
So Chriſt is fignifyit the ſtane,
Quhoſe Monarchie ſall neuer be gane,
For vnder his dominioun,
All Princis ſalbe ſtrampit doun.
Quhen that greit king Omnipotent,
Cummis to his generall iugement:
His Monarchie than ſalbe knawin,
As efter ſalbe to the ſchawin.
And als the Scripture ſall the tell,
Quhow in the aucht of Daniell:
Ye ſaw into his viſioun,
Be ane plane expoſitioun,
How that the Greikis fulde wirk vengens,
Upon the Medis and Perſiens:
Comparand Greikis till ane Gait,
With ane horne, feirs, furious and hait:
Quhilk flew the Ram, with hornis two,
Compairit till Perſe, and Mede alſo:
And ſa be Danellis Propheceis;
All thair greit michtie Monarcheis:
The quhilkis all vther Realmis ſuppryſit,
Be the greit God thay wer deuyſit,
As ye of Titus the Romane,

Sone and

Sone and air to Vespasiane:
Paid him ane furious Justrument.
To put the Jowis to greit torment:
Quhilk I purpose or I hyne fare
Schortlie that proces till declare.

Of the most miserabill, and most terribill Destructioun of Ierusalem. III.

FAther (said I) declare to me,
Induring this fourte Monarchie,
The maist Infortune that befell,
E. My Sone (said he) that sal I tell
The maist and Manifest miserie,
Became vpon the greit Cietie,
Ierusalem, qnhen it was supprest,
As storyis makis manifest.
Bot as the Scripture doith deuyse,
Ierusalem was distroyit twyse.
First for the greit Idolatrie,
Quhilk thay committit in Jowrie:
The honour richt to God allane,
Thay gaue to figouris of stock & stane.
Afore Christis Incarnatioun,
Come this first desolatioun,
Fyue hundreth zeiris, foure score & ten,
In Cronicles as thow may ken,
How Nabuchodonosor King,
That famous Cietie did down thring,

Bar. 6.

That

Thare King with pepill meny one,
Brocht thame all bound to Babilone:
Quhare thay remainit preſoneiris,
The ſpace of thre ſcoir, and ten zeiris.
And that firſt deſolatioun,
Was callit the Tranſmigratioun:
Wes na man left in all thair landis,
Bot Purellis laboyand wᵗ thair handis
Till michtie Cyrus King of Perſe,
As Daniell hes done reherſe:
Wes mouit be God, for till reſtore,
The Jowis, quhare ꝑ thay wer afore.
Gif I neglect, I war to blame,
The laſt ſeige of Jeruſalame:
Quhoſe rewyne was moſt miſerabill,
And for to tell richt terribill.
Was neuer in eirth, cietie, nor toun,
Gat ſic extreme deſtructioun:
The townꝭ of Tyre, Thebes, nor Troy
Thay ſufferit neuer halfe ſic noy.
The Empriour Veſpaſiane,
Ye did deuyſe that ſege certane.
Luc. 19. & 21. Marc. 13. Thare wer the Prophecie compleit,
Quhilk Chriſt ſpake on the mont Olyueit:
Quhen he Jeruſalem beheld,
The teiris from his ene diſteld:
Seand be Deuyne preſcience,
The greit deſtructioun & vengence,
Quhilk wes to come on that Cietie,
His hart peirſit with pietie:
Sayand Jeruſalem, and thow knew,

Thy

Thy greit rewine, ſore wald thow rew:
For na thing I can to the ſchaw,
The veritie thow will nocht knaw:
Nor hes in conſideratioun,
Thy holy viſitatioun:
Thy pepill will na way conſidder,
Quhame gatherit I wald haue to gidder, Mat. 23
As errand ſcheip, bene with thair birdis,
Or as the Hen gatheris hir birdis,
Under hir wyngis tenderlie,
Quhilk thay refuſit diſpytfullie,
Quhairefore ſall cum that dulefull day,
That na remedie mak thow may.
Thy doungeounis ſalbe doung in ſunder,
Sa that the warld ſall on the wunder.
Thy tempill now maiſt triumphand,
Salbe tred doun amang the ſand: Mat. 24.
And as he ſaid ſa it befell,
As heir efter I ſall the tell.
C. Schaw me (ſaid I) with circumſtance,
The ſpeciall cauſe of that miſchance.
E. (Quod he) as Scripture doith conclude,
For ſchedding of the ſaikles blude,
Of Prophetis quhilk God to thame ſend,
And als becauſe that thay miſkend,
Jeſu the Sone of God Souerane,
Quhen he amang thame did remane:
For all the miraklis that he ſchew,
Maliciouſlie thay him miſknew.
Thocht he his greit power Deuyne,
The watter cleir he turnit in wyne.

And be that selfpower and micht,
To the blynd bone he gaue the sicht:
And gaue the crukit men thair leit,
Ioan. 21. And maid the Lipper hail compleit:
He hailit all, and rasit the deid,
Zit held thay him at mortall feid:
Mat. 21. Becaus he schew the veritie,
Thay did conclude that he sulde die.
Mat. 27. ¶ The Bischoppis, Princis of the Preistis,
Thay grew sa boldin in thair breistis:
The Scrybis, and Doctouris of the Law,
Of God, nor man, quhilk stude nane aw:
On Christ Jesu to wyrk vengeans.
Richt sa the fals Phariseans,
Ane Sect of fenzeit Religioun,
Deuysit his confusioun:
And send thair seruandis at the last,
And with strang cordis thay band him fast:
Ioan. 20. Syne scurgit him, baith back and syde,
That nane for blude micht se his hyde:
Thare was nocht left ane penny breid,
Unwoundid from his feit till heid,
In maner of derisioun,
Thay plet for him ane cruell Croun,
Of prunzeand thornis scharp and lang,
Quhilk on his heuinlie hede thay thrang.
Syne gart hym for the greiter lack,
Bere his awin Gallous on his back:
Till the byle place of Caluarie,
Quhare mony ane thousand man micht sie.
That Innocent thay tuke perforce,

And plat

And plat him backwart to the Croce:
Throuch feit and handis greit naillis thay thrist
Till blude abundantlie out brist:
Without grunsching, clamour or cry,
That pane he sufferit pacientlȳ.
And for augmenting of his greuis,
Thay hangit him betuix twa theuis:
Quhare men micht se the bludie strandis
Quhilk sprang furth of his feit & handis.
From thornis thristit on his heid,
Ran doun bullering stremis reid,
In the presens of mony ane man,
That blude Royall on roches ran.
Schortlie to say, that heuiulie King,
In extreme dolour thare did hing,
Till he said Consummatum est,
With ane lowd cry, he gaue the gaist.
Quhen he was deid, thay tuke ane dart,
And Perfit that Prince outtrouch ȳ hart
Fra quhame thare ran water and blude,
The eirth than trymlit to conclude.
Phebus did hyde his bemis bricht,
That throuch ȳ warld thare wes na licht
The greit Veill of the tempill raue,
The deid men rais out of thair graue:
And in the Cietie did appeir,
As in the Scripture thow may heir:
Than Joseph of Arimathie,
Did bury him, richt honestlie,
Bot zit he rose ful gloriouslie,
On the thrid day tryumphandlie,

With his Diſcipulis in certane,
Act.1. Fourty dayis he did remane.
Efter that to the heuin aſcendit,
Thir Jowis na thing thair lyfe amendit
Nor gaue na credence till his ſawis,
As at mair lenth the ſtorie ſchawis:
Bot cruellie thay did oppres,
All men, that Chriſtis name did profes:
And perſecutit mony one,
Act.5. Thay preſonit baith Peter and Jhone:
Act.7. And Steuin thay ſtonit to the deid.
From James the les, thay ſtraik the heid,
This was the cauſe in concluſioun,
Of thair cruell confuſioun.
The prudent Jow Joſephus ſayis,
That he was preſent in thoſe dayis,
And in his buke makis mentioun,
How efter Chriſtis Aſcenſioun,
The ſpace of twa and fourtie zeiris,
Began thoſe cruell mortall weiris.
The ſecund zeir of Veſpaſiane,
Quhare mony takin wer and ſlane.
Joſephus planelie doith conclude,
Was neuer ſene ſic ane multitude,
Afore the tyme into the Toun,
Quhilk came for thair confuſioun:
Thair greit Infortune ſa befell,
That all the Princis of Iſraell,
Conuenit aganis the tyme of pace,
Bot till returne thay had na grace,
The bald Romanis with thair Chiftane,

Titus

Titus the Sone of Vespasiane;
Thair Armie ouer Judeas spred,
Than all men to the Cietie fled,
Beleuand thare to get releif,
Bot all that turnit to thair mischeif.
The Romanis lappit thame about,
That be na way thay micht win out:
Sax Moneth did that seige indure,
Quhare lyst war mony ane Creature:
Quhilk thare in miserie did remane,
Till thay war takin all, and slane.
During the tyme of this assailze;
Thair meit, and drynk, & all did failze:
For thare was sic ane multitude,
That thousandis dyit, for fait of fude:
Necessitie gart thame eit persons,
Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Asse and Hors:
Rytche men behuffit to eit thair golde,
Syne deit of hunger mony folde.
Sic hunger was without remeid,
The quick behuffit to eit the deid.
The filth of Closet, mony eit,
To lenth thair lyfe, thay thocht it sweit
The famous Ladyis of the toun,
For falt of fude thay fell in swoun:
Quhen thay micht get nane vther meit
Thay slew thair proper Barnis to eit:
Bot all for nocht dispytfullie,
Thair awin soldiouris full gredilie,
Reft thame that fleische maist miserabill
And thay with murning lamentabill:

Luc.24. For extreme hounger feild the cuntrie,
Thare was the Prophecie compleit
As Christ afoir maid narratioun;
The day of his grym Passioun:
Quhen thair the ladyis for him murnit,
Full pieteouslie he to thame turnit;
And said, Dourhteris murne nocht for mie,
Murne on zour awin posteritie:
Within schort tyme sall cum that day,
That men of this Cietie sall say:
Quhen thay ar trappit in the snare,
Blyst be the wame, that never bare.
The baren papis, than thay sall blis,
That dulefull day ze sall nocht mis.
This Prophecie it come to pas,
That thay with mony lowd allas:
Sic sorrowfull lamentatioun,
Was neuer hard in that Natioun:
Seand those lustie Ladyis sweit,
Deand for hounger in the streit.
Thair husbandis, nor thair childring,
Wicht geue to thame na confoirting:
Nor zit releif thame of thair harmis,
Bot atheris deand in vtheris armis.
Efter this wofull indigence,
Amang thame rose sic Pestilence,
Quhare in thame deit mony hounder,
Quhilk till declare, it war greit wounder,
And for finall concluſioun,
Those weirlyke malis thay dang doun,
Prince Titus, with his Cheualrie,

With sound of trumpet cry and phandie,
He enterit in that greit Cietie.
Bot till declare I thynk it pietie,
The panefull clamour horribill,
Of woundit folk most miserabill:
Thare was nocht ellis; bot tak & slay,
For thare micht na man win away.
The strandis of blude, ran throuch the streit:
Of deid folk, trampit vnder feit:
Auld Wedowis in the preis war smorit,
Zoung Virginis schamefullie defloirit.
The greit Cumpill of Salamone,
With mony ane curious carvit stone:
With perfyte pinnacles on hicht,
Quhilkis war richt bewtifull and brycht.
Quhare in rych Jowellis did abound,
Thay ruischeit rudelie to the ground:
And set in till thair furious fyre,
Sancta Sanctorum
And with extreme confusioun,
All thair greit dungeoun thay dang down,
Thair burdin war the bowdin breistis,
Of Bischoppis, Princis of the Preistis,
Thare tabernakillis thay gart brynge,
On fals Scribis, and Pharisearis:
All thair garnisit Jop'rie,
That tyme micht mak schame na supplie:
That day thay dulefullie repentit,
That to the deith of Christ consentit;
Thocht it was ony vthir nation,
It was to thair Confusioun.

The vengeance of the blude, finfules,
Matt.23. From Abell till Zacharias:
That day vpon Jerusalem fell;
Bot tedious it wair to tell;
The greit extreme confusioun,
And of blude sic effusioun:
Was neuer flane sa mony ane man,
At ony tyme sen the warld began.
The Jowis that day gat thair deyne,
Quhilk thay did ask into thair Ire:
As bene in Scripture specifyit,
The day quhen Christ was crucifyit,
Matt.26. Quhen Pontius Pilat the Presidene,
Said to thame, I am Innocent,
Of the Just blude of Christ Jesus,
Thay cryit, his Blude licht vpon vs,
And on our Generatioun,
Thay gat thair Supplicatioun,
That thay with mony cruell cry,
Thair blude was sched abundantly.
Josephus wrytis in his buke,
His Cronicle quha list to luke:
During that cruell seige certane,
Wer elleuin hundreth thousand slane:
Of presonaris weill tauld and feule,
Foure scoze of thousandis fe fellitrene,
Out of the land thay did expell,
All the pepill of Israell:
And for thair greit Ingraticude,
Thay leue zit vnder Seruitude.
Thare is na Jow in ma Cuntrie,

Quhilk

Quhilk hes ane lute of propertie:
Nor neuer had withouttin weir,
Sen this day fyftene hundreth zeir:
Nor neuer fall, I to the schaw,
Till that thay turne till Christis Law.
Sum sayis that Iowis mony fald,
wer threttie for ane penny sald:
As Judas sauld the King of gloir,
for threttie pennyis, and no moir.
Efter that mony war mischeuit,
Quhen nouell past how lang thay lruit,
Upon thair golde, withouttin dout,
Thay slit thair bellyis, to serche it out.
The reft in Egipt, thay did send,
Presonaris to thair lyues end.
Titus tuke in his cumpanie,
Greit nowmer of the moft worthie:
With him to Rome he led thame bound,
Syne cruellie did thame confound:
His victorie for till decore,
And for augmenting of his gloir,
Gart put thame into publict places,
Quhare all folk mycht behauld thair faces:
Syne with pouide Lyonis cruellie,
He gart deuore thame dulefullie.
This hie tryumphand mychtie Toun,
At Paſche, was put to confuſioun,
Becauſe that in the tyme of pace,
Thay Crucifyit the King of grace.
Sum hes this mater done indyte,
Moir Ornatlie than I can wryte,

Quharefor I speik of it no more,
Onely to God be laude and gloze.

Of the miserabill end of certane tyrrannous Princis. And speciallie the begynnaris of the Four Monarcheis.

NOw haue I done declare at the deyris,
As thou demandit into tempil cheis
And quha began the principal of pryis.
As Cronikle and Scripture dois report,
Quharefor, my Sone, I hartlie the exhort
Perfytlie pryntit in thy remembrance,
Of this inconstant warld the variance.

The Princis of thir four greit Monarcheis
In thair maist hicht pomp Imperiales,
Traisting to be maist sure set in thair seis,
The fraudfull warld gaif to thame mortall fais
For thair reward, but dreid mellodialis:
Thocht ouir the warld thay had preeminence
Of it thay gat nane vther recompence.

For siclyke as the snaw dois melt in May,
Throuch the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht,
Thir greit Impyris, richt sa ar went away,
Gane bene thair gloze, thair power, & thair micht
Because

Becauſe thay war Rewaris withouttin riche;
And blude ſcheddaris, full cruell to conſtitute,
Richt cruellie tharefor, wes ſched thair blude.

Behald how God, ay ſen the warld began,
Hes maid of tyrane Kingis Inſtrumentis,
To ſcurge pepill, & to kyll mony ane man,
Quhilk to his law wer Inobedientis,
Quhen thay had done perfurneis his ententis,
In dantnig wrangous pepill ſchamefullie,
He ſufferit thame be ſcurgit cruellie.

Euin as ȳ Scule maiſter dois mak ane wand,
To dant and ding ſcolaris of rude Ingyne,
The quhilkis will nocht ſtudy at his command,
He ſcurgis thame, and onely to that fyne,
That thay ſulde to his trew counſale inclyne:
Quhen thay obey, and meiſit bene his Ire,
He takis the wand, and caſtis into the Fyre.

God of king Pharao, maid ane inſtrument,
Quhilk was the greit King of Egyptiens: Exod. 7.
Him to pein perſitar pepill to torment.
That beand done, he wrocht on him vengens, Exod. 13.
And leit him fall throuch Inobediens:
And fynallie, he with his greit Armie,
In the reid Sey, thame drownit dulefullie.

Richt ſa, of Nabuchodonoſor King,
God maid of him ane furious Inſtrument,
Jeruſalem and the Jowis, to doun thring,
Quhen thay to God wer Inobedient, Dani. 4.
Syne reft hym from his rytches and his rent.

And him

And him transformit in ane beist brutell,
Sevin zeiris and more as wryttis Daniell.

Alexander throuch pryde full tyrannie,
In zeiris twelf did mak his greit Conquest;
Ay scheddand saikles blude full cruellie:
Till he was king of kingis, he tuke na rest,
In all the warld, quhen he was full possest,
In Babilon thronit tryumphandlie,
Throuch poyson strang, deceist dulefullie.

Duke Hanniball the strang Chartagiane,
The danter of the Romanis pomp and glorie,
Be his power war mony ane thousand slane,
As may be red at lenth in till his storie,
At Cannas, quhare he wan the victorie,
On Romanis handis, the deid lay on ȳ ground,
Thre heipit Buschellis war of ringis found.

Into that mortall battell I heir sane,
Of the Romanis most worthie weiriouris,
By prisonaris, war fourty thousand slane:
Of quhom thare was thretty wyse Senatouris
And xx. Lordis, the quhilkis had bene Pretouris
That dyit to, in defence of thair Cuntrie,
And for till hald thair land at libertie.

Quhat reward gat this cruell Campioun,
Quhen he had slane so greit ane multitude,
And quhen the glas of his glorie was run?
Ane schamefull deith, and schortlie to conclude,
This bene reward of all scheddaris of blude.
For he gat sic extreme confusionn,

He slew him self in drinking strang poysoun.

Behald the twa maist famous Campiounis,
(That is to say) Julius and Pompey,
Quhilk did conqueis all eirdlie Regiounis,
Als weill main land, as Ilis in the Sey:
And to the Toun of Rome gart thame obey:
For Pompeius subdewit the Orient,
And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

Bot finallie thir twa did stryue for stait,
Quhare throw thre hundreth M. men wer slane,
Bot Pompeius efter that greit debait,
He murdreisit was, the storie tellis plane.
Than Julius was Prince and Souerane,
Abufe the haill warld, Empriour and King,
Bot into rest, schort tyme indurit his ring.

For within fyue Monethis, a lytill mair,
Amyd his Lordis in the counsale hous,
He murdreist was, quhat neidis proces mair.
As I haue said, be Brute and Cassius.
Gif thow wald knaw thair deithis dolorous,
Thow moste at lenth ga reid ỳ Romane story,
Quhilk hes this mater put in memorie.

Gane is the goldin warld of Assyrians,
Of quhome King Ninus was first a principall,
Gane is the siluer warld of Persians:
The copper warld of Greikis now is tyall,
The warld of Irne, quhilk was the last of all,
Compairit to the Romanis in thair glore,
Ir gane richt sa, I heve of thame no more.

Now

Now is the warld of Irne mixit with clay,
As Daniell at lenth, hes done indyte:
The greit Impyris ar meltit clene away.
Now is the warld of Dolour and dispyte:
I se nocht ellis, bot troubill infinyte,
Quharefor, my Sone, I mak it to the kend,
This warld I wait, is drawand to ane end.

Tokningis of deirth, houmger and pestilence,
With cruell weiris, baith be sey and land,
Realme againis realme, with mortall violence:
Quhilk signifyis the last day euin at hand,
Quharefor, my Sone, be in thy faith constant,
Raising thy hart to God, and cry for grace,
And mend thy lyfe, quhyll thou hes tyme & space.

V. The fift Spirituall and Papall Monarchie.

FAther, is thare na Prince regnand
Quhilk hes the warld now at command,
As had the kingis of Assyrianis,
The Persis Greik, or ye Romanis,
Quha hes now maist dominioun,
Of euerilk Land and Regioun?
E. Thare is na Prince, my Sone (said he)
That hes the principall Monarchie,
Vse the warld vniuersall,
With haill power Imperiall:
As Alexander or Darius,

Or as had Cesar Julius,
For Orient and Occident,
To thame wer all obedient.
Nochtwithstanding, I find ane King,
Quhilk intill Europe doith ring:
That is the potent Pope of Rome,
Impyrand ouer all Christindome.
To quhame na prince may be compair,
As Cannon Lawis can declair.
All Princis of the Occident,
Ar till his grace obedient.
For he hes haill power compleit,
Baith of the body and the spreit:
Quhilk neuer had na Prince afore,
Except the michtie King of glore.
To Christ he is greit Lewtennand,
In holy Peteris sait sittand.
Sa he is of all Kingis King,
Quhilk into Europe now doith ring.
And as the Romane Empriouris,
Hauing the warld vnder thair curis,
Had Princis, knichtis & Campiounis,
Rewlaris into all Regiounis:
Vphalding thair authoritie.
Using Justice and policie.
Richt so this potent pope of Rome,
The Soueranie king of Christindome,
He hes in till ilk Countrie,
His Princis of gueit granitie:
In sum countreis his Cardinalis,
In thair maist precious Appatallis:

Archibischoppis, Bischoppis thow may sie,
Discending his auctoritie:
With vther potent Patriarchis,
Collegis full of cunning Clarkis,
Abbotis and Priouris, as ze ken,
Wisrewlaris of Religious men.
Officialis, with thair Procuratouris,
Quhose langsum law, spulzeis ỳ puris.
Archedenis and Denis of Dignitie,
Greit Doctouris of Deuinitie.
Thair Chantouris & thair Sacristanis
Thair Tresoureiris, & thair Subdenis
Legionis of Preistis Seculeiris,
Personis, Vicaris, Monkis, & Freiris,
Of diuers Ordouris mony one,
Quhilk langsum war for till expone:
In sindry habytis, as ze ken,
Different from vther Christin men.
Fair Ladyis of Religioun.
Professit in euery Regioun,
Fals Heremitis, fassionit like the freirs,
Proud parische Clarkis & Pardoneirs.
Thair Gryntaris & thair Chamberlans
With thair Temporall Courtissanis.
Thus all the warld, be Land and Sey
His Sanctitude thay do obey:
Nocht onely his Spirituall kingdome
Bot the greit Empriour of Rome,
And kingis of euerilk Regioun,
That day quhē thay resaue thair croun
Thay mak aith of fidelitie,

Til defend

Till defend his auctoritie.
Wairouer with humill reuerence,
Thay mak till him obedience:
Be thair selfis, or Ambassadouris,
Or vtheris ornate Oratouris.
Quha did ganestand his Maiestie,
His Lawis or his lybertie:
Or haldis ony Opinioun,
Contrair his greit Dominioun,
Other be way of deid or wordis,
Ar put to deith, be fyre or swordis.
Sanct Peter thocht was Sanctus,
Bot he is callit Sanctissimus.
His style at lenth, gif thow wald knaw
Thow moste ga luke the Cannon law:
Baith in the Sixte and Clementene,
His staitlie style thair may be sene.
Thair sal thow find, reid, gif thow can,
How he is nother God nor man.
C. Quhat is he than, be zour Jugement
Quod I, me thynk him different,
Far from our Soverane Lord Jesus,
And till his kynd contrarious:
For Christ wes God, a naturall man,
Gif he be nother, quhat is he than?
E. The Cannon Law, my sone (said he)
That questioun will declare to the,
It dois transcend my rude Ingyne,
His Sanctitude for till defyne,
Or to schaw the auctoritie,
Perteining to his Maiestie;

Ioan. 1.

L Sa greit

Sa greit ane Prince, quhare sall thou find,
That Spirituallie may lose and bind.
Nor be quhame sinnis are forgeuin,
Be thay with his Disciplis scheuin:
Quhame euer he bindis be his micht,
Thay boundin at in Goddis sicht:
Quhame euer he louſis in eirth heir doun
Ar louſit be God in his Regioun.
Als he is Prince of Purgatorie,
Delyuering saulis from pane to glorie:
Of that dirk Dungeoun but dout,
Quhame euer he pleis he tak thame out
Our secreit synnis euery zeir,
We mon schaw to him Preist or Freir,
And tak thair Absolutioun,
Or ellis wantis na remissioun.
Sa be this way, thay cleirlie ken,
The secretis of all secular men.
Thair secretis we knaw nocht at all,
Thus ar we to thame bound and thrall.
Quhat euer thair ministeris commandis
Moste be obeyit without demandis.
Quharefor, my Sone, I say to thie,
This is ane sensuall Monarchie,
Quhilk hes power Imperiall,
Courte. Baith of the body and the Saull:
C. Father (quod I) declare to me,
Quha did begin this Monarchie?
Experie. E. (Quod he) Christ Jesus God and man
That Impyre gratioſlie began,
Nocht be the fyre, nor be the sword,

Bot be the vertew of his word.
And left in till his Teſtament,
Mony ane deuote Document,
With his Succeſſouris to be plit,
Thocht mony of thame be now ablit
For Peter and Paull with all the reſt,
Of thair birthen maid manifeſt,
The Law of God with trew intent,
Preching the auld & new Teſtament,
Thay led thair lyfe in pouertie,
Deuotioun and humilitie,
And did thair maiſter Chriſt Jeſus,
And war nocht half ſa glorious:
As thair Succeſſouris now in Rome,
Impyrand ouer all Chriſtindome.
Efter the deith of Peter and Paull,
And Chriſtis trew Diſcipulis all,
Thair Succeſſouris within few zeiris
As at mair lenth thair ſtorie beiris,
Full craftlie clam to the hicht,
From ſpiritual lyfe to temporall micht.
C. Father or we pas further more,
Quhen did begin thair temporal glore?
E. Sone (ſaid he) thou ſall vnderſtand,
Or euer ane Pape gat ony land:
Twa & thretty gude Paipis in Rome,
Reſſauit the Crown of Martirdome:
Bot nocht the Thrinfald Diadame,
To weir thre Crownis thay thocht greit ſchame
Till Siluеſter the Confeſſour,
From Conſtantine the Empriour,

Ephe. j.
Luc. ix.

Counc.

Experi.

Reſſauit the Realme of Italie,
Richt ſa of Rome the greit Citie.
That was the ryte of thair ryches,
Than ſprang the well of welthines.
Quhen that the Pape was maid ane king,
All Princis bowit at his bidding.
This Act wes done withouttin weir,
From Chriſtis deith thre hundreth zeir.
Than Lady Senſualitie,
Tuke lugeing in that greit Citie.
Quhare ſcho ſenſyne hes done remane,
As thair awin lady Souerane.
Than kingis in till all Nationis,
Maid Paullis greit foundationis:
Thay thocht greit merite and honour,
To counterfait the Empriour,
As did Dauid of Scotland king,
The quhilk did found, during his ring,
Fyftene Abbayis, with temporall landis,
Withouttin teindis and offerandis,
Be quhoſe holy ſimplicitie,
Ye left the Crown in pouertie,
Now haue I ſchawin the, as I can,
How thair temporall Impyre began,
Aſcending vp ay gre be grie,
Abufe the Empriouris Maieſtie,
Sa quhen thay gat amang thair handis,
Of Italie all the Empriouris landis:
Eftir that in ilk Countrie,
Sprang vp thair Temporalitie,
With ſa greit rytches and ſic rent,

That

That thay gan to be negligent,
In making Ministratioun,
To Christis trew Congregatioun:
And tuke na mair paine in thair preching,
And far les trawell in thair teching:
Changeing thair Spiritualtie,
In temporall Sensualtie.
C. Father, thynk ze, that thay ar sure,
That thair Impyre sall lang indure?
E. Apperandlie, it may be kend,
(Quod he) thair glore sal haue ane end.
I mene thair temporall Monarchie,
Sall turne in till humilitie,
Thouch Goddis word without debait
Thay sall turne to thair first estait:
As Danielis Prophecie appeiris,
Thareto sall nocht be mony zeiris:
Howbeit Christis faith sall neuer fall:
Bot mair and mair it sall preuaill.
Thocht Christis trew Congregatioun,
Suffer greit tribulatioun.
C. Farther (said I) be quhat resoun,
Thynk ze thair impyre may cum doun?
E. Considering thair preeminence:
(Quod he) for inobedience,
Abusing the Commandement,
Quhilk Christ left in his Testament: — Mat. 25.
Using thair awin traditioun,
Mair than his Institutioun.
For Christ in his last Conuentioun,
The day of his Ascensioun:

Matt. 18 Till his Discipulis gaue command,
Ioan. 15. That thay suld pas in-euery land;
Act. 1. To teche and preche with trew intent,
His Law and his Commandement.
Nane vther office, he to thame gaue,
He did nocht did thame seik nor craue,
Cors presentis, nor offerandis,
Nor get Lordschipp of temporal land
Bot now it may be hard and sene,
Baith with thyne eiris, and thyne ene,
How Prelatis now in euery land,
Takis lytill cure of Christis command,
Nother into thair deidis nor sawis,
Neglecting thair awin Cannon lawis
Vsing thame selfis contrarious,
For the maist part to Christ Jesus.
Matt. 4. Christ thocht na schame to be ane precheour
And till all pepill of treuth ane techeour:
Ane Papé, Bischop, nor Cardinall,
To teche nor preche, will nocht be thrall.
Thay send furth freiris to preche for thame,
Quhilk garris ý pepill mok thame with schame
Christ wald nocht be ane temporall King,
Ioan. 6. Rychelie into na Realme to ring:
Bot sted temporall authoritie,
As in the Scripture thow may sie,
All men may knaw, how Papis ring,
In Dignitie abufe all kingis,
Als weill in Temporaltie,
As into Spiritualtie,
Thow may se be experience,

The Bayis princely preeminence.

In Croniclis gif thow lift to luke,
How Carion wryttis in his Buke,
Ane notabill narratioun,
The zeir of our Saluatioun,
Elleuin hundzeth, and fax and fyftie,
Pape Alexander presumptuouslie:
Quhilk wes the thrid Pape of y^ name,
To Frederik Empziour did defame:
In Veneis that tryumphand Town,
That nobill Empziour gart ly down,
Apon his waine with schame and lack,
Syne tred his feit apon his back,
In taikin of Obedience,
Thare he schew his preeminence,
And caulit his Cletgie for to sing,
Thir wordis efter following,

Super Aspidem & Basiliscum ambulabis, Psal. 91.
Et conculcabis leonem & Draconem.

That is,

Thou sall gang vpon y^ edder & the coketrice,
And y^ sall tred down y^ lyoun & the dragoun.

Than said this humill Empziour,
I do to Peter this honour:
The Pope answerit with wordis wraith,
Thow sall me honour and Peter baith.
Christ for to schaw his humill spreit,
Did wasche his pure Discipulis feit:
The Popis holynes I wys,
Will suffer Kingis hyer to kys:

Luc. 9. Birdis had thair nestis, & toddis thair den,
Bot Christ Jesus, Saiffer of men,
In eirth had nocht ane penny breid,
Quhare on he micht repose his heid.
Howbeit the Popis Excellence,
Hes Castellis of Magnificence:
Abbottis, Bischoppis and Cardinallis,
Hes plesand Palices Royallis:
Lyke Paradyse ar those Prelatis places,
Wanting na plesour of fair faces.
Act. 4. Jhone, Androw, James, Peter, nor Paull,
Had few housis amang thame all:
From tyme thay knew the veritie,
Thay did contempne all propertie:
And war richt hartfully content,
Ioan. 19. Of meit, drink, and abuilzement.
To saif Mankynd that was forloyne,
Christ bure ane cruell Crown of thoyne:
The Popethrice Crownis for the nonis,
Of golde, pouldrit with precious stonis,
Of golde, and siluer, I am sure,
Christ Jesus tuke bot lytill cure:
And left nocht, quhen he zeild the spreit,
To by him self ane windyng scheit.
Bot his Successour gude Pope Jhone,
Quhen he deceisit in Auinione,
He left behynd him ane tresour,
Of gold and siluer be mesour:
Be ane Just computatioun:
Weill fyue and twenty Myllioun:
As doith Indyte Palmerius,

Reid him, and thow ſall fynd it thus.
Chriſtis Diſciplis wes weill knawin,
Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be thame ſchawin
In ſpeciall feruent cheritie,
Greit patience and humilitie,
The Popis ſtoke in all Regiounis,
Ar knawin beſt be thare clippit crounis.
Chriſt he did honour Matrimonie, Ioan. 2.
Into the Cane of Galilie,
Quhare he be his power Diuyne,
Did turne the water into the wyne.
And als cheiſſit ſum Maryit men,
To be his ſeruandis as ȝe ken,
And Peter during all his lyfe,
He thocht na ſin, to haue ane wyfe.
Ze ſall nocht find in na paſſage,
Quhare Chriſt forbiddith mariage:
Bot leifſum till ilk man to marie,
Quhilk wantis the gift of Chaſtitie.
The Pope hes maid the contrair Lawis,
In his Kingdome, as all men knawis:
Nane of his Preiſtis dar marie wyfis,
Under na les pane nor thair lyfis:
Thocht thay haue Concubynis fyftene,
Into that cace, thay ar ouerſene:
Quhat chaiſtitie, thay keip in Rome,
Is weill kend ouer all Chriſtindome.
Chriſt did ſchaw his obedience, Mat. 17.
Vnto the Empriouris excellence,
And cauſit Peter ſȝe to pay.
Tribute to Ceſar, for thaine tway,

Paule bid vs be obedient,
To kyngis as the most excellent:
The contrair did Pape Celestene,
Quhen that his Sanctitude serene,
Did crown Henry the Empriour,
I think he did him small honour:
For with his fete he did him crown,
Syne with his fete the Crown dang down:
Sayand I haue Authoritie,
Men till exalt to dignitie:
And to mak Empriours and kingis,
And syne depryue thame of thair ringis.
Peter be my Opinioun,
Did neuer vse sic Dominioun:
Apperandlie be my Judgement,
That Pape red neuer the New Testament:
Gif he had lernit at that lore
He had refusit sic vane glore:
As Barnabas, Peter, and Paull,
And richt sa Christis Discipilis all.
Act. 10. The Capitane Cornelius,
Quhen sanct Peter came till his hous:
Till worschip him fell at his feit,
Bot sanct Peter with humill spreit,
Did rais him vp with diligence,
And did refuse sic Reuerence:
Apoc. 19 & 22. Richt sa sanct Jhone the Euangelist,
The Angellis feit he wald haue kist:
Bot he refusit sic honour,
Sayand I am bot seruitour:
Richt sa thy fallow and thy brother,

Gene

Geue gloze to God and to nane yther.
And lyke wyse Barnabas and Paull, Act. 14.
Sic honour did refuse at all:
In Listra quhare thay wrocht grit warkis,
The Preist of Jupiter with his Clarkis:
And all the pepill with thair auyce,
Wald haue maid to thame Sacrifyce:
Of quhilk thay war sa discontent,
That thay thair clathing raue and rent,
And Paule amang thame rudely ran,
Sayand, I am ane mortall man;
Geue gloze to God of hiegis King
That made heuin, eirth, and euery thing.
Sen Peter and Paule bane gloze refusit,
With Papis quhy suld sic gloze be vsit:
Peter, Androw, Jhone, James, and Paull.
And Christis trew Discipulis all:
Be Goddis word thair faith defendit,
To birn, and skald, thay neuer pretendit:
The Pape defendis his tradition,
Be flammand fyre, without remissioun.
Howbeit men hrek the Law Deuyne,
Thay ar nocht put to sa greit pyne:
For huredome, nor Idolatrie,
For Incest nor Adulterie:
Or quhen zoung Virginis ar defloirit,
For sic thing men ar nocht abhorit.
Bot quha that eitis flesche into Lent,
Ar terriblie put to torment:
And gif ane Preist happynnis to mary,
Thay do him baneis, curs, and warie,

Thocht

Thocht it be nocht aganis the Law,
Of God, as men may cleirly knaw,
Betuix thir twa, quhat difference bene,
Baith faithfull folk it may be sene:
Sic Antichoses mony ma,
I micht declare, quhilkis I lat ga:
And may nocht tary to compyle,
Of lyk ordour the staitlie style.
The sillie Nun will thynk greit schame
Without scho callit be Madame.
The pure Preist thinks he gettis na richt
Be he nocht Schir lyke ane Knicht:
And cannot Schir, alone his name,
As Schir Thomas, & schir Williame:
All Monkis, ze may heirs and se,
Ar callit Domis, for Dignitie:
Howbeit his mother milk the kow,
He mon be callit Dene Androw,
Dene Peter, Dene Paul & Dene Robart
With Christ thay tak ane painfull part
With doubill clething from the cald,
Eitand & drinkand quhen thay wald:
With curious Countring in the queir,
God wait gif thay by Heuin full deir.
My Lord Abbot richt venerabill,
Ay marschellit vpmost at the tabill:
My Lord Bischop, maist reuerent,
Set abuse Erlis in Parliament:
And Cardinalis during thare ringis,
Fallowis to Princis, and to Kingis.
The Pope exaltit in honour,

Abuse the potent Empriour.
The proude persone I think trewlie,
He leidis his lyfe richt lustelie:
For quhy? he hes nane vther pyne,
Bot tak his teind, and spend it syne.
Bot he is obliſſit be resoun,
To preiche vntill his Parichioun:
Thocht thay want preiching seuintene zeir,
He will nocht want ane boll of beir.
Sum Personis hes at his caminand,
The wantoun Wenchis of the land:
Als thay haue greit prerogatyuis,
That may depart ay with thair wyuis
Without diuorce, or simmonding,
Syne tak ane vther but wedding.
Sum man wald think ane lustie lyfe,
Ay quhen he list, to change his wyfe:
And tak ane vther of mair bewtie,
Bot Seculars wantis that lybertie,
The quhilk ar bound in mariage,
Bot thay lyke rammis into thair rage,
Unpiſſilit rynnis amang the zowis,
Sa lang as Nature in thame growis.
And als the Vicar, as I trow,
He will nocht faill to take ane kow:
And vpmaist clayth (thocht babis thame ban)
From ane pure selie husband man:
Quhen that he lyis for till die,
Hauing small bairnis twa or thrie:
And his thre ky withouttin mo,
The Vicar moste haue ane of tho,

With the gray cloke, that happis the bed,
Howbeit that he be purelie cled.
And gif the wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the babis fulde be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleikis away,
With hir pure cote of roploch gray:
And gif within twa dayis or thre,
The eldest Chylde hapnis to de,
Of the thrid kow he will be sure,
Quhen he hes all than vnder his cure,
And Father and Mother baith ar deid
Beg mon the babis, without remeid.
Thay hald the Corps at the Kirk style,
And thair it most remane ane quhyle,
Till thay get sufficient souertie,
For thair Kirk richt, and dewtie:
Than cummis the landis lord perforce,
And cleikis till him ane herield horse.
Pure labouratis wald that Law wer doun,
Quhilk neuer was foundit be resoun.
I hard thame say vnder confessioun,
That Law is bvther till Oppressioun.
My Sone, I haue schawin as I can,
How this fyft Monarchie began:
Quhose greit Impyre for to report,
At length, the tyme bene all to schort:

Ane Descriptioun of the Court of Rome. VI.



Father (said I) quhat rewll kepe thay in Rome,
Quhilk hes the Spirituall dominioun, (Dome:
And Monarchie abuse at Christin-
Schaw me, I mak zow Supplicatioun:
E. My Sone, wald I mak trew narratioun,
(Said he) to Peter & Paull thocht thay succeid
I think thay preue nocht that into thair deid.

For Peter, Androw & Jhone wer fischar's fyne
Of men and wemen, to the Christian faith:
Bot that to haue, spred thair net vō huik & lyne,
On rentis rytche on gold, and vther graith,
Sic fisching to neglect, thay will be laith:
For quhy, yai haue fischit in ouerthort ỳ strādis,
Ane greit part trewlie of all tempozall landis.

With that the tent part of all gude mouabill,
For the vphalding of thair Digniteis,
So bene thair fisching verray proffitabill,
On the dry land als weill, as on the Seis,
Thair herywater, thay spred in all Countreis:
And vō thair hois net, daylie drawis to Rome,
The maist fyne gold, that is in Christindome.

I dar weill say, within this fyftie zeir,
Rome hes resauit furth of this Regioun,

For

For Bullis & benefice (quhilk thay by full deir,
Quhilk in ỹ ful weil haue payit ane kingis rāsom
Bot war I worthy for till weir ane Croun,
Preistis sulde na mair our substance sa consome
Sending zeirlie so greit rytches to Rome.

Into thair tramalt net, thay fangit ane fische
Mair nor ane quhaill, worthie of memorie:
Of quhome thay haue had mony daintie dische,
Be quhome thay ar exaltit to greit glorie,
That maruellous monstour callit Purgatorie:
Howbeit till vs, it is nocht amiabill,
It hes to thame, bene verray profitabill.

Lat thay ỹ fructefull fische eschaip thair net
Be quhame thay haue sa greit commoditeis:
Ane mair fat fische, I traist thay sall not get,
Thocht thay wald serche ouerthort ỹ Occeane
Adew the daylie dolorous Dirigeis: (seis,
Selie pure Preistis, may sing vō hart full sore,
Want thay that panefull palice Purgatorie.

Fare weill Monkrie, vō Chanoun, Nun & freir
Allace thay will be lichtleit in all landis:
Cowlis will na mair be kend in Kirk nor queir,
Lat thay that frutefull fische eschaip thair hāds
I counsaill to bynd hym fast in bandis:
For Peter, Androw, nor Jhone, culde neuer get
Sa profitabill ane fische into thair net.

Thair merchandyse in till all Nationis,
As prentit leid, thair walx and parchement,
Thair Pardonis, and thair Dispensationis,

Thay

Thay do exceid ſum tempozall ꝓfittis rent,
In ſic trafficque thay ar nocht negligent:
Of benefice, thay mak gude marchandyce,
Throw Symonie, quhilk thay hald lytill vyce.

Chriſt did command Peter, to feid his ſcheip, Ioan. 21.
And ſa he did feid thame full tenderlie:
Of that command thay tak bot lytill keip,
Bot Chriſtis ſcheip thay ſpulze pietuouſlie:
And with the woll, thay cleith thame curiouſlie
Lyke gozmād wolf ꝭ yai tak of thame yair fude,
Thai eit yair fleſche, & dzink ꝭ baith milk & blude.

For that Office, thay ſerue bot lytill hyze,
I thynk ſic Paſtouris ar nocht foz to pryſe,
Quhilk cān not gyde thair ſcheip about ẏ myre:
Thay ar ſa buſie in thair merchandyſe,
Thocht Peter was Pozter of Paradyſe:
That pleſand paſſage craftelie thay cloſe, Matt. 16.
Throw thame richt few, gett ꝭ entres I ſuppoſe

Chriſt Jeſus ſaid, as Mathew did repozt, Mat. 24.
Wo be to Scribis, and to Phariſianis,
The quhilkis did cloſe of Paradyce the pozt,
Of thame we haue the ſame experience,
To enter thare, thay mak ſmall diligence,
Thay tak ſic cure of tempozall beſines,
Richt ſa from vs, thay ſtop the plane entres,

Thoſe ſpirituall keis, quhilk ꝭ Chriſt to Peter
Thair colour cleir w̄ reik & rouſt ar fadit. (gaif
Unoccuppyit, thay hald thame in thair naif,
Of that Office, thay ſerue to be degradit,

With Goddis word, without ỹ thay remeid it,
Oppining ỹ port quhilk lãg tyme hes bene cloſit
That we may enter with thame, & be reioſit.

Contrair till Chriſtis Inſtitutioun,
Ioan. 10. To thame that deis, in habite of ane Freir,
Rome hes thame grantit full Remiſſioun,
To pas til heuin ſtraucht way withouttin weir
Quhilk bene in Scotland vſit mony ane zeir.
Be thair ſic vertew in ane freiris hude,
I think in vane, Chriſt Jeſu ſched his blude.

Wald God the Pope quhilk hes preeminence
With aduyſe of his counſaill generall,
That thay wald do thair detfull diligence,
That Chriſtis Law micht keipit be ouer all,
And trewlie prechit, baith to greit and ſmall,
And geue to thame ſpirituall Authoritie,
Quhilk could perfitelie ſchaw the veritie.

Quha can not preche, ane Preiſt ſuld nocht be
As may be preuit be the Law deuyne, (namit,
And be the Canon Law, thay ar defamit,
That takis Preiſtheid, bot onelie to that fyne,
Till all vertew thair hartis thay ſulde inclyne:
In ſpeciall to preche with trew intentis,
And miniſter the neidfull Sacramentis.

As for thair Monks, thair Chanouns, & thair
And luſtie Ladyis of Religioun, (Freiris,
I knaw nocht quhat to thair Office effeiris:
Bot men may ſe thair greit abuſioun,
Thay ar nocht lyke into concluſioun,

Quhair

Nother into thair wordis, nor thair warkis,
To the Apostilis, Prophetis nor Patriarkis.

Gif presentlie thir Prelatis can not preche,
Than lat ilk Bischop haue ane Suffragane,
Or Successour, quhilk can the pepill teche,
On thair expensis zeirlie to remane,
To cause the pepill from thair vyces refrane.
And quhen ane Prelate, hapnith to deceace,
Than put ane perfite prechour in his place.

Do thay nocht sa, on thame sall ly the charge
Geuand vnabill men authoritie,
As quha wald mak ane steirman till ane barge
Of ane blynd borne, quhilk can na danger se,
Gif that schip droun, forsuith I say for me,
Quha gaif that Steirman sic commissioun,
Sulde of the schip mak restitutioun.

The humane Lawis, that ar contrarious,
And nocht conforming to the Law diuyne,
Thay sulde expell, and hald thame odious,
Quhẽ thay persaue thame cum to na gude fyne
Inuentit bot be sensuall mennis Ingyne,
As that Law, quhilk forbiddis Mariage,
Causing young Clarkis birn in lustis rage.

Difficill is Chastitie till obserue, Rom. 8.
But speciall grace, laubour, and abstinence,
In till our flesche ay regnis, till we sterue,
That first Originall sin, Concupiscence,
Quhilk we throuch Adamis Inobedience,
Hes done Incur, and sall indure for euer,

Quhyll that our saull and body deith diſseuer,

Genes.2 Quharefor God maid of Mariage the band,
In Paradyce(as Scripture doith recorde)
In Galilie,richt sa I vnderstand,
Ioan.2. Wes mariage honourit be Christ our Lorde,
Auld Law & New,thare to thay do concorde:
I think for me,better that thay had sceipit,
Nor till haue maid ane Law, and neuer keipit.

Matth.1. Tuke nocht Christ Jesus his Humanitie,
Of ane Virgine,in Mariage contractit,
Luc.1. And of hir flesche, cled his Diuinitie:
Quhy haue thay done that blissfull band deiectit
In thair Kingdome:wald God it war correctit
That young Prelatis,micht marie lustie wyfis
And nocht in sensuall lust,to leid thair lyfis.

Did nocht Christ cheis of honest maryit men
Alsweill as thay that keipit Chastitie,
For to be his Discipulis , as ze ken,
As in the Scripture cleirlie thow may sie
Thay keipit still thair wyfis with honestie,
As Peter, and his spousit brethren all,
Obseruit Chaistitie Matrimoniall.

1.Tim.4. Bot now appeiris the Prophecie of Paull,
How sum suld ryis into the latter age,
That from the trew faith suld depart and fall,
And sulde forbid the band of mariage,
Als thow sall find into that same passage,
Thay suld command from meitis till abstene,
Quhilk God creat his pepill to susteine.

Bot

Bot sen the Pope our spirituall prince & king
He dois ouer se sic vyces manifest,
And in his kingdome sufferith for to ring,
The men be quhome the veritie bene supprest:
I excuse nocht him self mair than the rest,
Allace how sulde we membris be weill vsit,
Quhen sa our Spirituall heidis bene abusit?

The famous ancient Doctor Auicene;
Sayis quhen euill rewine discēdis from ȳ heid,
Into the membris, generith mekle pane,
Without thair be maid haistelie remeid,
Quhen ȳ cald humour dounwart dois proceid:
In Sennounis it causis Arthetica,
Richt sa in the handis cramp Chiragra.

Of Maledyis, it generis mony mo,
Bot gif men get sum Souerane preserue,
As in the theis Scyathica Passio:
And in the breist, sumtyme the strang Caterue,
Quhilk causis men richt haistelie to sterue:
And Podagra, difficill for to cure,
In mennis feit, quhilk lang tyme dois indure.

Sa to this most tryumphand court of Rome
This similitude full weill I may compair,
Quhilk hes bene herschip of all Christindome,
And to the warld ane euill exemplair,
That vmquhyle was Lod sterre, and luminair,
And the maist sapient sait of Sanctitude,
Bot now allace bair of Beatitude.

Thair kingdome may be callit Babilone,

Apoc.18 Quhilk vnquhyle wes ane bricht Jerusalem,
As planely meanis the Apostill Jhone,
Thair most famous Cietie, hes tynt the fame,
Inhabitaris thairof, thair nobill name:
For quhy: thay haue of Sanctis Habitakle,
To Simon Magus maid ane Tabernakle.

And horribill vaill of euerilk kynd of vyce,
Ane laithlie Loch of stinkand Lycherie,
Ane eurslit coue corrupt with Couatyce,
Bordourit about with pryde and Synonie,
Sum sayis ane Cisterne full of Sodomie:
Quhose vyce in speciall, gif I wald declair,
It war vneuch for tyll perturb the air.

Of treuth the haill Christian Religioun,
Thouch thame ar scandalizat and offendit,
It can nocht faill, bot thair abusioun,
Afore the Throne of God it is ascendit,
Luc.14. I dreid but dout, without that thay amend it,
Apoc.17 The plaigis of Jhonis Reuelatioun,
Sall fall vpon thair Generatioun.

O Lord quhilk hes the hartis of euerilk King
Into thy hand, I mak the Supplicatioun,
Conuert that court, that of thair grace bening,
Thay wald mak generall Reformatioun,
Amang thame selfis, in euerilk Natioun,
That thay may be ane holy exemplare,
Till vs thy pure lawit commoun populare.

Houngerit allace, for falt of Spirituall fude,
Because from vs bene hid the veritie,

O Prince

O Prince, quhilk sched for vs thy precio⁹ blude
Kendle in vs, the fyre of Eheritie,
And saif vs from Eternall miserie,
Now labouring into thy Kirk militant.
That we may all-eum to thy Kirk tryumphant.

The Fourt Buke:

Makand mentioun of the Deith. I.

Of the Antichrist. Of the Generall Iugement &c. with ane Exhortatioun be Experience to the Courteour.

PRudent Father Experience, Courte.
Sen ze of zour benevolence,
Wes causit me for to considder,
How warldlie pomp & gloze bene slidder:
Be diuers storyis miserabill,
Quhilk to reherse bene lamentabill:
Zit or we pas furth of this vaill,
I pray zow, geue me zour counsaill,
Quhat I sall do in tyme cumming,
To haue the gloze euerlasting.
Exp. My Sone (said he) set thy intent

To keip the Lordis Commandement,
And preis the nocht, to clym ouer hie,
To na warldlie Authoritie,
Quha in the warld doith maist reiois,
Ar farrest ay from thair purpois,
Wald thow leue warldlie baniteis,
And think on four Extremiteis,
Quhilkis ar to cum, and that schortlie,
Thow wald neuer sin wilfullie,
Print thir four in thy memorie,
The Deith, the Hell, & Heuinnis glorie,
And extreme Iugement generall,
Quharé thow mon rander compt of all
Thow sall nocht faill to be content,
Of quyet lyfe, and sober rent.
Considering na man can be sure,
In eirth ane hour for till indure,
Sa all warldlie prosperitie,
Is myrit with greit miserie.
Wer thow Empriour of Asia,
King of Europe and Aphrica,
Greit Dominator of the Sey,
And thocht the Heuinnis did the obey,
All Fischis swemming in the strand,
All beist and foull at thy command,
Concluding thow wer King ouer all,
Under the Heuin Imperiall,
In that maist hiche Authoritie,
Thow sulde fynd leist tranquillitie:
Exempill of King Salomone,
2.Par.9. Mair prosperous lyfe had neuer none,

Sic ry-

Sic ryches with sa greit plesour,
Had neuer King, nor Empriour,
With most profound Intelligence,
And superexcellent Sapience,
His plesand habitationis,
Precellit all vther Nationis.
Gardingis & parkis, for hartis & hyndis,
Stankis with fische of diuers kyndis,
Maist profound maisteris of Musike,
That in ý warld was nane thame like
Sic tresour of Gold, & precious stonis,
In eirth, had neuer na King at onis.
He had sevin hundreth lustie Queenis, 3. Reg. 11
And thre hundreth fair Concubenis. 11
In eirth thare was na thing plesand,
Contrarious till his command. Eccles.
Zit all his greit prosperitie,
He thocht it vane, and vanitie,
And micht neuer fynd repose complesit,
Without affliction of the fyre.
Court. Father (quod I) it marvellis me
He hauand sic prosperitie,
With sa greit riches by measour,
Nor be had infinite plesour.
Exp. My sone, p̄ fute gif ý wald knaw,
The veritie I sall the schaw,
Thare is na warldlie thing at all,
May satisfie ane mannis Saull:
For it is sa Insatiabill,
That Heuin & eirth may nocht be abill
Ane saull allane to mak content.

Till it se God Omnipotent,
Wes neuer nane, nor neuer salbe
Satiate, that sicht till that he se.
Quharefor (my Sone) set nocht thy cure,
Matt.6. In eirth, quhare na thing may be sure,
Luc.12. Except the deith allanerlie,
Quhilk follo wis man continuallie:
Tharefor (my Sone) remember the,
Within schort tyme, that thow mon de,
Nocht knawing quhen, how, in quhat place,
Bot as it pleisith the king of grace.

II. Of the Deith.

Of Wilerie maist miserabill,
Is Deith, and maist abhominabill
That dreidfull Dragone with his dartis,
Ay reddy for to perse the hartis,
Of euerilk Creature on lyue,
Contrair quhose strenth may na man stryue.
Of dolent Deith, this sore sentence,
Wes geuin throw Inobedience,
Of our Parentis, allace tharefore,
As I haue done declare afore,
How thay and thair Posteritie,
Wer all condampnit for to die:
Howbeit the flesche to deith be thrall,
God hes the Saull maid Immortall.
And sa of his benignitie,

Hes mair

Yes myrit his Justice with Mercie:
Tharefor call to remembrance,
Of this fals warld the variance,
How we lyke Pylgramis ewin a morrow,
Ay trauelling throuch this vaill of sorrow,
Sum tyme in vane prosperitie,
Sum tyme in greit miserie,
Sum tyme in blis, sum tyme in vaill,
Sum tyme richt seik, & sum tyme haill,
Sum tyme full riche, & sum tyme pure,
Wnharefor (my Sone) tak lytill cure:
Nother of greit prosperitie,
Nor zit of greit miserie,
Bot plesand lyfe, and hard mischance,
Ponder thame baith in ane ballance,
Considering nane authoritie,
Ryches, wysedome, nor dignitie,
Empyre of realmis, bewtie, nor strenth,
May nocht ane day our lyuis lenth:
Sen we ar sure that we most die,
Fare weill all vane felicitie.
Greitlie it doith perturbe my mynd,
Of dolent Deith, the dyuers kynd,
Thocht Deith till euery man resortis,
Zit strykith he in syndrie sortis,
Sum be hait Feueris violence,
Sum be contagious Pestilence,
Sum be Justice Executioun,
Bene put to deith, without remissioun,
Sum hãgit, sum doith lose thair heidis
Sum brynt, sum soddin into leidis:

And sum

And sum for thair vnleifsum actis,
Ar rent and reuin vpon the ractis,
Sum ar dissoluit be poysoun,
Sum on the nicht ar murdreist doun:
Sum fallis into freneſie,
Sum deis in Hydropiſie,
And vtheris strange Infirmiteis,
Quhare in mony ane thousand deis,
Quhilk humane nature dois abhor,
As in the gut, grauell, and gor.
Sum in the flux & feuer quartane,
Bot ay the hour of deith vncertane:
Sum ar dissoluit suddandlie,
Be Catharre, or be Apoplexie.
Sum doith distroy thame self also,
As Hanniball, and wyse Cato.
Be thounder deith sum dois consome,
As he did the thrid King of Rome,
Callit Tullus Hostilius,
As wrytis greit Ualerius,
For he, and his houshald atonis,
Wer brynt be thounder flesche & bonis.
Sum deis be extreme exces,
Of Joy, as Ualerie doith expres:
Sum be extreme Melancholie,
Wyll de but vther Maladie.
In Chroniklis thow may weil ken,
How mony houndreth thousand men
Ar gane, sen first the warld began,
In battell, and how mony ane man,
Upon the Sey doith lose thair lyues,

Quhen

Quhen schippis vpon roches ryues,
Thocht sum de naturallie, throuch age,
Far ma deis rauand in ane rage:
Happy is he, the quhilk hes space,
At his last hour to cry for grace.
Howbeit Deith be abhominabill,
I think it sulde be confortabill,
Till all thame of the Faithfull noumer,
For thay depart from cair and cummer,
From troubill, trauell, sturt and stryfe,
Till Joy, and euerlastand lyfe.
Polydorus Virgilius,
To that effect he wryttis thus:
In Thrace quhen ony chyld bene borne,
Thair kyn, & freindis cummis thame beforne,
With dolent Lamentatioun,
For the greit tribulatioun,
Calamitie, cummer, and cure
That thay in eirth ar to indure.
Bot at thair deith and buryng,
Thay mak greit Joy and banketting,
That thay haue past from miserie,
To rest and greit felicitie.
Sen Deith bene finall conclusioun,
Quhat vailis warldlie prouisioun,
Quhen wisedome may nocht contramand,
Nor strenth that'flour may nocht ganestand,
Ten thousand Wyrdis of tresour,
May nocht prolong thy lyfe ane hour:
Efter quhose dolent departing,
Thy spreit sall pas but tarying:

Straucht

Straucht way till Joy Inestimabill,
Or to strang pane Intolerabill.
Thy byle corruppit carioun,
Sall turne in Putrefactioun,
And sa remane in poulder small,
Unto the Jugement Generall.

Ane schort Descriptioun of the Antichrist.

QVod I) Fater I here men say,
That thair sall ryse afore that day,
Quhilk ze call Generall Jugemēt,
Ane wickit man frō Sathan sent,
And contrair to the Law of Christ
Callit the cruell Antichrist.
And sum sayis that mischeuous man,
Discend sall of the Trybe of Dan,
And sulde be borne in Babilone,
The quhilk dissauesall mony one.
Infidelis sall of euery art,
With that fals Propheit take ane part.
And how Enoch and Elyas,
Sal preche contrair that fals Messyas
Bot finallie his fals doctrine,
And he salbe put to rewine:
Bot nother be the fyre nor sword,
Bot be the vertew of Christis word,
And gif this be of veritie,
The suith I pray zow schaw to me.

Exp. My Sone (said he) as wyt this Jhone,
Thare sall nocht be ane man allone,
Hauing that name in speciall,
Bot Antichristis in generall,
Bes bene, and now ar mony one,
And richt sa in the tyme of Jhone,
Wer Antechristis, as him self sayis,
And present lie now in thir dayis,
Ar richt mony withouttin dout,
Wer thair fals lawis weill sought out.
Quha wes ane greiter Antechrist,
And mair contrarious to Christ,
Nor the fals Propheit Machomeit,
Quhilk his cursit Lawis, maid sa sweit,
In Turkie zit thay ar obseruit,
Quharethrouch the hell he hes deseruit.
All Turkis, Sarazenis, and Jowis,
That in the Sone of God nocht trowis,
Ar Antechristis, I the declare,
Because to Christ thay ar contrare,
Daniell sayis in his Propheceis,
That efter the greit Monarcheis,
Sall ryse ane maruellous potent king,
Quhilk with ane schameles face sall ring.
Wichtie and wyse in dirk speikingis,
And prosper in all plesand thingis,
Throuch his falsheid and craftines,
He sall flow in to welthines,
The Godlie pepill he sall noy,
By cruell deith, and thame distroy.
The king of kingis he sall ganestand,

1. Ioan. 2

2. Ioan. 1

Dan. 8.

Syne

2. Thes. 2 Syne be distroyit withouttin hand.
Paule sayis, afoze the Lozdis cumming
That thare sal be ane departing,
And that man of Iniquitie,
Till all men he sall oppynnit be:
Quhilk sall sit in the holy sait,
Contrary God to mak debait:
Bot that Sone of Perditioun,
Salbe put to confusioun:
Be power of the holy Spreit,
Quhen he his tyme hes done compleit.
Beleue nocht that in tyme cumming,
Ane greiter Antichrist to ring,
Nor thair hes bene, and presentlie,
Ar now, as Clerkis can espie
Tharefor my will is that thow knaw,
Quhat euer thay be that makis the law:
Thocht thay be callit Christin men,
Be naturall resoun thow may ken,
Be thay neuer of sa greit valour,
Pape, Cardinall, King or Empriour,
Extollant thair Traditionis,
Abuse Christis Institutionis,
Makand lawis contrair to Christ:
Ye is ane verray Antichrist:
And quha doith fortifie or defend
Sic Law, I mak it to the kend:
Be it Pape, Empriour, King or Quene,
Greit sorrow salbe on thame sene,
At Christis extreme Iugement,
Without that thay in tyme repent.

* Ane

¶ Ane ſchort Remembrance of the maiſt terribill day of the extreme Iugement. IIII.

FAther (ſaid I) with zour licence,
Sen ze haue ſic Experience,
Wit ane thig at zow wald I ſpeir
Quhen ſall ȝ dreidfull day appeir,
Quhilk ze call Iugement generall
Quhat thingis afoze that day ſall fall?
Quhare ſall appeir that dreidful Iuge,
Or how may ſaltouris get refuge?
Ex. (Quod he) as to thy firſt queſtioun,
I can mak na ſolutioun,
Quharefor perturb nocht thyne intent,
To knaw day, hour, or moment:
To God allane, the day bene knawin,
Quhilk neuer wes to nane Angell ſchawin.
Howbeit be diuers coniectouris,
And principall Expoſitouris,
Of Daniell and his Prophecie,
And be the Sentence of Elie:
Quhilkis hes declarit as thay can,
How lang it is ſen the warld began,
And for to ſchaw, hes done thair cure,
How lang thay traiſt it ſall indure,
And als how mony aigis bene,
As in thair warkis may be ſene.

Bot till declare thir questionis,
Thare bene diuers opinionis,
Sum wryttaris hes the warld deuydit
In sex aigis (as bene decydit,
Into Fasciculus temporum,
And Cronica Cronicorum:
Bot be the sentence of Elie,
The warld deuydit is in thre,
As cunning Maister Carioun,
Hes maid plane expositioun,
Howe Elie sayis withouttin weir,
The warld sall stand sax thousand zeir
Of quhame I follow the sentence,
And lattis the vther buikis ga hence,
Froin the Creatioun of Adam,
Twa thousand zeir till Abraham,
From Abraham, be this narratioun,
To Christis Incarnatioun,
Richt sa hes bene twa thousand zeiris,
And be thir Prophecyis appeiris,
From Christ, as thay mak till vs kend,
Twa thousand till the warldis end.
Of quhilkis ar by gone sickerlie,
Fyue thousand, fyue hundzeth, thre & fyftie,
And sa remanis to cum but weir,
Four hundzeth, with sewin & fourtie zeir.
And than the Lord Omnipotent,
Suld cum till his greit Iugement.
Mat. 24. Christ sayis the tyme salbe maid schozt,
As Mathew planelie doith repozt,
That for the warldis Iniquitie,

The latter tyme ſall ſchortnit be,
For pleſour of the choſin nummer,
That thay may pas from cair and cummer:
Sa be this compt it may be kend,
The warld is drawand neir ane end.
For Legionis ar cum but dout,
Of Antichriſtis wer thay ſoucht out:
And mony toknis doith appeir,
As efter ſchotlie thow ſall heir,
How that ſanct Jherome doith indyte,
That he hes red in Hebrew wryte,
Of fyftene ſignis in ſpeciall,
Afore that Jugement generall,
And ſum of thame I tak na cure,
Quhilk I find nocht in the Scripture.
Ane part of thame thocht I declare,
Firſt will I to the Scripture fare.
Chriſt ſayis afore that day be done, Marc. 13.
Thare ſalbe ſignis in Sonne & Mone, Matt. 24
The Sonne ſall hyde his bemis bricht
Sa that the Mone ſall geue na licht,
Sterris be mennis Jugement,
Sall fall furth of the Firmament.
Of thir ſignis or we further gone,
Sum morall ſence we will expone,
As cunning Clarkis hes declairit,
And hes ỳ Sonne & Mone compairit,
The Sonne, to the ſtait Spirituall,
The Mone, to Princis temporall:
Richt ſa the Sterris thay do compair,
To the lawit commoun populair:

The Mone and sterris hes na licht,
Bot be reflex of Phebus bricht,
Sa quhen the Sonne of licht is dirk,
The Mone & Sterris mon be mirk,
Richt sa quhen Pastouris spiritualis,
Popis, Bischoppis and Cardinalis,
In thair beginning, schew greit licht.
The Temporal stait was revlit richt,
Bot now allace it is nocht so,
Those schynand lampis bene ago:
Thair radious bemis ar turnit in reik,
For now in eirth na thing thay seik,
Except riches, and Dignitie,
Following thair sensualitie,
Mony Prelatis ar now regnand,
The quhilkis na mair dois vnderstand
Quhat dois pertene to thair office,
Nor thow can kendle fyre with Ice.
Wo to Popis, I say for me,
Quhilk sufferis sic enormitie,
That Ignorant warldlie Creaturis,
Suld in the kirk haue ony curis.
Na maruell thocht the pepill slyde,
Quhen thay haue blynd men to thair gyde:
Esay. 56. For ane Prelate that can nocht preche,
Nor Goddis Law to the pepill teche.
Esay comparith him in his wark,
Till ane dum dog that can nocht bark.
And Christ him callis, in his greik,
Ioan. 10. Waist lyke ane murtherer or ane theif:
The cunning Doctour Augustyne,

wolfis

Wolfis and Deuillis, doith thame defyne.
The Canon Law doith him defame,
That of ane Prelate beris the name,
And will nocht preche the Deuyne Lawis,
As the Decreis planelie schawis:
Bot those that hes authoritie,
To prouide spirituall dignitie:
Wicht gif thay plesit to tak pane,
Gar thame licht all thair lampis agane.
Bot euer allace, that is nocht done,
So darknit bene baith Sonne & Mone.
War kingis lyuis weill declarit,
The quhilkis ar to the Mone comparit:
Wen micht consldder thair estate,
From Charitie degenerate.
I think thay sulde think mekle schame,
Of Christ for to take thair surname:
Syne leif nocht lyke to Christianis,
Bot moze lyke Turkis, & to Paganis,
Turk contrair Turk makis lytill weir,
Bot Christiane Princis takis na feir,
Quhilkis sulde agre as brother to brother,
Bot now ilk ane dyngis down ane vther.
I knaw na resonabill cause quharefore,
Except Pryde, Couetyce, and bane gloze,
The Empriour mouis his Ordinance,
Contrair the potent king of France.
And France richt sa with greit rigour,
Contrair his freind the Empriour:
And richt swa France aganis Ingland,
Ingland alsa aganis Scotland:

And als the Scottis with all thair micht,
Doith fecht for till defend thair richt,
Betuix thair Realmes of Albione,
Quhare battellis hes bene mony one,
Can be maid none affinitie,
Nor zit na Conſanguinitie:
Nor be na way thay can conſidder,
That thay may haue lang pace togidder,
I dreid that weir makis nane ending,
Till thay be baith vnder ane King:
Thocht Chriſt the ſouerane King of grace,
Left in his Teſtament lufe and pace:
Our kingis from weir will nocht refrane,
Till thare be mony ane thouſand ſlane:
Greit herſchippis maid be ſey and land,
As all the warld may vnderſtand.
Court. Father, I think that temporall Kingis,
May fecht for till defend thair ringis,
For I haue ſene the Spirituall ſtait,
Mak weir, thair richtis till debait,
I ſaw Pape Julius manfullie,
Pas to the feild tryumphandlie,
Withy ane richt anfull Ordinance,
Contrair Lowis, the King of France:
And for to do him mair diſpyte,
Ye did his Regioun interdyte.
Exp. My Sone (ſaid he) as I ſuppoſe,
That langis weill till our purpoſe,
How Sonne & Mone ar baith denude
Of licht, als Clarkis doith conclude,
Comparing thame, as ze hard tell,

To Spirituall ſtait, and Tempozell:
And comoun pepill half diſpairit,
Quhilk to the Sterris bene compairit
Lawit pepill follow ay thair heidis,
And ſpeciallie into thair deidis,
The maiſt part of Religioun,
Bene turnit in abuſioun.
Quhat doith auaill Religious weidis,
Quhen thay ar cõtrair in thair deidis?
Quhat holynes is thare within,
Ane wolf cled in ane wedder ſkin?
So be thair taikinnis dois appeir,
The day of Jugement drawis neir.
Now lat vs leif this mozall ſence,
Proceiding till our purpoſe hence,
And of this matet ſpeik no moze,
Beginning quhare we left afoze.
The Scripture ſayis efter thir ſignis
Salbe ſene mony maruellous thingis,
Than ſall ryſe tribulationis,
In eirth, and greit mutationis,
Als weill heir vnder as aboue,
Quhen bertewis of the heuin ſal moue
Sic crueſt weir ſalbe oz than,
Was neuer ſene ſen the warld began,
The quhilk ſall cauſe greit Indigence,
As deirth, hunger, and peſtilence:
The horzibill ſoundis of the ſee,
The pepill ſall perturbe and flee,
Jerome ſayis, it ſall ryſe on hicht,
Abone Montanis be mennis ſicht,

Matt. 24.
Marc. 13
Luc. 21.

Bot it ſall nocht ſpȝed ouer the land,
Bot lyke ane wall euin ſtraucht vpſtand,
Syne ſattill doun agane ſa law,
That na man ſall the watter knaw,
Greit Muhalis ſall rummeis rout and rair,
Muhoſe ſound redound ſall in the air.
All fiſche and Monſtouris maruellous,
Sall cry with ſoundis odious,
That men ſall widder on the eird,
And weping wary ſall thair weird,
With lowd allace, and wellaway,
That euer thay baid to ſe that day,
And ſpeciallie thoſe that dwelland be,
Apon the coſtis of the ſe:
Richt ſa as ſanct Jerome concludis,
Sall be ſene ferleis in the ſudis,
The ſe with mouing meruellous,
Sall birn with flammis furious,
Richt ſa ſall birn fontane and ſude,
All herbe and tree ſall ſweit lyke blude,
Fowlis ſall furth of the air,
Wylde beiſtis to the plane repair,
And in thair maner mak greit mone,
Gowland with mony griſlie grone.
The bodeis of deid Creaturis,
Ezec.37. Appeir ſall on thair Sepulturis,
Than ſall baith men, wemen & barnis,
Cum crepand furth of how Cauernis,
Quhare thay for dȝeid wer hid afore,
With ſich and ſob and hartis ſore,
Wandȝing about, as thay war wode,

Effamiſchit

Effamiſchit for fait of fude,
None may mak vtheris conſoꝛting,
Bot dule for dule and lamenting,
Quhat may thay do bot weip & wounder,
Quhen thay ſe roches ſchake in ſchaiander,
Throw trimblyng of the eirth, and quaiking
Of ſoꝛrow than ſalbe na ſlaiking,
Quha that bene leuand in thoſe dayis,
May tell of terribill affrayis:
Thair riches, rentis, noꝛ treſſour,
That tyme ſall do thame ſmall pleſour,
Bot quhen ſic woumderis dois appeir,
Men may be ſure, the day drawis neir:
That Juſt men pas ſall to the ioꝛe,
Iniuſt to pane foꝛ euer moꝛe. Dan. 13.
Court. Father (ſaid I) we daylie reid,
Ane Artikle into our Creid,
Sayand that Chriſt Omnipotent,
Into that generall Jugement,
Sall Juge baith dede and quick alſo,
Quharefoꝛe declare me oꝛ ye go,
Gif thare ſal ony man oꝛ wyfe,
That day be foundin vpon lyfe:
Exp. (Quod he) as to that queſtioun,
I ſall mak ſome ſolutioun,
The Scripture plainlie doith expone, Mat. 24.
Quhen all taikinnis, bene cum & gone.
Zit mony ane hundꝛeth thouſand,
That ſamin day, ſalbe leuand.
Howbeit thair ſall na Creature,
Nother of day noꝛ hour be ſure,

For Chryst sall cum sa suddandly,
That na man sall the tyme espy:
As it was in the tyme of Noy,
Quhen God did all the warld distroy.
Sum on the feild salbe labouand,
Sum in the tempillis Mariand:
Sum afore Jugis makand pley,
And sum men sailland on the Sey.
Those that bene on the feild going,
Sall nocht returne to thair lugeing.
Quha bene vpon his hous aboue,
Sall haue na tafer to remoue.
Twa salbe in the myll grinding,
Quhilk salbe taikin but warning:
The ane till euerlasting glore,
The vther lost for euer more.
Twa salbe lying in ane bed,
The ane to plesour salbe led,
The vther salbe left allone,
Greitand with mony grislie grone,
And sa my sone thow may weill trow,
The warld salbe as it is now:
The pepill vsing thair beslines,
As holy Scripture doith expres.
Sen na man knawis the hour nor day
The Scripture biddis vs walk & pray
And for our sin be penitent,
As Chryst wald cum incontinent.

❧ The maner how Christ sal cum to his Iugement. V.

QVhē all taikinis bene brocht til end
Than sall ȝ Sone of God discend;
As fyreflaucht haistely glansing,
Discend sall the most heuinly king
As Phebus in the Orient,
Lichtnis in haist to Occident,
So plesandlie, he sall appeir,
Amang the heuinlie cluddis cleir,
With greit power and Maiestie,
Abone the countre of Judie:
As Clarkis doith conclúding haill,
Direct aboue the lustie baill,
Of Josaphat and Mont Oliveit,
All Prophecie thair salbe compleit:
The Angellis of the Ordouris nyne,
Inuiroun sall that throne Deuyne,
With heuinlie consolatioun,
Makand him ministratioun;
In his presence thare salbe borne,
The signis of Cros, & Croun of thorne,
Pillar, Naillis, Scurgis, and Speir,
With euerilk thing that did him deir,
The tyme of his grym Passioun,
And for our consolatioun,
Appeir sall in his handis and feit,
And in his syde the prent compleit,

Heb. 12.

Luc. 21.

Act. 1.

Mat. 25.

Of his

Of his fyue woundis precious,
Schynand lyke Rubeis radious,
To reprobat confusionn,
And for finall conclusioun;
He sittand in his Tribunall,
With greit power Imperiall.
Thare fall ane Angell blaw ane blast,
1.Cor.15. Quhilk sall mak all the warld agast,
Matt.24. With hidduous voce, and vehement,
Kyse deid folk, cum to Jugement.
With that all resonabill Creature,
That euer was formit be Nature,
Sall suddandlie start vp atonis,
Conionit with saull, flesche, blude & bonis,
That terribill Trumpet I here tell,
Apoc.20 Beis hard in heuin, in eirth and hell,
Those that wer drownit in the Sey.
That bousteous blast thay sall obey,
Quhare euer the body buryit was,
All salbe foundin in that plas,
Marc.13 Angellis sall pas in the four artis,
Of eirth & bring thame from all partis
And with ane instant diligence,
Present thame to his excellence.
Sanct Jerome thocht continuallie,
On this Jugement sa ardentlie,
He said, quhidder I eit or drink,
Or walk, or sleip, forthy me think
That terribill Trumpet, lyke ane bell,
Sa quiklie in myne eir dooth knell,
As Instantlie it wer present,

Ryse dede folk, cum to Jugement.
Gif Sanct Jerome tuke sic ane fray,
Allace quhat sall we Romanis say.
All those quhilk foundin be on lyfe,
Salbe Immortall maid belyfe,
And in the twinkling of ane Ee, 1. Pet. 4.
With fyre thay sall translatit be: 1. Cor. 15.
And neuer for to de agane,
As Deuyne Scripture schawis plane,
Als reddy baith for pane and gloze
As thay quhilk deit lang tyme afoze.
The Scripture sayis, thay sall appeir,
In age the thze and thretie zeir,
Quhidder thay deit zoung or auld,
Quhose gret noumer may nocht be tauld
That day sall nocht be missit ane man, Matt. 26.
Quhilk bozne was sen the warld began.
The Angell sall thame separait,
As Haird the scheip doith frome the gait:
And those quhilk bene of Belialis band,
Trymbling vpon the eirth sall stand,
On the left hand, of that gveit Juge,
But esperance to get refuge.
Bot those quhilk bene predestinat, 1. Thes. 4
Shall from the eirth be Elevat,
And that most happy cumpanie,
Shall ozdourit be tryumphandlie,
At the richt hand of Christ our King,
Hich in the air, with loud louing.
Full glozionslie thare sall compeir,
Wair bricht than Phebus in his Spheir

The

The Virgine Marie, Quene of Quenis,
With mony ane thousand bricht Virgenis.
The Fatheris of the auld Testament,
Quhilk wer to God obedient.
Father Adam sall thame convoy,
With Abell, Seth, Enoch and Noy:
Abraham with his faithfull warkis,
With all the prudent Patriarkis.
Jhone the Baptist thare sall compeir,
The principall, and last Messingeir,
Quhilk came bot half ane zeir afore,
The cumming of that King of glore,
Moyses Esayas honourabill,
With all trew Prophetis venerabill.
Dauid with all the faithfull Kingis,
Quhilk vertuouslie did rewll thair ringis,
The nobill Chyftane Josue,
With gentill Judas Machabe,
With mony ane nobill Campioun,
Quhilk in thair tyme with greit renoun,
Manfullie till thair lyuis ende,
The Law of God thay did defend.
With Eue, that day salbe present,
The Ladyis of the auld Testament,
Debora, Adamis douchter deir,
With the Four lusty Ladyis cleir,
Quhilk keipit wer, in the Ark with Noy,
Sara and Cethura with Joy,
The quhilkis to Abraham wyffis bene,
With gude Rebecca thare salbe sene,
The prudent wyfis of Israell,

Gude

Gude Lya and the fair Rachell:
With Judith, Hester and Susanna,
And the richt sapient Quene Saba.
Thair sall compeir Peter and Paull,
With Christis trew Discipulis all,
Lawrence & Steuin, with thair blyst band,
Of Martyris mo, than ten thousand,
Gregore, Ambrose and Augustyne,
With Confessouris ane tryumphand tryne,
With Sanct Frances and Dominick,
Sanct Bernard, and sanct Benedick,
With small noumer, of Monkis and Freiris,
Of Carmelytis and Cordeileiris,
That for the lufe of Christ onelie,
Renuncit the warld vnfenzeitlie:
With Elizabeth and Anna,
All gude wyffis sall compeir that day,
The blyst and holy Magdalene,
That day afore hir Soverane:
Richt plesandlie scho sall present,
All Sinnaris that wer penitent,
Quhilk of thair gilt heir askit grace,
In heuin with hir sall haue ane place.
Bot wo beis to that bailfull band,
Quhilk sall stand law at his left hand,
Wo than to Kingis and Emperiouris,
Quhilkis wer vnrichteous Conquerouris,
For thair glore and particular gude,
Gart sched so mekle saikles blude.
But Sceptour, Crown, & Rob Royall,
That day thay sall mak compt of all,

And for

And for thair cruell tyrannie,
Sall punist be perpetuallie.
Ze Lordis and Barronis, mair and les,
That your pure Tennantis dois oppres,
Be greit Gersome, and dowbill maill,
Mair than your landis bene auaill,
With sore exorbitant cariage,
With mercheitis of thair mariage,
Tormentit baith in peace and weir,
With burdinnis mair than thay may beir,
Be thay haue payit to zow thair maill,
And to the Preist thair teindis haill:
And quhen the landis agane is sawin,
Quhat restis behynd, I wald wer knawin,
I traist thay and thair pure houshald,
May tell of hounger and of cauld,
Without ze haue of thame pietie,
I dreid, ze sall get na mercie,
That thay quhen Christ Omnipotent,
Cuminis to generall Jugement.
Wo beis to publict Oppressouris,
To Tyrannis, and to Transgressouris,
To Murderaris and commoun theifis,
Quhilk neuer did mend thair greit mischeifis,
Fornicatouris and Deboneris,
Commoun publict Adulteraris,
All pertinat wilfull Heretikes,
All fals dissaitfull Schismatikes:
All salbe present in that place,
With mony lamentabiil allace.
The cursit Cayn, that neuer was gude

With all ſcheddaris of ſaikles blude,
Nymrod foundar of Babilone,
With fals Idolateris mony one.
Ninus the King of Aſſiria,
With greit dule ſall compeir that day,
Quhilk firſt inuentit Imagerie,
Quharethrouch came greit Idolatrie,
For making of the Image Bell,
That day his hyre ſalbe in hell.
The greit Oppreſſour king Pharo,
The tyrane Empriour Nero,
Sall with thame curſit king Herode bring,
With mony other carefull King,
The cruell King Antiochus,
With the moſt furious Olofernes,
Greit Oppreſſouris of Iſraell,
That day thair hyre ſalbe in hell.
With Judas ſall compeir ane clan,
Of fals Traitouris to God and man,
Thare ſall compeir of euery land,
With Ponce Pylat ane bailfull band,
Of Temporall and Spirituall ſtatis,
Fals Jugis, with thair Aduocatis.
Thare ſall our Senzeouris of the Seſſioun,
Of all thair faltis mak cleir confeſſioun,
Thare ſalbe ſene the fraudfull failzeis,
Of Schireiffis, Prouoſtis, and of Bailzeis,
Officialis, with thair Conſiſtorie Clarkis.
Sall mak compt of thair wrangous warkis,
Thay and thair peruerſt Procuratouris,
Oppreſſouris, baith of rytche and puris,

Throuch delatouris full of deseit,
Quhilk mony ane gart beg thair meit:
Greit dule that day to Jugis bene,
That cummis nocht with thair conscience clene
That day sall pas be Peremptouris,
Without Cautele, or Dilatouris:
Na Duplicandum nor Triplicandum,
Bot schortlie pas to Sententiandum,
Without Continuationis,
Or ony Appellationis.
That sentence sall nocht be retraitit,
Nor with na man of Law debaitit.
Ze Labourar\ be Sey and Landis,
Perfite Craftismen & ryche merchand\
Leue your desait and craftie wylis,
Quhilk sillie simpill folk begylis.
Mak recompence here, as ze may,
Remembring on this dreidfull day.
With Machomeit sal compeir but dout
Of Antichristis ane hydduous rout,
Bischop Annas and Caiphas,
With him in companie sall pas,
With Scrybis and fals Pharisience,
Quhilk wrocht on Christ greit violence
With mony ane Turk and Sarracene
With greit sorrow thare salbe sene.
Paipis for thair Traditionis,
Contrair to Christis Institutionis,
With mony ane cowll & clippit crown,
Quhilk Christis lawis strampit down.
And wald nocht suffer for to preche,

The

The veritie, nor the pepill teche:
Bot lawit men put to greit torment,
Quhilk vsit Chriſtis Teſtament.
All Kingis and Quenis thare ſalbe kend
The quhilk ſic Lawis did defend.
In that court ſall cum mony one,
Of the blak byik of Babilone.
The Innocent blude that thay ſall cry,
Ane loud vengeance full pieteouſly:
On thoſe cruell bludie boucheouris,
Martyris of Prophetis & Prechеouris.
Sum with the fyre, ſum with the ſword,
Quhilk planely preichit Goddis word:
That day thay ſall rewardit be,
Conforme to thair Iniquitie.
The Sodomitis, and Gomorrance,
On quhame God wrocht ſa greit vengeance,
With Core, Dathan and Abyrone,
With thair aſſiſtance mony one:
The holy Scripture will the tell,
How thay ſank all doun to the hell,
With Semon Magus ſall reſort.
Of proude Preiſtis, ane ſchamefull ſort.
That ſamyn day thare ſalbe ſene,
Mony ane cruell lawleſſ Quene:
Quene Semiraine king Ninus wyfe,
Ane Tyger full of ſtuirt and ſtryfe.
Togidder with Quene Jeſabell,
Quhilk was couetous and cruell:
The fals deſaitfull Dalida,
The cruell Quene Clytemneſtra,

The quhilk did murdreis on the nicht,
Agamemnon baith wyse and wicht,
The quhilk was her awin souerane Lord,
As Greikis Storyis doith record.
With cruell Quenis mony one,
Quhilk langsum war for till expone.
¶ Ze wantoun Ladyis, & Burges wyfis,
That now for sydest taillis stryfis,
Flappand the filth, amang your feit,
Rasing the dust into the streit:
That day for all your pomp and pryde,
Your taillis sall nocht your hippis hyde,
Thir baniteis, ze sall repent,
Without that ze be penitent.
With Phitonissa, I here tell,
Quhilk raisit the Spirite of Samuell,
That day with hir thare sall resorte,
Of rank Witchis ane sorrowfull sorte,
Brocht from all partis mony ane myle,
From Sauoy, Athole, and Argyle:
And from the rynnis of Galloway,
With mony wofull wallaway.
Ye Brether of Religioun,
In tyme leue your abusioun:
With quhilk ze haue the warld abusit,
Or ze that day salbe refusit,
I speik to zow all generallie,
Nocht till ane Ordour speciallie.
That day all Creature sall ken,
Gif ze war Sanctis or wardlie men,
Or gif ze tuke the Skapellarie,

That ze micht leif mair plesandlie,
And get ane gude gros portioun,
Or for Godlie deuotioun,
That day zour fenzeit Sanctitudis,
Sall nocht be knawin be zour hudis,
Zour superstitious Ceremonis,
Participant till Idolatreis,
Cord, cuttit schone, nor clippit heid,
That day sall stand zow in na steid.
For Cowllis blak, gray nor begaird,
Ze sall that day get na rewaird,
Zour polite paintit flatterie,
Zour dissimulate Hipocrisie,
That day thay salbe cleirlie knawin,
Quhen ze sall scheir, as ze haue sawin.
Tharefor in tyme be penitent,
Or ellis that day ze will be schent.
I pray zow hartlie as I may,
Remember on that dreidfull day,
Ze Abbot, Pryor and Pryores,
Considder quhat ze did profes,
And how that zour promotioun,
Was na thing for Deuotioun:
Bot til obtene the Abbacie,
Ze maid zour vow of Chastitie,
Of Pouertie, and Obedience:
Tharefor remord zour Conscience,
How thir thre vowis bene obseruit,
And quhat reward ze haue deseruit,
Quharefore repent, quhyll ze haif space
Sen God is liberall of his grace.

Cou. Father (quod I) declare to me,
Quhare sall our Prelatis ordourit be,
Quhilk now ben in the warld leuand,
With quhome sall cum that Spirituall band?
Exp. (Quod he) as sanct Bernard descryuis,
Without that thay amend thair lyuis,
And leue thair wantoun vicious warkis,
Nocht with Prophetis nor Patriarkis,
Nocht with Martyris, nor Confessouris.
The quhilkis to Christ, wer trew preichouris,
Thair Predecessouris, Peter and Paull,
That day will thame misken at all,
So sall thay nocht, I say for me,
With the Apostillis ordourit be:
I traist thay sall dwell on the bordour,
Of Hell, quhare thare salbe nane ordour,
Endlang the Flude of Phlegeton,
Or on the brayis of Acheron,
Cryand on Charon, I conclude,
To ferrie thame ouer that furious Flude,
Till Eternall confusioun,
Without thay leue thair abusioun,
I traist those Prelatis mast and les,
Sall mak cleir compt of thair ryches,
That dreidfull day with hartis sore,
And quhat seruice, thay did tharefore,
The Princely pompe, nor apparrall,
Of Pope, Bischop, nor Cardinall:
Thair Royall rentis nor dignitie,
That day, sall nocht regardit be,
Thare sall na taillis, as I here say,

Of Bischo[illegible]

Of Biſchopis, be borne vp that day,
Cum thay nocht with thair conſcience clene,
On thame greit ſorrow ſalbe ſene,
Without that thay thair lyfe amend,
In tyme, and ſa I mak ane end.

The maner how Chriſt ſall geif his Sentence. VI.

QVhen all thir Congregationis,
Beis brocht furth from al Nationis
Quhilk ſalbe wout lang proces,
Thocht I haif maid ſũ lãg digres,
For in the twinkling of ane Ee,
All Mankynd ſall preſentit be,
Afore that Kingis Excellence, Matt. 25.
Than ſchortlie ſall he geif Sentence.
Firſt ſayand to that blyſſit band,
Quhilk beis ordourit at his richt hand:
Cum with my Fatheris Beniſoun,
And reſſaue zour Poſſeſſioun:
Quhilk bene for zow preordinat,
Afore the warld was firſt creat:
Quhen I was hungrie, ze me fed:
Quhen I was naikit, ze me cled.
Oftymes ze gaue me herbery,
And gaue me drynk quhen I was dry:
And veſpit me, with myndis meik,
Quhen I was preſonar and ſeik,

In all sic tribulatioun,
Ze gaue me consolatioun.
Than sall thay say, O potent King,
Quhen saw we the desyre sic thing?
We neuer saw thyne Excellence,
Subdewit to sic Indigence.
Zis(sall he say) I zow assure,
Quhen euer ze did ressaue the pure,
And for my saik maid thame supple,
That gift, but dout, ze gaue to me:
Tharefore sall now begin zour gloze,
Quhilk sall indure for euer moze.
Than sall he luke on his left hand,
And say vnto that bailfull band
Pas with my Maledictioun,
Till Eternall affliction,
In company with feindis fell,
In euerlasting fyre of hell,
Quhen I stude naikit at zour zet,
Hungrie, thristie, cauld and wet,
Richt febill, seik, and lyk to de,
I neuer gat of zow supple:
And quhen I lay in prisoun strang,
For zow I micht haue lyin full lang,
Without zour consolatioun,
Or ony supportatioyn.
Trymbling for dreid than sall thay say
With mony hydduous harmisay,
Allace gnde Lorde quhen saw we the,
Subiect to sic necessitie?
Quhen saw we the cum to our dure,

Hungre

Hungrie, thristie, naikit, pure?
Quhen saw we the in presoun ly,
Or the refusit herbery?
Than sall that most precellent king,
To those wretchis mak answering,
That tyme, quhen ze refusit the puris,
Quhilkis neidfull cryit at zour duris,
And of zour superfluitie,
For my saik maid thame na supplie,
Refusand thame, zeme refusit,
With wretchitnes so ze war abusit:
Tharefor ze sall haue to zour hyre,
The euerlasting birnand fyre,
But grace, but pace, or confortíng,
Than sal thay cry full sore weiping,
That we war maid, allace gude Lord,
Allace is thare nane misericord,
But thus withouttin hope of grace,
Tyne presence of thy plesand face.
Allace for vs it had bene gude,
We had bene smorit in our cude.
Than with ane rair the eirth sal ryue,
And swollie thame baith man and wyue
Than sall those Creaturis forlorne,
Warie the hour that thay war borne,
With mony zamer, zewt and zell.
From tyme thay feill the flammis fell,
Upon thair tender bodyis byte,
Quhose torment salbe infinyte.
The eirth sall close, and from thair sicht,
Sal taikin be all kynd of licht,

Quhare ſalbe gowling and greiting,
But hope of ony confoꝛting,
In that Inſtimabill pane,
Eternallie thay ſall remane,
Birnand in furious flammis reid,
Euer deand, bot neuer be deid,
That the ſmall minute of ane hour,
To thame ſalbe ſa greit Dolour,
Thay ſal think thay haue done remane
Ane thouſand zeir into that pane,
Allace I trymmill to heir tell,
The terribill toꝛmenting of hell:
That panefull pit, quha can deploꝛe,
Quhilk mon indure foꝛ euer moꝛe?
Than ſall thoſe gloꝛifyit Creaturis,
With mirth and infinyte pleſuris,
Conuoyit with Joy Angelicall
Pas to the Heuin Imperiall,
With Chriſt Jeſu, our ſouerane King,
In gloꝛe Eternallie to ring,
Of man quhilk paſſis the Ingyne,
The thouſand part foꝛ till defyne:
1.Pet.3. Allanerlie of the leiſt pleſure,
Pꝛeoꝛdinat foꝛ ane Creature.
Than ſall ane fyꝛe, as Clarkis ſane,
Mak all the hillis and valleyis plane,
From eirth vp to the Heuin Empyꝛe,
All beis renewit be that fyꝛe,
Purging all thing materiall,
Vnder the Heuin Imperiall:
Baith eirth and watter, fyꝛe and air,

Salbe

Salbe mair perfyte maid and fair,
The quhilk afore had mirk bene,
Sall than be purifyit and maid clene,
The eirth lyke Chriſtall ſalbe cleir,
And euerilk Planeit in his Spheir,
Sall reſt withouttin mair mouing,
Baith ſterny Heuin, and Criſtalling:
The firſt and hyeſt Heuin Mouabill,
Sall ſtand but turning firme & ſtabill.
The Sonne into the Orient
Sall ſtand, and in the Occident,
Reſt ſall the Mone, and be mair cleir,
Nor now ben Phebus in his Spheir.
And als that Lantern of the Heuin,
Sall geif mair licht, be Greis ſeuin,
Nor it gaif, ſen the warld began,
The Heuin renewit ſalbe than,
Richt ſa the eirth, with ſic deuyſe,
Compair till Heuinlie Paradyſe. Apoc. 21
Sa Heuin and eirth, ſalbe all one,
As menith the Apoſtill Jhone.
The greit ley ſall na mair appeir,
Bot lyke the Criſtall pure and cleir, 1. Cor. 2.
Paſſing Imaginatioun,
Of Man to mak Narratioun,
Of gloze quhilk God, hes done prepair,
Till euery ane that cummis thair,
The quhilk with eiris nor with eye,
Of man may nocht be hard nor ſeine,
With hart it is vnthinkabill,
And with toungis Inpronimciabill:

Quhoſe

Quhoſe pleſouris ſalbe ſa perfyte,
Hauing in God ſa greit delyte,
The ſpace now of ane thouſand zeir,
1.Pet.3. That tyme ſal nocht ane houꝛ appeir,
Quhilk can nocht compzehendit be,
Till we that pleſand ſicht ſall ſe.
Quhen Paule was reuiſchit in ỳ ſpzeit
1.Cor.12 Till the thzid heuin of gloze repleit,
He ſaith, the Secreitis quhilk he ſaw,
Thay wer nocht leifſum foꝛ till ſchaw,
To na man on the eirth leuand:
Quharefoꝛ pzeis nocht till vnderſtand
Howbeit thare to thow haue deſyze,
The Secretis of the Heuin Empyze:
The mair men luikꝭ on Phebus bzicht,
The mair febill ſalbe thair ſicht,
Richt ſa lat na man ſet thair cure,
To ſerche the hich deuyne Nature.
The moze men ſtndie, I ſuppoſe,
Salbe the moze from thair purpoſe,
To knaw, quhare to ſulde men inteud,
Quhilk Angellꝭ can nocht compzehend
Bot efter this greit Jugement,
All think till vs ſalbe patent.
Lat vs with Paule, our mynd addzes,
He beand full of heuinlines,
Full humlie he teichit vs,
Nocht foꝛ to be to curious.
Howbeit men be of greit Ingyne,
To ſeik the hiche Secretis Deuyne,
Quhoſe Jugementꝭ ar vnſercheabill,

His wayꝭ

His wayis ſtrange and Inueſtigabill,
(That is to ſay) paſt out finding,
Of quhome na man may find ending,
It ſufficis vs for till implore,
Greit God, to bring vs to his glore.

Of certane Pleſuris of the glorifyit bodyis. VII.



En thare is none in eirth may comprehend,
The heuinlie glore, and pleſouris infinyte,
Quharefor, my ſone, I pray the not pretend,
Querfar to ſeik that matter of delyte,
Quhilk paſſit Naturall reſoun till indyte,
That God afore that he the warld creat,
Preparit to thame quhilk ar predeſtinat.

All mortall men ſalbe maid Immortall,
(That is to ſay) neuer to de agane,
Impaſſibill, and ſo Celeſtiall
That fyre nor ſword, may do to thame na pane,
Nor heit, nor cald, nor froſt, nor wind, nor rane,
Thocht ſic thing wer, may do to thame na deir
Thoſe Creaturis richt ſa ſalbe als cleir,

As ſlammand Phebus in his Manſioun,
Conſidder than gif thare ſalbe greit licht,

Quhen

Quhen euery ane in that Regioun,
Shall schyne lyke to the Sonne, & be als bricht:
Lat vs with Paull desyre to se that sicht:
Philip.1. To be dissoluit, Paull had ane greit desyre,
With Christ to be in till the Heuin Empyre.

And moreatour, as Clarkis can descryue,
Thir maruellous mirthis beis incomparabill,
Amang the rest in all thair wyttis fyue,
Thay sall haue sensuall plesuris delectabill,
The heuinlie sound, quhilk salbe inenarrabill,
In thair eiris continuallie sall ring,
And als the sicht of Christ Jesus our King.

In his tryumphand Throne Imperiall,
With his mother the Virgine Quene of quentis
Thare salbe sene the Conrt Celestiall;
Apostolis, Martyris, Confessouris & Virgynis,
Brichter than Phebus, in his spheir ỳ schynis.
The Patriarkis and Prophetis Venerabill,
Thare, sall be sene with glore Inestimabil.

And with thair Spirituall Eis salbe sene,
That sicht quhilk bene most Imperexcelland,
God as he, and euermore hes bene,
Continuallie that sicht contemplaud.
Augustine sayis, he had leuer tak on hand,
To be in Hell, he seing the essence,
Of God, nor be in Heuin, but his presence.

Quha seis God, in his Diuinitie,
He seis in him, all vther plesand thingis,
The quhilk with toung, can not pronuncit be,

Quhat plesour bene, to se that King of kingis,
The greteſt pane, ỳ dammit folk doun thringis,
And to the Deuillis, the moſt punitioun.
It is of God, to want fruitioun.

And mairattouer, thay ſall feill ſic ane ſmell,
Surmonting far, ỳ ſlewour of eirdly flouris,
And in thare mouth, ane taiſt as I here tell
Of ſweit, and Supernaturall Sapouris,
Als thay ſall ſe, the Heuinlie bricht colouris,
Schyning amang thoſe Creaturis Diuyne,
Quhilk til deſcryue, trãſcendis mannis Iugyne

And als thay ſall haue ſic Agilitie,
Inane Inſtant, to pas for thair plesour,
Ten thouſand myllis, in twinkling of ane Ee:
So thair Ioyis ſalbe without meſour,
Thay ſall reioyſe to ſe the greit dolour,
Of dammnit folk in hell, and thair torment,
Becauſe of God, it is the Iuſte Iugement.

Subtilitie thay ſall haue maruellouſlie,
Supponing thair wer ane wall of bras,
Ane glorifyit body may richt haiſtelie,
Out throw that wall without impediment pas
Siclyke as dois ỳ Sonne be me throw ỳ glas,
As Chriſt till his Diſcipulis did appeir,
All entres cloiſ, and none of thame did ſteir. Ioan. 20.

Howbeit in Heuin, thocht euerilk Creature,
Haue nocht alyke felicitie nor gloire,
Zit euerilk ane ſall haue ſa greit plesure,
And ſa content thay ſall deſyre no moire: 1. Cor. 15

To haue

To haue mair Joy, thay sall na way implore,
Bot thay salbe all satisfyit and content;
Lyke to this rude exempill subsequent.

Take ane Crowat, ane pynt stop, & ane quart
Ane gallon pitchair, ane punsion, & ane tun;
Of wyne or balme, geue euerilk ane thair part,
And fill thame full, till that thay be ouer run,
The lytill Crowat in Comparisoun,
Salbe sa full, that it may hald no more,
Of the measuris thocht thare be twentie score.

Into the Tun, or in the Punsioun,
So all those deschellis in ane qualitie,
May hald na mair, without thay be ouer-run,
Zit haue thay nocht alyke in quantitie.
Sa be this rude exempill thow may se,
Thocht euerilk ane be nocht alyke in gloze,
Ar satisfyit sa, that thay desyre no moze.

Thocht presentlie be Goddis puruyance,
Beistis, Fowlis, and Fischis in the Seis,
Ar necessar now for mennis sustinance:
With cornis, herbis, flouris, & fructfull treis.
Than sall thare be nane sit commoditeis.
The eirth sall beir na plant, nor beist brutall,
Bot as the Heuinnis bricht lyke bucall.

Suppone sum be on eirth, walkād heir doun,
Or hiche abone, quhare euer thay pleis to go,
Of God thay haue ay cleir fruitioun,
Baith Eist or West, vp doun, or to or fro,
Clarkis declaris plesouris mony mo,

Quhilk

Quhilk dois trãſcẽd al moꝛtall mennis Ingyne
The thouſand part of thoſe pleſouris Deuyne.

Into the Heuin thay ſall perfytlie knaw,
Thair tender freindꝭ thair fader & thair moder,
Thair prædeceſſouris, quhilkꝭ thay neuer ſaw,
Thair ſpouſis, barnis, ſiſter, and thair bꝛother,
And euerilk ane, ſall haue ſic lufe till vther,
Of vtheris gloꝛe and Joy, thay ſall reioſe,
As of thair awin, as Clarkis doeth ſuppoſe.

Than ſalbe ſene that bꝛicht Jeruſalem,
Quhilk Jhone ſaw in his Reuelatioun,
We moꝛtall men, allace ar far to blame,
That will nocht haue Conſideratioun,
And ane continuall Contemplatioun,
With hote deſyꝛe to cum vnto that Gloꝛe,
Quhilk pleſour ſall indure foꝛ euer moꝛe.

O Loꝛd our God, and King Omnipotent,
Quhilk knew oꝛ thou the heuin & eirth create,
Quha wald to the be Inobedient,
And ſa deſerue foꝛ to be repꝛobate.
Thow knew the noumer of prædeſtinate,
Quhome thow did call, & hes thame Juſtifyit,
And ſall in Heuin with the be gloꝛifyit.

Grant vs to be, Loꝛd, of that choſin ſoꝛt,
Quhame of thy Mercy ſuperexcellent,
Did purifie, as Scripture doith repoꝛt,
With the blude of that holy Innocent,
Jeſu quhilk maid him ſelf Obedient,
Vnto the deith, and ſteruit on the Rude,

Lat vs O Lord, be purgit with that blude.

Rom. 8. All Creature, that euer God create,
As wryttis Paull, thay wis to se that day,
1. Cor. 15 Quhen the childzen of God predestinate,
Sall do appeir in thair new freschc array,
Quhen corruptioun beis clengit clene away,
And changit beis, thair mortall qualitie,
In the greit gloze of Immortalitie,

And mairattour, all leid thingis corporall,
Under the conCaue of the Yeuin Empyze,
That now to laubour, subiect ar and thrall,
Sonne, mone, & sterris, eirth, watter, air, & fyre,
In ane maner, thay haue ane hote desyre,
Wisling that day, that thay may be at rest,
As Erasmus exponeth manifest.

We se the greit Globe of the Firmement,
Continuallie, in mouing maruellous,
The seuin Planetis, contrary thair intent,
Ar reft about, with cours contrarious,
The Wynd, and Sey with stormes furious,
The troublit air, with frostis, snaw, and rane.
Vnto that day, thay trauell euer in pane.

And all the Angellis of the Dzdouris nyne,
Hauand compassioun of our Misereis,
Thay wis efter that day, and to that fyne,
To se vs fred, from our Infirmiteis,
And clengit from thir greit Calamiteis,
And troublous lyfe, quhilk neuer sall haue end,
Vnto that day, I mak it to the kend.

Anc

¶ Ane Exhortatioun geuin be Father Experience vnto his Sone the Courteour. VIII.

MY Sone, now mark weill in thy memory,
Of this fals warld the troublous transitorie,
Quhose dreidfull day drawis neir ane end:
Tharefore call to God to be thy adiutorie,
And euery day, my Sone, memento mori:
And wat not quhē, nor quhare ȳ thou sall wend
Heir to remane, I pray the, nocht pretend,
And sen thow knawis, the tyme is very schort,
In Christis blude, set all thy haill confort.

Be not to muche solyst in temporall thingis, Matt. 6.
Sen thou persauis Pape, Empriour nor King
Into the eirth, haith na place permanent,
Thou seis ȳ deith, thame dulfully doun thringis
And rauis thame from thair rent, riches & ring
Tharefor on Christ confirme thyne haill intent,
And of thy calling be richt weill content,
Than God, that feidis the fowlis of the air
All neidfull thing for the, he sall prepair.

Consider in thy contemplatioun, Iob. 14.
Ay sen the warldis first Creatioun,

Mankynd hes tholit this Miſerie mortall,
Ay torment with tribulatioun,
With dolour, dreid and deſolatioun:
Gentiles, and choſin pepill of Iſraell,
To this vnhap, all ſubiect ar and thrall,
Quhilk miſery but dout ſall euer indure,
Till the laſt day, my Sone, thare of be ſure.

That day, as I haue maid Narratioun,
Salbe the day of Conſolatioun,
Till all the Childzen of the choſin noumer,
Thare endit beis thair deſolatioun.
And als I mak the Supplicatioun,
In eirthlie materis, tak the na mair cummer.
Dreid not to de, for deith is bot ane ſlummer,
Leue ane Juſt lyfe, & with ane Joyous hart,
And of thy gudis take pleſandlie thy part.

Of our talking, now lat vs mak ane end,
Behald how Phebus downwart dois diſcend,
Towart his Palice, in the Occident.
Dame Cynthia I ſe ſcho dois pretend,
In till hir wattrie Regioun till aſcend,
With village paill vp from the Orient.
The dew now donkis the Roſis redolent.
The Mariguldis, that all day war reiollt,
Of Phebus heit now craftily ar cloſit.

The blyſfull Birdis bownis to the treis,
And ceiſſis of thair Yeuinlie Yarmoneis.
The Cornecraik in the croft I here hir cry,
The Bak, the Howlat, febill of thair eis,

Fo

For thair pastyme now in the euinning sleis.
The Nichtingaill with myrthfull melody,
Hir Naturall notis, peirsit throuch the sky,
Till Cynthia, makand hir obseruance,
Quhilk on the nicht dois tak hir dalyance.

I se Pole artick in the North appeir,
And Venus rysing with hir bemis cleir,
Quharefor my Sone, I hald it tyme to go.
Wald God (said I) ze did remane all zeir,
That I micht of zour heuinlie Lessonis leir,
Of zour departing, I am wounder wo,
Tak pacience (said he) it mon be so.
Perchance I sall returne with diligence,
Thus I departit from Experience.

And sped me home, with hart sichting full sore,
And enterit in my quyet Oritore,
I tuke paper, and thare began to wryte,
This Miserie, as ze haue hard afore.
All gentill Redars, hartlie I Implore,
For till excuse my rurall rude Indyte,
Thocht Phariseis will haue at me despyte,
Quhilk wald not þ thair craftines war kend,
Lat God be Juge, and so I mak ane end.

FINIS
QVOD DAVID LYN-
DESAY.


T B

¶ The Teſtament &

Complaint of our ſouerane Lordis Papingo, King James the Fyft: Lyand ſore wouindit, and may nocht de, till euery man haue hard quhat ſcho ſayis: Quharefor, gentill Redaris, haiſt zow that ſcho wer out of pane.

(* *
*)

¶ Compylit be Schir Dauid Lyndelay of the Mont Knicht, Alias, Lyoun King of Armes.

Liuor poſt fata quieſcit.

THE PROLOG.

SUppoſe I had Ingyne Angelicall,
With Sapience mair than Salamonicall,
Not quhat mater put in memorie
The Poetis auld in ſtyle Heroicall,
In breue ſubtell termes Rethoricall,
Of euerilk mater, Tragedie, and Storie,
Sa ornatlie to thair hiche laud and glorie,
Haith done indyte, quhoſe ſupreme Sapience,
Tranſcendith far the dull Intelligence.

Of Poeit⁊ now, in til our vulgar toung,
(For quhy?) the bell of Rethorick bene toung,
Be Chawcer, Gower, and Lidgate laureat.
Quha dar preſume, thir Poeit⁊ till impung?
Quhoſe ſweit ſentẽce throuch Albion ben ſoung
Or quha can now the worikis contreſait,
Of Kennedie, with termes aureait?
Of Dunbar quha language had at large,
As may be ſene, in till his goldin Targe.

Quitin, Merſer, Kowl, Hẽderſõ, Hay & Hollãd
Thocht thay be deid, thair libellis bene leuand,
Quhilkis to reherſe, makis Reidar⁊ to reioſe,
Allace, for ane, quhilk Lamp was in this land,
Of Eloquence the flowand balmy ſtrand:
And in our Inglis Rethorick the Roſe,
Als of Rubeis, the Carbunckle bene choſe:
And as Phebus dois Cynthia precell,
Sa Gawin Dowglas, Biſchop of Dunkell.

Had, quhen he was into this land on lyue,
Abufe vulgar Poeit⁊ Prerogatyue,
Baith in Practick, and Speculationn.
I ſay na mair, gude Reidar⁊ may diſcryue,
His worthy worikis, in noumer mo than fyue.
And ſpeciallie, the trew Tranſlatioun
Of Virgill, quhilk bene Conſolatioun
To cunning men, to knaw his greit Ingyne,
Als weill in Naturall Science, as Deuyne.

And in the Court bene preſent in thir dayis,
That Ballatis breuis, luſtellie and layis,

Quhilk⁊

Quhilkis to our Prince daylie thay do present.
Quha can say maire, thā schir James Inglis may?
In Ballatis, Farsis, and in plesand Playis:
Bot Culrose hes his pen maid Impotent.
Kid in cunning and practik richt prudent.
And Steward, quhilk desyrith ane staitlie style
Full quate warkis daylie doith compyle.

Stewart of Loyne, will carp richt curiouslie
Galbraith, Kinloch, quhē thay list thame applie
Into that Art, ar traftie of Ingyne:
Bot now of late, is start vp haistelie,
Ane cunning Clark, quhilk wrytith craftelie,
Ane plant of Poetis, callit Wallendyne,
Quhose ornat warkis, my wit can nocht defyne
Get he into the Court auctoritie,
He will precell Quintyn, and Kennedie.

Sa thocht I had Ingyne, as I haue none,
I wat nocht quhat to wryt, he sweit sall Ihone
(For quhy?) in all the garth of Eloquence,
Is na thing left, bot barrane stok and stone,
The Polite termes ar pullit euerilk one,
Be thir forenaimit Poetis of Prudence,
And sen I find, none vther new Sentence,
I sall declare, or I depart now fro,
The Complaynt of ane woundit Papingo.

Quharefor, becaule myne mater bene sa rude
Of Sentence, and of Rethorick denude,
To rurall folk, myne dyting bene direct it,
Far flemit from the sicht of men of guide,

For cumming men, I knaw thyll sone commune,
It dow na thing, bot for to be deiceit:
And quhen I heir myne mater bene detrectit;
Thairfall I fweit, I maid it bot in mowis,
To landwart lassis, quhilk [illegible]

I. # The Complaint of the Papingo.

QVha clymmis to hich, perforce his feit mon faill,
Exyeme I fall that be Experience
Gif that zow pleis to here ane pi-teous taill,
How ane fair Bird be fatall violence,
Deuoyd wes, and micht mak na defence,
Contrair the Deith, sa failzeit Naturall strenth,
As efter I fall schaw zow at mair leith.

The Papingo richt pleasand and perfyte,
Presentit was till our most nobill King,
Of quhome his grace ane lang tyme had delyte,
Thair fair of forme, I wat flew neuer on wing:
This proper Bird he gaue in gouerning,
To me, quhilk was his simpyll Seruitour,
On quhome I did my diligence and cure.

To lerne

To lerne hir language Artificiall,
To play platfute, and quhistill fute before:
Bot of hir Inclinatioun Naturall,
Scho countrafaitit all fowlis les and more,
Of hir curage, scho wald without my lore,
Sing lyke the Merle, and crawe lyke the Cok.
Pew lyke the Gled, & chant lyke the Laverok.

Bark lyke ane Dog, and kekill lyke ane Ka,
Blait lyke ane Hog, and bullet lyke ane Bull:
Gaill lyke ane Goik, & greit quhē scho wes wa.
Clym on ane Cord, syne lauch & play the fule,
Scho micht haue bene ane menstral agane mule
This blyssit bird was to me sa plesand,
Quhare euer I fure, I bure hir on me hand.

And sa befell, in till ane mirthfull morrow,
Into my garth, I past me to repose:
This Bird and I, as we war wount aforrow,
Imang the flowris fresche, fragrant, & formose:
My vitall Spreitis dewlie did resose,
Quhen Phebus rose, and raue the clondis sabill
Throuch brichtnes of his bemis amyabill.

Without vapour was wosill purificate,
The temperate aire, soft, sober, and serene:
The eirth be frutefire sa edificate,
With hailsum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, & grene:
Quhilk eleuate my Spreitis from the splene,
That day Saturne nor Mars, durst not appeir
Nor Eole of his Cope, he durst nocht steir.

Thardus perfyte behuifit to be fair,

Be In-

Be Influence, and cours Celestiall.
Na Planeit pwisit for to perturbe the air,
For Mercurius be moving Naturall,
Exaltit was into the throne tryumphall,
Of his Mansioun vnto the fyftene gre,
In his awin souerane Signe of Virgine.

That day did Phebus plesandlie depart,
From Gemini, and enterit in Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart,
Venus that day coniunit with Juppiter,
That day Neptunus hid hym lyke ane sker,
That day dame Nature with greit bellnes,
Fortherit Flora, to kith hir craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne:
And Cynthia in Sagittar asseilit:
That day Dame Ceres, Goddes of the corne,
Full Joyfullie Jhone vponland appeilit.
The bad Elpect of Saturne was appeilit,
That day be Juno, of Juppiter the Joy,
Perturband spreitis causing to hald coy.

The sound of birdis, surmontit all the skyis,
With Melodie of notis Musicall:
The balmy droppis of dew Titan vpdryis,
Hingand vpon the tender twistis small,
The heuinlie hew, and sound Angelicall,
Sic perfyte plesour, pyntit in my hart,
That w greit pyne, from thyne I micht depart.

So still amang those herbis amyabill,
I did remane ane space, for my pastance,

Bot

Bot warldlie plefour bene ſa variabill,
Wirit with ſorrow, dreid and Inconſtance,
That thair in till is na continuance.
Sa micht I ſay my ſchort ſolace allace,
Was dreuin in dolour, in ane lytill ſpace.

For in that garth amāg thoſe fragrāt flouris,
Walking allane, none bot my Bird and I.
Vnto the tyme that I had ſaid myne houris:
This Bird I ſet vpon ane branche me by:
Bot ſcho began to ſpeill richt ſpedilie,
And in that tre ſcho did ſa hiche aſcend,
That be na way I miſcht hir apprehend.

Sweit bird (ſaid I) bewar, mōt nocht ouer hie
Returne in tyme, perchance thy feit may failze,
Thow art richt fat, & nocht weill vſit to flie,
The gredie Gled, I dreid ſcho the aſſailze,
I will (ſaid ſcho) aſcend, bailze quod bailze,
It is my kynd to clym ay to the hicht,
Of fether and bone, I wait weill I am wicht.

Sa on the hycheſt lytill tender twiſt,
With wing diſplayit, ſcho ſat full wantounlie,
Bot Boreas blew ane blaſt, or euer ſcho wiſt,
Quhilk brak the branche, & blew hir ſuddandlie
Down to the ground, with mony carefull crie,
Upon ane ſtob, ſcho lichtit on hir breiſt,
The blude ruſchit out, & ſcho cryit for a preiſt.

God wait, gif than my hart wes wo begone,
To ſe that fowll flichter amang the flouris,
Quhilk w greit murning, gan to mak hir mone

How

Now cummin ar (said scho) the fatall houris,
Of bitter deith, now mon I thole the schouris:
O daime Nature, I pray the of thy grace,
Len me laiser, to speik ane lytill space,

For to complene my fate Infortunate,
And to dispone my geir, or I departe,
Sen of all confort I am desolate,
Allane, except the Deith heir with his dart,
With aufull cheir, reddy to perse myne hart:
And with that word, scho tuke ane passioun,
Syne flatlingis fell, and swappit into swoun.

With sory hart, persit with compassioun,
And salt teiris, distilling from myne Ene,
To here that Birdis lamentatioun:
I did approche, vnder ane Hauthorne grene,
Quhare I micht here and se, and be vnsene:
And quhē this bird had swounit twyse or thryse
Scho gan to speik, saying on this wyse.

O fals Fortune, quhy hes thow me begylit?
This day at morne quha knew this careful cace
Vane hope, in the my resoun haith exylit,
Hauing sic traist into thy fenzeit face,
That euer I was brocht into ỳ Court, allace.
Had I in Forrest flowin amang me feiris,
I micht full weill haif leuit mony zeiris.

Prudent counsell allace I did refuse,
Agane resoun vsing myne appetyte:
Ambitioun did sa myne hart abuse,
That Eolus had me in greit dispyte:

Poetis

Poeitis of me haith mater to indyte,
Quhilk clam sa hiche, & wo is me thareforе,
Nocht douting that the deith durst me deuore.

This day at morne, my forme & feddrem fair,
Abufe the proude Pacok war precelland,
And now ane catyue carioun full of cair,
Bathand in bludе, doun from my hart distellād
And in myne eir, the bell of deith, bene knelland
O fals warld, fy on thy Felicitie,
Thy Pryde, Auarice, and Immundicitie.

In the Ise, na thing bene permanent,
Of thy schort solace, sorrow is the end:
Thy fals Infortunate giftis bene bot lent.
This day full proud, the morne na thing to spēd
O ze that doith pretend, ay till ascend,
Wy fatall end, haue in remembrance,
And zow defend, from sic vnhappy chance.

Quhyder that I was strickin in extasie,
Or throuch ane stark Imaginatioun:
Bot it appeirit in myne Fantasie,
I hard this dolent lamentatioun,
Thus dullit into desolatioun.
We thocht this Bird, did breue in hir maneir,
Hir counsall to the King, as ze sall heir.

The First Epistill of the Papingo, II.

Directit to King Iames the Fyft.

O Repotent Prence, peirles of pulchritude,
Gloze, honour, laud, tryumphe & victorie
Be to

Be to thy hich Excellend Celsitude,
With Martiall deidis, digne of memorie,
Sen Atropos consumit haith my glorie,
And dolent deith allace mon bs depart,
I leue to the my trew vnfenzeit hart,

Togidder with this Cedull subsequent,
With maist reuerend Recommendatioun.
I grant thy grace, gettis mony ane document,
Be famous Fatheris predicatioun,
With mony notabill Narratioun,
Be plesand Poeitis in style Heroicall,
How thow sulde gyde thy Sait Imperiall.

Sum doith deplore the greit Calamiteis,
Of diuers Realmes Transmutatioun.
Sum pieteouslie doith treit of Tragedeis,
All for thy graces informatioun.
So I intend, but adulatioun,
Into my barbour rusticall indyte,
Amang the rest, schir, sum thing for to wryte.

Souerane consaue this simpyll similitude,
Of Officiaris, seruing thy Senzeorie.
Quha gyd3 thame weil gettis of thy grace greit
Quha bene Iniust, degradit ar of glorie, (gude.
And Cancellat out of thy memorie,
Prouiding syne mair plesand in thair place,
Beleue richt sa sall God do with thy grace.

Consldder weill thow bene bot Officiare,
And Wassall, to that King Incomparabill.
Preis thow to pleis that puissant prince preclare
Thy

Thy riche reward ſalbe Ineſtimabill,
Exaltit hich in gloze Interminabill,
Abone Archangellis, Virtues, Poteſtatis,
Pleſandlie placit amang the Pzincipatis.

Of thy Vertew, Poeitʒ perpetuallie,
Sall mak mentioun vnto the warld be endit:
So thow excers thyne office pzudentlie:
In heuin and eirth, thy grace ſalbe commendit,
Quharefoz effeir, that he be nocht offendit,
Quhilk hes exaltit the to ſic honour,
Of this pepill to be ane Gouernour.

And in the eicth haith maid ſic Ozdinance,
Under thy feit all thing Terreſtriall,
Ar ſubiect to thy pleſour and paſtance,
Baith fowll and fiſche, and beiſtis paſtozall,
Men to thy ſeruice, and wemen thay ben thrall,
Halking, hunting, armes, and leſull amour,
Pzeozdinat ar be God, foz thy pleſour.

Maiſteris of Muſike to recreat thy ſpeit,
With dowce voce and pleſand Inſtrument:
Thus thow may be of all pleſouris repleit,
Sa in thyne office thow be diligent:
Bot be thou found vnskilfull, or negligent,
Of Jniunctioun or thyne Exercitioun,
Thow ſall nocht fail Deuine punitioun.

Quharefoz ſen thow hes ſic Capacitie,
To learne to play ſo pleſandlie, and ſing,
Ryde hoze, ryn ſpeirs, with greit audacitie,
Schute with hand bowe, croſbow and culuering

Amang the reſt (Schir) lerne to be ane King,
Lyith on that craft, thy pregnant freſche ingyne
Grantit to the, be Influence Deuyne.

And ſen the Definitioun of ane King,
Is for to haue of pepill gouernance,
Addres the firſt, abufe all vther thing,
Till put thy body till ſic Ordinance,
That thyne vertew, thyne honour may auance:
For how ſuld Princis gouerne greit Regionis,
That can not dewlie gyde thair awin perſonis.

And gif thy grace wald leif richt pleſandlie,
Call thy counſall, and caſt on thame the cure,
Thair Juſt Decreitis defend, and fortifie,
But gude counſall, may na Prince lang indure,
Wyſe with counſall, than ſall thy work be ſure.
Chois thy counſall of the moſt Sapient,
Without regard to blude, ryches or rent.

Amang all vthre paſtyme and pleſour,
Now in thy Adoleſcent zeiris zing,
Wald thow ilk day ſtudie bot half ane hour,
The regiment of Princely gouerning,
To thy pepill, it war ane pleſand thing.
Thare micht thow find thyne awin vocatioun,
How thou ſuld vſe the ſceptour, ſword, & croun.

The Cronikillis to knaw I the exhort,
Quhilk may be Mirrour to thy Maieſtie,
Thare ſall thou find baith gude & euill report,
Of euerilk Prince eftir his qualitie:
Thocht thay be deid, thair deidis ſall nocht de:

Traiſt

Traist weill thow salbe stylit in that storie,
As thow deseruis, put in memorie.

Requeist that Roy, quhilk rẽt was on ỹ rude
The to defend from deidis of defame,
That na Poeit report of the bot gude,
For Princis dayis induris bot ane dzame.
Sen first King Fergus bure ane Dyadame,
Thow art the last King of fyue scoir and fyue,
And all ar deid, and none bot thow on lyue.

Of quhose noumer fyftie and fyue bene slane,
And most part in thair awin misgouernance.
Quharefor I the beseik my Souerane,
Considder of thair lyuis the circumstance.
And quhen ỹ knawis ỹ cause of thair mischance
Of vertew than, exalt thy saillis on hie;
Traisting to chaip that fatall destenie.

Treit ilk trew Barron, as he war thy brother
Quhilk mon at neid, the and the realme defend,
Quhen suddandlie ane doeth oppres ane vther.
Lat Justice myrit with mercy thame amend:
Haue thou thair hartis, thow hes vneuch to spẽd
And be the contrair, thow art bot king of bone,
Frõ lyme thyne heiris hartis bene frõ the gone.

I haue na laiser for to wryte at lenth,
Wyne haill intent, vntill thyne Excellence,
Decressit sa I am in wit and strenth,
Wy mortall wound doeth me sic violence,
Nepill of me may haue experience.
Because allace, I was Incounsolabill,
Now mon I de ane catyue miserabill.

III. The ſecund Epiſtill of the Papingo, Directit to hir Brether of Court.

BRether of Court, with mynd precordiall,
To the greit God, hartlie I cõmend zow
Impzent my fall, in zour memoziall,
Togidder with this Cedule, that I ſend zow,
To preis ouer hiche, I pray zow not pretẽd zow
The vane aſcens of court, quha will conſidder,
Quha ſittith moſt hie, ſal find ẏ ſait moſt ſlidder.

Sa ze that now, be lanſing vp the ledder,
Tak tent in tyme, feſtinning zour fingaris faſt:
Quha climm∫ moſt hich, moſt dint hes of ẏ wed-
And leiſt defence aganis the bitter blaſt, (der,
Of fals Fortune, quhilk takith neuer reſt,
Bot moſt redoutit daylie ſcho doun thzingis,
Not ſparing Paipis, Conquerouris, noz Kingis

Thocht ze be montit vp abone the ſkyis,
And hes baith King, and court in gouernance,
Sũ was als hich, quhilk now richt lawly lyis,
Complanyng ſoze the courtis variance.
Thare preterit tyme, may be experience,
Quhilk throw vane hope of court did clym ſo hie
Syne wãtit wing∫, quhen thay wẽd beſt to flie.

Sen ilk court bene vntraiſt, and tranſitozie,
Changing als oft as weddercock in wind,
Sum makand glaid, and vther ſum richt ſozie,
Fozmaiſt this day, the mozne may ga behynd,
Lat not vane hope of Court zour reſone blynd.

Traiſt

Traist weill sum men wil geif zow laud as lord,
Quhilk wald be glaid, to se zow hang in cordis.

I dyrst declare the miseria vilitie,
Of diuers court, war not my tyme bene schort,
The dreidfull change, vane glore and vilitie,
The painfull plesour, as Poetis doeth report,
Sum tyme in hope, sum tyme in distonsort:
And how sum mē dois sped thair vane thocht haill,
In Court syne endis in the hospitaill.

How sum in court bene quiet counsalouris,
Without regard to Commoun weill or kingis,
Casting thair cure for to be Conquerouris.
And quhen thay bene hich ratlit in thair cairis,
How chāge of court thame dulfully doun wyis,
And quhen thay bene from thair estate deposit,
How mony of thair fall, bene richt reiosit.

And how fond fenzeit fulis and flatteraris,
For small seruice obtenis greit rewardis.
Pandaris, pykthankis, custronis & clatteraris.
Loupis vp from laddis, syne richt amāg lardis,
Blasphematouris beggaris, & commoun bairdis
Sum tyme in Court hes mair authoritie,
Nor deuote Doctouris in Diuinitie,

How in sum Countrie bene bārnis of Beliall,
Full of dissimulit paintit flatterie,
Prouocand be Intoxicat counsall,
Princis till huredome and till hasardrie.
Quha dois in Princis prent sic harlotrie,
I say for me sic pert Prouocatouris,

Suld punischit be abuse all strang tratouris.

Quhat trauers, troubill and Calamitie,
Haith bene in court within thir hundreth zeiris?
Quhat mortall changis, and quhat miserie?
Quhat nobill men bene brocht vpō thair beiris?
Traist weil my freindȝ, follow ze mon zour feirȝ
Sa sen in Court bene na tranquillitie,
Set nocht on it zour haill felicitie.

The Court chāgis sumtyme with sic outrage
That few or none, may makin resistence,
And spairis not the Prince mair than the page,
As weill appeirith be Experience:
The Duke of Rothesay, micht mak na defence,
Quhilk wes perteinand Roy of this Regioun,
Bot dulefully deuorit in presoun.

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour, had ȳ nobill king
Robert the Thrid, from tyme he know the cace,
Of his twa Sonnis dolent departing?
Prince Dauid deid, and James captyue allace,
Tilt trew Scottȝ mē, quhilk wes a careful cace.
Thus may ze knaw the Court bene variand,
Quhen blude royall, ȳ change may not ganestād

Quha rang in Court, mair lyte and triumphād
Nor Duke Murdok, quhyl that his day indurit?
Was he nocht greit Protectour of Scotland?
Zit of the Court, he was nocht weill assurit,
It changit sa, his lang seruice was smurit:
He and his Sone, fair Walter but remeid,
Forfaltit war, and put to dulefull deid.

King

King James the first, ỳ patrone of Pen dece,
Gem of Ingyne, and Perle of Policie,
Well of Justice, and stude of Eloquence,
Quhose vertew dois transcend my fantasie,
For till discryue, zit quhen he stude most hie,
Be fals exorbitant conspiracioun,
That prudent Prince, was pietouslie put doun.

Als James the secund Roy of greit renoun,
Beand in his superexcellent gloze,
Throuch rakles schutting of ane greit cannoun,
The dolent deith, allace did him deuoze.
Ane thing thare bene, of quhilk I meruell moze,
That fortune had at him sic mortall feid,
Throuch fiftie thousand, to waill him be ỳ heid.

My hart is perst with paines for to pance,
Or wryte that Courtis variatioun,
Of Jaines the Thrid, quhẽ he had gouernance,
The dolour, dreid and desolatioun,
The change of Court and conspiratioun:
And how that Cochrane with his companie,
That tyme in Court clam sa presumptuouslie.

It had bene gude, yai barnis had ben vnborne
Be quhome that nobill Prince was sa abusit.
Thay grew as did the weid abuse the corne,
That prudent Lordis counsall was refusit,
And held him quiet, as he had bene inclusit,
Allace that Prince, be thair abusioun,
Was finallie brocht to confusioun.

Thay clam so hich and gat sic audience,

And with thair Prince, grew sa familiar,
His Germane brother micht get na presence,
The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar,
Lyke baneist men, was haldin at the bar,
Till in the King thare grew sic mortall feid,
Ye flemit the Duke, and pat the Erle to deid.

Thus Cochrane with his catyue Companie,
Forsit thame to flie, bot yit thay wantit fedderis,
Abufe the hich Cederis of Libanie,
Thay clam so hie, till thay lap ouir thair leddaris
On Lawder brig, syne keippit wer in tedderis,
Strangelit to deith, thay gat nane vther grace,
Thair king captyue, quhilk wes ane careful cace.

Till put in forme, that fait Infortunate,
And mortall change perturbith myne Ingyne,
My wit bene waik, my fingeris fatigate,
To dyte or wryte the rancour and rewyne,
The Ciuill weir, the battell Intestyne:
How that the Sone, with baner braid displayit
Agains the Father, in Battell come arrayit.

Wald God ỹ prince had bene that day cõforit
With Sapience of the prudent Salomon:
And with ỹ strenth of strãg Sampson supportit
With the bauld Ector of the greit Agamemnon:
Quhat tuild I wis, remedie was thare none,
At mouie ane King, wt Sceptour, sword & croun
At ewin ane deid deformit carioun.

Allace quhare bene that richt redoutit Roy,
That potẽt Prince, gentill King James ỹ Feird
I pray

I pray to Christ his Saull for to conuoy,
Ane greiter nobill, rang nocht into the eird.
O Atropos warie we may thy weird:
For he was Mirrour of humilitie,
Lode Sterne, and Lamp of liberalitie.

During his tyme, sa Justice did preuaill,
The Sauage Iles, trymblit for terrour.
Eskdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, & Annandaill,
Durst nocht rebell, douting his dyntis dour,
And of his Lordis had sic perfyte fauour,
Sa for to schaw, that he effeirit na fone,
Out throuch his realme, he wald ryde him alone

And of his court throuch Europe spräg ỳ fame
Of lustie Lordis, and lufesum Ladyis ȝing,
Tryumphand tornay∫, iusting, & knichtly game,
With all pastyme, according for ane king:
He was the gloze of Princelie gouerning,
Quhilk throuch the ardẽt lufe he had to France
Aganis Ingland did moue his Ordinance.

Of Floddoun feild the rewyne to reuolue,
Or that most dolent day for till deplore,
I nyll for dreid, that dolour ȝow dissolue,
Schaw how that prince in his triumphand gloze
Distroyit was, quhat neidith proces moze,
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordinance,
Bot be his awin wilfull misgouernance.

Allace that day had he bene consolabill,
He had obteinit laud, gloze, and victorie:
Quhose pietcous proces bene sa lamentabill,

I nyll at lenth, it put in memorie,
I neuer red, in Tragedie nor storie,
At one Jornay so mony Nobillis slane,
For the defence, and lufe of thair Souerane.

Now brether mark in zour remembrance,
Ane Myrrour of those mutabiliteis.
So may ze knaw, the Courtis inconstance,
Quhen Pryncis bene thus pullit from thair seis.
Efter quhose deith, quhat strange aduersiteis.
Quhat greit misrewill, into this Regioun rang,
Quhē our zōg pryncе could nother speik nor gang.

During his tender zouth & innocence, (chance!
Quhat stouth, quhat reif, quhat murther & mis-
Thare was not ellis bot wraking of vengeance
Into that Court thare rang sic variance.
Diuers Rewlaris, maid diuers Ordinance.
Sum tyme our Quene, rang in authoritie,
Sum tyme the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Sum tyme the Realme, was rewlit be regent,
Sum tyme Lufetenentis, leidaris of the Law,
Than rang so mony Inobedientis,
That few or none, stude of ane vther aw.
Oppressioun did so lowd his Bugill blaw,
That none durst ryde, bot into feir of weir,
Iok vponland, that tyme did mys his meir.

Quha was more hich, in honour eleuate,
Nor was Margarete, our hich & michtie prncis!
Sic power was to hir appropriate,
Of king and Realme scho wes Gouernoures,

Zit came

Zit came ane change, within ane schort proces,
That Perle preclare, that lustie plesand Quene,
Lang tyme durst nocht into the Court be sene.

The archebischop of sanct Andros James Be-
Chãcellar, a primate in power Pastorall, (toun
Clam nyxt the king, most hich in his Regioun,
The ledder schuke, he lap and gat ane fall,
Authoritie, nor power Spirituall,
Ryches, freindschip, micht not that tyme preuail.
Quhen dame Curia began to steir hir taill.

His hich prudence aualit him nocht ane myte,
That tyme the court bair him sic mortall feid,
Is preloneir thay keipt him in dispyte,
And sum tyme wist not, quhare to hide his heid,
Bot disagysit, lyke Jhoue the raif he zeid.
Had nocht bene hope bair him sic companie,
He had bene stranglit be Melancholie.

Quhat cummer & care was in ỹ court of frãce,
Quhen king Francis was takin preloneir?
The Duke of Burboun, amyd his Ordinance,
Deid at ane straik, richt bailfull brocht on beir.
The Court of Rome, that tyme ran all areir,
Quhen Pape Clemẽt was put in strang preson,
The nobill Cietie put to confusioun.

In Ingland, quha had greiter gouernance,
Nor thair triumphand courtly Cardinall,
The commoun weill, sum sayis he did auance,
Be equall Justice, baith to greit and small,
Thare was na Prelate to him peregall.

Inglismen

Inglismen sayis, had he roung langer space,
He had deposit sanct Peter of his place.

His princely pompe, nor Papall grauitie,
His palice Royall, ryche, and radious:
Nor zit the fludes of Superfluitie,
Of his ryches, nor trauell tedious,
From tyme dame Curia held him odious,
Auailit him nocht, nor prudence most profound,
The ledder brak, and he fell to the ground.

Quhare bene ȳ douchtie Erlis of Dowglas,
Quhilkis Royallie, into this Regioun rang?
Forfalt and slane, quhat neidith mair proces?
The erle of marche, wes merschellit yaine amang
Dame Curia thame dulfullie down thrang.
And now of late, quha clam more hich amāg vs,
Nor did Archebald vmquhyle the Erle of Ang?

Quha with his Prince wes mair familiar,
Nor of his grace had mair authoritie?
Was he nocht greit Wardain and Chancellar?
Zit quhen he stude vpon the hicheſt gre,
Traistidg na thing, bot perpetuitie,
Was suddandlie deposit from his place,
Forfalt and slemit, he gat nane vther grace.

Quharefor traist nocht in till auctoritie,
Wy deir Brether, I pray zow hartfullie,
Presume nocht in zour vane prosperitie,
Conforme zour traist in God alluterlie:
Syne serue zour prince with enteir hart trewlie
And quhen ze se the court bene at the best:

I counsale

I counsall zow, than drawe zow to zour rest.

Quhare ben ȳ hich tryũphand court of Troy
Or Alexander with his twelfe prudent peiris,
Or Julius, that richt redoutit Roy:
Agamemnon, most worthy in his weiris:
To schawe thair fyne, my frayit hart affeiris.
Sum murdreſt war, sum poysonit pietcouslie,
Thair carefull courtis dispersit dulefullie.

Traist weill thare is na constãt court bot ane
Quhare Chryst ben King, quhose tyme intermi-
And hich triũphãd gloze beis neuer gane. (nabil.
That quiet court mirthfull and imnutabill,
Bot variance standith ay ferme and stabill.
Dissimulance, flattrie nor fals repoxt,
Into that Court sal neuer get resoxt.

Traist weill my freindis, this is na fenzeit faire
For quha that bene, in the extreme of deid,
The veritie but dout, thay suld declair,
without regarde, to fauour or to feid,
Quhyll ze haue tyme, deir brether mak remeid,
Adew for euer, of me ze get no moze.
Beseikand God to bring zow till his gloze.

Adew Edinburgh, thou hich triumphãd toun
With quhose bounds, richt blythful haue I bene
Of trew merchandis, the rute of this Regioun,
Most reddy to ressaue, court, King, and Quene.
Thy Policie and Justice may be sene,
War deuotioun, wysedome, and honestie,
And credence tynt, thay micht be found in the.

Adew

Adew fair Snawdoun, with thy towris hie,
Thy Chapell royall, Park, and tabill round,
May, June, and July, wald I dwell in the,
War I ane man, to heir the birdis sound,
Quhilk dothe aganis thy royall roche redound,
Adew Lythquo, quhose Palice of plesance,
Wicht be ane patrone, in Portugall or France.

Fare weill Falkland, the Fortres of Fyfe,
Thy polite Park, vnder the lowmound law:
Sum tyme in the, I led ane lustie lyfe,
The fallow Deir, to se thame raik and raw.
Court men to cum to the, thay stand greit aw,
Sayand thy burgh, bene of all burrowis baill,
Because in the, thay neuer gat gude aill.

IIII. The Commonning betuix the Papingo, and hir holy Executouris.

The Pye persauit the Papingo in pane,
He lichtit doun, & fenzeit him to greit.
Sister (said he) allace, quha hes zow slane.
I pray zow mak prouisioun for zour spreit,
Dispone zour geir, and zow confes compleit.
I haue power be zour contritioun,
Of all zour mys, to geue zow full remissioun.

I am (said he) ane Channoun Regulare,
And of my Brether Pryor principall:
My quhyte Rocket, my clene lyfe doeth declare,
The blak bene of the deith memoriall.

Quharefor

Quharefor I think zour guddis naturall,
Sulde be submittit haill into my cure:
Ze knaw I am ane holy Creature.

The Rauin came rolpād, quhē he hard ȳ rair,
Sa did the Gled, with mony pieteous pew,
And fenzeitlie thay contrafait greit cair.
Sister (said thay) zour rakleſnes we rew,
Now beſt it is, our Juſt counſall enſew,
Sen we pretend to hich promotioun,
Religious men, of greit deuotioun.

I am ane blak Monk, said the ruttillād rauin.
Sa said the gled, I am ane holy Freir,
And hes power to bring zow quick to Heuin:
It is weill knawin my cōſcience bene full cleir,
The blak Bybill pronunce I ſall perqueir,
Sa till our Brether ze will geue ſum gude,
God wait gif we haue neid of lyues fude.

The Papingo said, Father be the rude,
Howbeit zour rayment be Religious lyke,
Zour Conſcience, I ſuſpect be nocht gude,
I did perſaue, quhen priuely ze did pyke,
Ane cheikin from ane hen, vnder ane dyke,
I grant (said he) that hen was my gude freind,
And I that cheikin tuke bot for my teind.

Ze knaw the faith be vs mon be ſuſteind,
So be the Pope it is preordinate,
That ſpirituall men ſuld leif vpon thair teind,
Bot weill wait I, ze bene predeſtinate,
In zour extremis to be ſa fortunate,

To haue

To haue ſic hsly conſultatioun,
Quharefor we mak zow exhortatioun.

Sen Daine Nature hes grantit zow ſic grace
Laiſer to mak confeſſioun generall,
Schaw furth zour ſin i haiſt, quhyl ze haif ſpace
Syne of zour geir mak ane memoriall.
We thre ſall mak zour feiſtis funerall:
And with greit blis, burie we ſall zour bonis,
Syne Trentalis twentie, tractill all at onis.

The rukkis ſall rair, ȳ men ſall on thame rew,
And cry, Commemoratio Animarum.
We ſall gar cheikinnis cheip, & gaiſlingis pew,
Suppoſe the geis and hennis, ſuld cry alarum,
And we ſall ſerue ſecundum Vſum Sarum.
And mak zow ſaik, we find ſanct Blaſe to broch
Cryand for zow, the carefull corrinoch.

And we ſall ſing about zour Sepulture,
Sanct Mongois Matynis, & the mekle Creid:
And ſyne deuotelie ſay, I zow aſſure,
The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid,
And we ſall were for zow the murning weid,
And thocht zour ſpreit, with Pluto war profeſt,
Deuotelie ſall zour Dirige be dreſt.

Father (ſaid ſcho) zour facund wordis fair,
Full ſore I dreid, be contrair to zour deidis.
The wyffis of the village, cryis wo cair, (meidis
Quhen thay perſaue zow maw ouerthort thair
Zour fals conſait, baith duke & draik ſore dreid,
I maruell ſuithlie, ze be nocht eſchamit.

For

for zour defaltis, beyng sa defamit.

It dois abhor, my pure perturbit Spreit,
Till mak to zow ony Confessioun:
Heir men say, ze bene arie Hypocreit,
Exemptit from the seinze and sessioun.
To put my geir in zour possessioun,
That will I nocht sa help my Dame Nature,
Nor tyne my Corps, I will tak greit na cure.

Bot had I heir, the nobill Nichtingall,
The gentill Ja; the Merle, and Turtill trew,
My obsequies and Feistis funerall,
Ordour thay wald, with Notis of the new,
The plesand Down, maist Angelyk of hew,
Wald God I war, this day with him to walk,
And my deuyse dewlie behind me talk.

The mirthfull Madeis, in thair May Mornyngis,
The lustie Lark, wald God thay war present,
My Infortune for till mak, thay wald thairfor cum,
And confort me that bene sa impotent.
The swift Swallow, in Praetis maist prudent,
I wait scho wald, my bleiding stem behynde,
With hir most vertuous hand restringit syne.

Compt me the care, vnder confessioun,
The Gled said proudlie to the Papingo,
And we sall keip it out Professioun,
Counsall to keip, and schaw it to no mo.
We the beseik, or thow depart vs fro,
Declare to vs sum cauis resonabill,
Quhy we bene haldin sa abhominabill:

Be thy trauell thow hes Experiente,

First beand bred into the Orient,
Syne be thy gude seruice and diligence,
To Printis maid heir in the Occident.
Thow knawis the vulgar pepillis Iugement,
Quhare thow transcurrit the hote Meridionall,
Syne nixt the Pole, the plaig Septentrionall.

So be thyne hich Ingyne superlatyue,
Of all Countreis thow knawis the qualiteis:
Quharefor I the conjure be God of lyue,
The veritie declare without tuin leis,
Quhat thow hes hard, be landis or be seis,
Of vs Kirkmen, baith gude and euill report,
And how thay Iuge, schaw vs, we the exhort.

Father (said sche) I tatyne Creature,
Dar nocht presume, with sic mater to meill,
Sa few cases ze haue, I haue na cure,
Bettir thame ourluk in prudence doeth precell,
I may nocht mell, my panes bene sa fell.
And als perchance, ze will nocht stand content,
To knaw the vulgar pepillis Iugement.

Zit will the veritie ane myte withdraw his dart,
All thay I dois in my Memoriall,
I sall declare with trew vnfeinzeit hart:
And first I say to zow in generall,
The commoun weill saith, ze be ane all,
Degenerit from zour hoh Primityuis,
As testifyis the proces of zour lyuis.

Of zour peirles prudent Predecessouris,
The beginning I gram was verray gyde:
Apostolis, Martyris, Virginis, Confessouris,

The

The sound of thair excellent Sanctitude,
Was hard ouer all the warld be land and flude,
Planting the Faith, be Predicatioun,
As Christ had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortifie the faith thay tuke na feir,
Afore Princis preiching full prudentlie,
Of dolourous deith, thay doutit nocht the deir,
The veritie declaring formouslie,
And Martyrdome thay vnderwent patientlie,
Thay tuke na cure of land, riches nor rent,
Doctryne and deid, war baith equivalent.

To schaw at lēth thair wayis, wer ȝneit tyme,
Thair myraklis, thay war sa manifest, quer,
In name of Christ, thay haillit mony wonder,
Rasing the deid, and purging the possest,
With peruerst spreitis, quhilk had ben oppest
The cruikit ran, the blind men gat thair Ene,
The deif men hard, the lipper war maid clene.

The Pictis spousit war, with ferventie,
Those dayis, quhen sa thay flurischit in fame,
And with hir generit Lady Chaistitie,
And dame Deuotioun, notabill of name.
Humill thay war, simpell, and full of schame.
Thus Chaistitie, and dame Deuotioun,
War principall cause of thair promotioun.

Thus thay continewit, in this lyue deuyne,
Ay till thar rangs, in Romes greit Cietie,
Ane potent Prince, was nanit Constantyne,
Persauit the Kirk had spousit pouertie,
With gude intent, and mouit of pietie,

Cauſe of Diuorce he fand betuix thame two,
And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

Syne ſchortlie with ane greit ſolempnitie,
Withouttin ony Diſpenſatiislin,
The Kirk he ſpouſit with dame Propertie,
Quhilk haiſtely be Proclamatioun,
To pouertie gart mak narratioun,
Under the pane of perſing hir ene,
That with the Kirk ſcho ſuld na mair be ſene.

Sanct Siluefter, ỳ tyme rãg Pope in Rome,
Quhilk firſt conſent to the Mariage,
Of Propertie, the quhilk began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure, with hich curage.
Deuotioun drew hir till ane Heremitage,
Quhen ſchoconſiderit Lady Propertie,
So hiche exaltit into Dignitie.

O Siluefter, quhare was thy Diſcretioun?
Quhilk Peter did renunce, thow did reſſaue.
And ȝow vmquhyle Jhone, did leue thair poſſeſſioun,
Thair ſchippis & nettis, lynis, and all the laif,
Of temporall ſubſtãce na thing wald thay haif,
Contrarious to thair contemplatioun,
Bot ſobrelie thair ſuſtentatioun.

Jhone the Baptiſt, went to the wilderneſs,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalane,
Left heritage, and gudis mair and leſs.
Prudent ſanct Paule, thocht propertie prophane
From toun to toun, he ran in wynd and rane,
Vpon his feit, teiching the word of grace,
And neuer was hirecit to tyches.

The

The Gled said, zit I here na thing bot gude,
Proceid schortlie, and thy mater auance.
The Papingo said, Father be the rude,
It wer to lang to schaw the circumstance,
How Propertie with hir new alliance,
Grew greit wt chyld, as trew men to me taid,
And bure twa Dochteris gudlie to behald.

The eldest donchter namit was tyches,
The secund sister, Sensualitie,
Quhilk did incress, within ane schort proces,
Prepieland to the Spiritualtie,
In greit substance and excellent bewtie,
Thir Ladyis twa, grew sa within few zeiris,
That in ye warld, war none micht be thair peris.

This Royall tyches, and Ladie Sensuall,
From that tyme furth, tuke haill the gouernace,
Of the most part of the state Spirituall.
And thay agane with humill obseruance,
Amorouslie thair witts did auance,
As trew luffaris, thair Ladyis for to pleis,
God wait, gif than thair hartis war at eis.

Sone thay forzet to studie, pray and preche,
Thay grew sa subiect to dame Sensuall,
And thoucht bot pane, pure pepill for to teche,
Zit thay decretit, in thair greit Counsall,
Thay wald na mair, to Mariage be thrall,
Traisting suerely, till obserue Chaistitie,
And all begylit, quod Sensualitie.

Apperandlie thay did expell thair wyffis,
That thay micht leif at large, without thirlage,

It libertis to leid thair lustie lyffis,
Think ane man thrall that hene in mariage,
For new chiftis, proposis new curage.
Thus Chaistitie thay turnis into deyte,
Wanting of wyffis bene cause of appetyte.

Wans Chaistitie did steill away for schame,
From tyme schi did persaue thair proffamee,
Dame Sensuall ane letter gart proclame,
And hir tryne Halie and Fraice,
In Ingland, quhair schi get none Ordinance,
Than to the King, and Court of Scotland,
Schi markit hir without tin moze demand.

Trasting into that Court, to get comfort:
Sche maid hir humill Supplicatioun:
Schortlie thay said, schi sulde get na suppos,
Bot bourd hir with blasphematioun,
Ey Dames, ga mak zour protestatioun:
It is (said thay) nocht ane hundzeth zeir,
Sen Chaistitie had ony entres heir.

Tyll forzet quhilk schi to the Preists past,
And to the Lewlaris of Religioun:
Of hir presence, schortlie thay war agast,
Seyand thay thocht it bot abusioun,
Hir to resaue, sa with conclusioun,
With ane anyce, decretis and gaue dome,
Thay wald re det na rebell out of Rome.

Sulde we resaue that Romanis hes refuse,
And banist Ingland, Italie, and Fraice?
For zour flattrie, than war we weill abusit,
Pas hyne, said thay, and fast zour way auance,

Amang

Amang the Nonnis, ga seik zour Ordinance,
For we haue maid aith of Fidelitie,
To dame Ryches and Sensualitie.

Than pacientlie scho maid progressioun,
Towart the Nonnis, with hart sighing full soir.
Thay gaue hir presence, with processioun,
Resaiuand hir with honour, laud and glore,
Purposing to preserue hir euer more.
Of that nouellis came to dame Propertie,
To Ryches, and to Sensualitie.

Quhilkis sped thame at the port richt spedilie,
And set ane sege, proudlie about the place:
The nixt Nonnis, did zeild thame haistelie,
And humillie of that gilt askit grace,
Syne gaif thair bandis of perpetuall pace:
Resaiuand thame thay kest vp, wykket wyde,
Than Chaistitie thare na langer wald abyde.

Sa for refuge, fast to the freiris scho fled,
Quhilkis said, thay wald of ladyis tak na cure:
Quhare ben scho now, than said ỳ gredie Gled:
Nocht amang zow, said scho, I zow assure.
I traist scho bene, vpon the borrow mure,
Besouch Edinburgh, & that richt mony menis,
Profest amang the Sisteris of the Senis.

Thare hes scho fund hir mother Pouertie,
And Deuotioun hir awin Sister Carnall:
Thare hes scho fund Faith, Hope, and Cheritie,
Togidder with the vertues Cardinall.
Thare hes scho fund ane Conuent zit vnthrall.
To dame Sensuall, noz with ryches abusit,

Sa quietlie thoſe Ladyis bene incluſit.

The Pyot ſaid, I dreid be thay aſſailzeit,
Thay rander thame, as did the holy Nonnis.
Dout nocht (ſaid ſcho) for thay bene ſa artailzeit
Thay purpoſe to defend thame wᵗ thair gunnis,
Reddy to ſchute, thay haue ſex greit Cannonnis
Perſeuerance, Conſtance and Conſcience,
Auſteritie, Laubour and Abſtinence.

To reſiſt ſubtell Senſualitie,
Stroingly thay bene enarmit feit and handis,
Be Abſtinence, and keipit pouertie,
Contrair ryches, and all hir fals ſeruandis.
Thay haue ane bumbard, braiſſit vp in bandis,
To keip thair port, in middis of thair cloiſ,
Quhilk is callit, Domine cuſtodi nos.

Within quhoſe ſchot, thair dar na Enemeis,
Approche thair place, for dreid of dyntis doure,
Boith nicht and day, thay werk lyke beſie beis,
For thair defence, reddie to ſtand in ſtour,
And hes ſic watchis, on thair vtter tour,
That dame Senſuall, wᵗ ſeige dar not aſſailze,
Nor cum within the ſchot of thair artailze.

The Pyot ſaid, quhareto ſulde thay preſume
For to reſiſt ſweit Senſualitie,
Or dame Ryches, quhilk rewlaris ben in Rome
Ar thay more conſtant in thair qualitie,
Nor the Princis of Spiritualitie,
Quhilkis pleſandlie withouttin obſtaikle,
Haith thame reſſauit, in thair habitakle.

How lang traiſt ze, thoſe Ladyis ſall remane,

Sa

Sa solitar in sic perfectioun?
The Papingo said, brother in certane,
Sa lang as thay obey correctioun,
Chesing thair heidis be electioun,
Unthrall to riches, or to pouertie,
Bot as requyrith thair necessitie.

O prudēt prelatis, quhare was zour prescience
That tuke in hand till obserue Chaistitie,
But austeir lyfe, laubour and abstinence?
Persauit ze nocht the greit prosperitie,
Apperandlie, to cum of propertie.
Ze knaw greit cheir, greit eis and Idilnes,
To Lecherie was mother and maistres.

Thou rauis vnrockit, ỳ Rauin said be ỳ rude,
So to reproue Rycheś, or Propertie.
Abraham and Isaac wer ryche & weray gude,
Jacob and Joseph had prosperitie.
The Papingo said, that is veritie:
Rycheś I grant, is nocht to be refusit,
Prouiding alwayis, that it be nocht abusit.

Than said the Rauin, ane replicatioun,
Syne said, thy reson is nocht worth ane myte,
As I sall preue with protestatioun,
That na man tak my wordis in despyte,
I say, the Temporall Princis hes the wyte,
That in the Kirk sir Pastouris dois prouyde.
To gouerne saulis, ỳ nocht thame selfis cā gyde.

Lang tyme efter the Kirk tuke propertie,
The Prelatis leuit in greit perfectioun,
Unthrall to Rycheś or Sensualitie,

Un-

Vnder the holy Spreitis protectioun,
Orderlie chosin be electioun,
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit and Lyne.

Sic pacient Prelatis enterit be the porte
Plesand the pepill be predicatioun,
Now dyke lowparis, dois in the kirk resort,
Be Symonie, and Supplicatioun,
Of Prebris be thair presentatioun:
Sa sillie saulis that bene Christis scheip,
Ar geuin to hungrie gormand wolfis to keip,

Sa marueill is, thocht we Religious men,
Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confusit.
Bot sing, and Drink, nane bether craft we ken,
Our Spirituall Fatheris hes vs sa abusit,
Agains our will, those trukouris bene intrusit:
Lawit men hes now Religious men in cures,
Professt Virginis, in keiping of strang hures,

Princis, princis quhare ben zour hich prudēs,
In disposition of zour Beneficeis?
The guerdoning of zour Courticiens,
Is sum cans of thir greit enormiteis,
Thare is ane sort, waitand lyke hungrie fleis,
For spirituall cure, thocht thay ben na thig abill.
Quhose gredie thrattis bene insatiabill.

Princis, I pray zow be na mair abusit,
To verteous men hauing sa small regard:
Quhy sulde vertew throuch flatterie be refusit,
That men for couening can get na reward?
Allace that ane bragger, or ane baird,

Ane

Ane bure maister, or commoun hafatrure,
Sůld in the kirk get ony kynd of cure.

War I ane man worthy to weir ane Croun,
Ay quhen thair vakit ony beneficeis,
I sulde gar call ane congregatioun,
The principall of all the Prelateis,
Most cunning Clerkis of Vniuersiteis,
Most famous Fatheris of Religioun,
With thair aduyse mak disposition.

I sulde dispone, all offices Pastorallis,
Till Doctouris of Diuinitie or Jure.
And cause dame Vertew pull vp all vir saullis,
Quhen cunning men had in the kirk maid cure
Gar Lordis send thair Sonnis, I zow assure,
To seik science and famous scuilis frequent,
Syne thame promoue, that war most sapient.

Grit plesour war to here ane Bischop preche
Ane Dane, or Doctour in Diuinitie,
Ane Abbot, quhilk could weill his conient teche
Ane Persone, flowing in Philosophie,
I tyne my tyme, to wis quhilk will nocht be:
War not the precheing of the begging freiris,
Tynt war the Faith amang the Seculeris.

As for thair preiching, quod the Papingo,
I thame excuse for mony, thay bene sa rytfull,
To Properitie, and Pett ding Doctteris two,
Dame Ryches, and fair Lady Sensuall,
Thay may nocht ble na paitymē Spirituall,
And in thair habitis, thay tak sic delyte,
Thay haue tenunct russet, and vsploch quhyte.

Cicl-

Cleikand to thame Skarlot and Cramosie,
With Meneuer, marrris, gryce & ryche armyne
Thair lawe hartis, eraltit ar sa hie,
To se thair Papall pomp, it is ane pyne,
Mair riche array is now with freinzeis fyne,
Upon the barding of ane Bischopis Mule,
Nor euer had Paule or Peter aganis Zule.

Syne fair ladyis, thair chere may not eschaip
Dame Sensuall sa, sic feild hes in thame sawin.
Les skaith it war with licence of the Paip,
That ilk Prelate ane wyfe had of his awin,
Nor se thair bastardz ouirthort ȳ cuntrie blawin
For now be thay, be weill cumnin from ȳ scuillis
Thay fall to work, as thay war cõmoun bullis.

QUOD (quod ȳ Gled) ȳ preichis al in vane,
Ze secular folkz hes of our cace na cure
I grant (said scho) zit men will speik agane,
How ze haue maid a hundreth thousand hures,
Quhilkz neuer had bē, war not zour lecherȳ lure
And gif I lee, hartlie I me repent,
Was neuer Bird, I wait, mair penitent.

Than scho hir schriaue with deuote contenance
To that fals gled, quhilk fenzeit him ane freir.
And quhen scho had fulfillit hir pennance,
Full subtellie at hir he gan inqueir:
Cheis zow (said he (quhilk of bs Brether heir,
Sall haue of all zour naturall geir the eirs,
Ze knaw nane bene mair holy Creaturis.

I am content (quod the pure Papingo)
That ze freir Gled, a colbie Monk zour brother

Haue

Haue cure of all my gudis and no mo.
Sen at this tyme freindschip I find nane vther
We sall be to zow trew, as till our mother,
(Quod thay) and sweir till fulfill hir intent.
Of that (said scho) I tak ane Instrument.

The Pyot said quhat sall myne office be?
Querman, said scho, vnto the vther twa.
The rowpand Rauin said, Sweit sister lat se,
Zour haly intent, for it is tyme to ga.
The gredie Gled said, Brother do nocht so,
We will remane, and haldin vp hir heid,
And neuer depart from hir till scho be deid.

The Papingo thame thankit tenderlie,
And said, sen ze haue tane on zow this cure,
Depart myne Naturall gudis equallie,
That euer I had, of hes of Dame Nature.
First to the Howlet, Indigent and pure,
Quhilk on the day for schame dar nocht be sene,
Till hir I leue my gay galbert of grene.

My bricht, depurit Eue, as cristall cleir,
Unto the Bak, ze sall thame baith present.
In Phebus presence, quhilk dar nocht appeir,
Of Naturall sicht, sa bene sa impotent,
My birneist beik, I leue with gude entent,
Unto the gentill, pietesus Pellicane,
To help to pers hir tender hart in twane.

I leue the Goik, quhilk hes na sang bot ane,
My Musike, with my voce Angelicall.
And to the Gouk ze gett, quhen I am gane,
My Eloquence, and coung Rethoricall,

And

And tak and dry, my bonis greit and small,
Syne cleis thame in ane cruse of Gold fyne,
And thame present vnto the Phenix hyne.

To birne to hir, quhen scho hir lyke reddis,
In Arabie, ze sall hir finde but weir,
And sal knaw hir, be hir most heuinlie hewis,
Gold, Asure, Gowles, Purpour & Synopere,
Hir dait is for to leif fyue hundreth zeir:
Mak to that Bird my commendatioun,
And als I mak zow Supplicatioun.

Sen of my corps, I haue zow geuin the cure,
Ze speid zow to the Court but tarying,
And tak my hart of perfyte pourtracture,
And it present vnto my Soverane King,
I wait he will it close into ane ring,
Commend me to his grace, I zow exhort,
And of my passioun mak him trew report.

Ze three my tryppis sall haue for zour travell,
With lusfet & lowng; to part equall amang zow
Prayand Pluto, the potent Prince of hell,
Gif ze failze, that in his feit he fang zow,
Be to me trew, thocht I na thing belang zow,
Sore I suspect zour Conscience be to large:
Dout nocht, said thay, we tak it with ȝ charge.

Adew Blether, quod the pure Papingo,
To tarrie mair, I haif na tyme to tarie:
Bot fen my spreit, mon fra my body go,
I recommend it to the Quene of Farie,
Eternallie, in till hir court to tarie,
Ith woyldernes, amang the holtis hore.
Than scho inclynit hir heid, and spak no more.

Plum-

Stungit in till hir mortall passioun,
Full greuouslie scho grippit to the ground.
It war to lang to mak narratioun,
Of sichis sore with mony stang and stound,
Out of hir wound, the blude did sa abound,
Ane compas round, was vō hir blude maid reid,
Without remeid, thare was na thing bot deid.

And be scho had In manus tuas said,
Extinctit war hir naturall wittis fyue:
Hir heid full softlie on hir schulder laid,
Syne zeild the spreit, with panes pungityue,
The Rauin began rudely to rug and ryue,
Full gormoundlyke, his emptie throte to feid,
Eit softlie Brother, said the gredie Gled.

Quhyl scho is hote, depart hir cuin amang vs
Tak thow ane half, and reik to me ane vther,
In till our richt I wait, na wicht dar wrang vs
The Pyot said, the feind resaue the fother,
Quhy mak ze me stepbarne, & I zour Brother?
Ze do me wrāg schir Gled, I schrew zour hart,
Tak thare (said he) the pudding for thy part.

Than wait ze weil, my hart was wonder sair
For to behald that dolent departing,
Hir Angell fedderis fleing in the air,
Except the hart was left of hir na thing.
The Pyot said, this pertenith to the King,
Quhilk till his grace I purpose to present,
Thow (quod the Gled) sall faill of thyne intent.

The Rauin said, God nor I rax in ane rape,
And thou get this till vther King or Duke:
The Pyot said, plene I nocht to the Pape,

Than

Than in ane ſmedie, I be ſmoʒit with ſmuk
With that the Gled, the pece claucht in his cl
And fled his way, the laue with all thair mic
To chace the Gled, flew all out of my ſicht.

Now haue ʒe hard, this lytill Tragedie,
The ſoʒe complaynt, the teſtament and miſchi
Of this pure Bird, quhilk did aſcend ſo hie:
Beſeikand ʒow, excuſe myne Ignoʒrance,
And rude indyte, quhilk is nocht till auance:
And to the quair, I geif commandement,
Mak na repair, quhare Poetis bene preſent.

Becauſe thow bene but Kethoʒrike ſa rude,
Be neuer ſene, beſyde none vther Buke,
With King noʒ Quene, w Lord noʒ man of gude
Bith tote vnclene, clame kindrent to him nane.
Steill in ane nuke, quhen thay liſt on the buke,
Foʒ ſmell of ſmuke, men will abhoʒ to beir the.
Heir I inamerpeir ȳ, quharefoʒ to lurk ga leir

FINIS.

The Dreme of Schir

Dauid Lyndesay, of the Mont

Knicht: Familiar Seruitour, to our Souerane Lord, King James the Fyft. &c.

* *
*

THE EPISTILL TO I. the Kingis Grace.

RIcht Potent Prince of hie Imperiall blude,
Vnto thy Grace, I traist it be weill knawin,
My seruice done vnto thy Celsitude,
Quhilk neidis nocht, at lenth for to be schawin:
And thocht my zoutheid, now be neir ouer blawn
Exercit in Seruice of thyne Excellence,
Hope hes my hecht ane gudlie Recompence.

Quhen thou wes zoung, I bure the in myne arme
Full tenderlie, till thow begouth to gang.
And in thy bed, oft happit the full warme,
VVith Lute in hand, syne sweitlie to the sang.

Sumtyme in dansing, feirelie I flang:
And sumtyme playand fairsis on the flure,
And sumtyme on myne office takand cure.

And sumtyme lyke ane feind transfigurate,
And sumtyme lyke the greislie gaist of Gy,
In diuers formis, oftymes disfigurate,
And sumtyme disagyist full plesandlie.
So sen thy birth, I haue continuallie,
Bene occupyit, and ay to thy plesour,
And sumtyme Stewar, Coppar, and Caruour.

Thy purs maister, and secreit Thesaurar,
Thy Ischar ay sen thy Natiuitie,
And of thy chalmer cheif Cubicular,
Quhilk to this hour, hes keipit me lawtie,
Louing be to the blessit Trinitie,
That sic ane wrechit worme hes maid so able,
Till sic ane Prince to be so agreable.

Bot now thow art be influence naturall,
Hie of Ingyne, and richt inquisityue,
Of antike storeis, and deidis Martiall,
More plesandlie the tyme for till ouer dryue,
I haue at lenth the storeis done discryue,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentill Iulius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius.

Of Iason and Medea, al at lenth,
Of Hercules the actis honorable,
And of Sampson the supernaturall strenth,
And of leil Luffaris storeis amiable.
And oftymes haue I feinzeit mony fable,

Of Troylus

Of Troylus, the ſorrow and the loy,
And Seigis all, of Tirc Thebes and Troy.

The Prophecyis of Rymour, Beid and Marling,
And of mony vther pleſand hiſtorie,
Of the reid Etin, and the gyir carling,
Confortand the, quhen that I ſaw the ſorie,
Now with the ſupport of the King of glorie,
I ſall the ſchaw ane ſtorie of the new,
The quhilk afore I neuer to the ſchew.

Bot humilie I beſeik thyne Excellence,
VVith ornate termes, thocht I can nocht expres,
This ſempyll mater for laik of eloquence,
Zit nochtwithſtanding, all my beſines.
VVith hart and hand my mynd I ſall addres,
As I beſt can, and moſt compendious,
Now I begyn, the mater hapnit thus.

THE PROLOG

IN the Kalendis of Januarie,
Quhen freſche Phebus be mouing circulair,
From Capricorne was enterit in Aquarie,
With blaſtis that the braneis maid full bair,
The ſnaw, and ſleit perturbit all the air,
And ſtemit Flora, from euerie bank and bus,
Throuch ſupport of the auſteir Eolus.

Eftir that I the lang wynteris night,
Had lyne waking, in my bed allone,

Throuch heuy thocht, that na way sleip I micht
Remembring of diuers thingis gone:
Sa vp I rose, and cleithit me anone,
Be this fair Titan, with his lemis licht,
Ouer all the land had spred hir baner bricht.

With cloke and hude, I dressit me belyue,
With dowbill schone, & myttanis on my handis,
Howbeit the air, wes richt penetratyue,
Zit fure I furth, lansing ouerthort the landis,
Towart the Sey, to schort me on the sandis,
Because vnblomit was baith bank and bray.
And sa as I was passing be the way,

I met dame Flora, in dule weid disagysit,
Quhilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With stalwart stormis, hir sweitnes wes suppressit
Hir heuinlie hewis, war turnit into sabill,
Quhilkis vmquhyle war to Luffaris amyabill,
Fled from the Frost, the tender flouris I saw,
Under Dame Naturis mantill lurking law.

The small Fowlis, in flokkis sawo I fle,
To Nature makand greit lamentatioun,
Thay lichtit doun besyde me on ane tre,
Of thair complaint, I had compassioun,
And with ane pieteous exclamatioun,
Thay said blissit be Somer with his flouris,
And waryit be thow wynter, with thy schouris.

Allace Aurora, the sillie Lark can cry,
Quhare hes thow left thy balmy liquour sweit,
That vs reiosit, be mounting in the sky?

Thy

Thy ſluer droppis arturnit into ſleit.
O fair Phebus, quhare is thy hollum heit?
Quhy rwlis thow, thy heuinlie plesand face,
with mystie vapouris to be obscurit allace?

Quhare art ỹ Day, vō June thy ſister ſcheine,
Weill bordourit with daſyis of delyte?
And gentill Julie, with thy maſull greine,
Enamurit with Roſis, reid and quhyte?
Now auld and cauld Januar in dispyte,
Reiffis from vs, all paſtyme and plesure.
Allace quhat gentill hart may this Indure?

Diuerſylit ar with cloudis odious,
The goldin skyis of the Orient,
Changing in ſorrow, our ſanct melodious,
Quhilk we had wount to ſing with gude intent.
Resound and to the Heuinnis flouris ſent,
Bot now our days ar changit in the nicht,
with that thay rais, & flew forth of my ſicht.

Perſyng me ỹ hart, pallyng full ſoberly,
Unto the Sey, for dreare I ſtare remane.
The Sey wes ſturt, the ſand wes ſmoith & dry,
Thaw vp and doun I maid my mone,
Till that I ſpyit, amang ỹ rud Cauſ of ſtone,
Vich in ane chalk vp hoir I did approche,
But tarying, and clam vp in the Roche.

And purpoſit, for paſſing of the tyme,
Me to defend from Ociositie,
With pen and paper to regiſter in Ryme,
Sum mery mater of Antiquitie.

Bot Idelusing ground of iniquitie,
Schomaid so dull my spreitis me within,
That I wist nocht at quhat end to begin.

Bot sat still in that coue, quhare I micht se,
The welterīng of the wallis vp and doun;
And this fals warldis Instabilitie
Vnto that sey makand comparisoun,
And of this warldis wrechit variatioun,
To thame that fixis all thair haill intent,
Considering quho most had, suld most repent.

So with my hude, my heid I happit warme,
And in my cloke, I fauldit baith my feit.
I thocht my corps, with cauld suld tak na harme
My mittanis held my handis weill in heit.
The stok and craig, me couerit from the sleit,
Thareftir I set my bonis for to rest;
Till Morpheus with sleip my spreit oppresst.

So throw the bountevus blastis of Eolus,
And throwout walkīng on the nicht before,
And throwout the seyis moving maruellous,
Be Neptunus, with mony rout and roze,
Constrainit I was to sleip withouttin moze.
And quhat I dremit in conclusioun,
I sall zow tell ane marvellous visioun.

The Dreme of Schir

Dauid Lindesay.

ME thocht ane lady of portratour perfyte,
Did salut me w̄ bening contenance,
And I quhilk of hir presens had delyte,
Till hir agane maid humill reuerence,
And hir demandit sauing hir plesance,
Quhat was hir name? scho answerit courteouslie
Dame Remembrance (scho said) callit am I.

Quhilk cummin is for pastyme and plesoure,
Of the, and for to beir the companie,
Because I se thy spreit without mesour,
So sore perturbit be melancholie,
Causing thy corps, to waxin cauld and dry,
Tharefore get vp and gang anone with me,
So war we boith in twinkling of ane Ee,

Doun throw the eirth, in middis of the Cēter
Or euer I wist into the lawest hell,
And to that carefull Coue, quhen we did enter,
Zowting and zowling we hard with mony yell
In flamme of fyre richt furious and fell,

Was cry and mony careſull Creature,
Blaſpheme and God, and warland Nature.

Thare ſaw we diuers Paipſ, and Empriours
Without recouer mony carefull kingis.
Thare ſaw we mony wrangous Conquerours,
Without tin richt, reiffaris of vtheris ringis,
The nicſt of Kirk, lay boundin into bingis,
Thare ſaw we mony careſull Cardinall,
And Archebiſchopis in thair Pontificall.

Prioude and peruerſt Prelatis, out of nummer
Tyrannis, Abbattis, and fals flatterand Freiris:
To ſpecifie thame all, it wer ane cummer,
Regular Chánonſ, churle Monkſ & Chartereiris
Curious Clerkis, and Preiſtis Seculeiris.
Thare was ſum part of ilk Religioun,
In holy Kirk, quhilk did abuſioun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance,
The cauſe of thir Prelatis punitioun.
Scho ſaid the cauſe of thair vnhappy chance,
Was Couetyee, Luſt, and ambitioun,
The quhilk now garris thame want fruitioun,
Of God, and heir eternallie mon dwell,
Into this painfull poiſonit pit of hell.

Als thay did nocht inſtruct the Ignorent,
Monocand thame to penitence be preiching,
Bot ſeruit waridlie Princis inſolent,
And war promouit, be thair fenzeit fleiching,
Nocht for thair ſcience, wiſdome nor teiching,
Be Symonie, was thair promotioun,

More

More for deueiris, nor for deuotioun.

Ane vther cause of the punitioun.
Of thir vnhappy Prelatis Imprudent,
Thay maid nocht equall distributioun,
Of haly Kirkis Patrimonie and rent,
Bot temporallie, thay haue it all mispent.
Quhilkis sulde haue bene trypartit into thre,
First to vphauld the Kirk in honestie.

The secund part to sustene thair estaitis,
The thrid part, to be geuin to the puris,
Bot thay dispone that geir all vther gaitis,
On cartis, and dyce, on harlotrie, and huris,
Thir Catyuis tuke na compt of thair awin curis
Thair Kirkis reuin, thair Ladyis clenely cled,
And richelie rewlit baith at bed and buird.

Thair bastard bairnis, proudely thay prouydit
The Kirk geir largelie, thay did on thame spend,
In thair defaltis, thair subditis wer misgydit,
And comptit nocht thair God for till offend,
Quhilk gart thame wãt grace at thair latter end.
Rewland that rout I saw in Caipis of Bras,
Symon Magus, and Bischop Caiphas.

Bischop Annas, and the Tratour Judas,
Machomeit, that Propheit poysonabill,
Chore, Dathan, and Abiron thare was,
Heretykis we saw innumerabill:
It was ane sicht, richt wounderous lamentabill
How that thay lay into thay flammis fleiting.
With carefull cryis, girning and greiting.

Religious men war punischit panefullie,
For vane glorie als for Inobedience,
Brekand thair constitutionis wilfullie,
Nocht hauand thair ouermen in reuerence,
To knaw thair rewll thay maid na diligence,
Vnciſſumlie thay vsit propertie,
Passing the boundis of wilfull pouertie.

Full sore weiping with vocis lamentabill,
Thay cryit loud, O Empriour Constantine
We may wyit thy possessioun poysonabill,
Of all our greit punitioun and pyne.
Howbeit thy purpose was till ane gude fyne,
Thow baneist from vs, trew deuotioun,
Hauand sic Ee till our promotioun.

Than we beheld ane den ful dolorous,
Quhare that Princis and Lordis Temporall,
War cruciate with penis rigorous.
Bot to expreme thair panis in speciall,
It dois exceid all my memoriall,
Importabill pane thay had but conforting,
Thair blude royall made thame na supporting.

Sum catiue Kingis for cruell oppressioun,
And vther sum for thair wrangous conquest,
War condampnit, thay and their successioun,
Sum for publict Adulterie and Incest.
Sum leit thair pepill neuer leue in rest,
Delyting so in plesour sensuall,
Quharefore thair pane was thare perpetuall.

Thare was the cursit Empriour Nero,

Of euerilk vice the horribill beschell,
Thare was Pharao, with diuers Princis mo,
Oppressouris of the bairnis of Israell,
Herode and mony mo, than I can tell,
Ponce Pylate was thare hangit be the hals,
With vniust Jugis, for thair sentence fals.

Dukis, Marquessis, Erlis, Barronis, Knichtis,
With thay Princis war punist panefullie.
Participant thay war of thair vnrichtis,
Fordwart we went, and leit thair Lordis ly,
And saw quhare Ladyis lamentabilly,
Lyke wod Lyonis war carefully cryand,
In flam of fyre, richt furiouslie fryand.

Empryces, Quenis, and Ladyis of honouris,
Mony Duches, and Countes, full of care:
Thay persit myne hart, thay tender Creaturis
So pynit in that pit full of dispare,
Plungit in pane, with mony reuthfull rair.
Sum for thair pryde, sum for adulterie,
Sum for thair tyisting men to Lecherie.

Sum had bene cruell and malicious,
Sum for making of wrangous heritouris,
For to rehers their lyffis vitious,
It war bot tarie to the auditouris,
Of Lecherie thay war the verray luris,
With thair prouocatiue Impudicitie,
Brocht mony ane man to Infelicitie.

Sum wemen for thair pusillanimitie,
Querlet wt schame, thay did thame neuer schryue,

Dis-

Quhat horribill torment of conſci ens was this auri cular cõ-feſſioun.

Of ſecreit Synnis, done in quietie,
And ſum repentit neuer in thair lyue:
Quharefor but reuth thay ruffe\ did thame tyne,
Rigorouſlie without compaſſioun.
Greit was thair Dule, and lamentatioun.

That we war maid, thay cryit oft allace,
Thus tormentit with panis intollerabill,
We mendit nocht, quhen we had tyme and ſpace
Bot tuke in eirth our luſtis delectabill:
Quharefor with feindis vgly and horribill,
We ar condampnit for euer mair allace,
Eternallie, withouttin hope of grace.

Quhare is the meit and drink delicious,
With quhilk we fed our carefull carionis?
Gold, ſiluer, ſilk, with Perlis precious,
Our ryches, rentis, and our poſſeſſionis?
Withouttin hope of our Remiſſionis,
Allace our panis ar Inſufferabill,
And our torments to compt Innumerabill.

Than we beheld, quhare mony ane thouſand,
Commoun pepill lay ſlichterand in the fyre,
Of euerilk ſtait, thare was ane bailfull band.
Thare micht be ſene, mony ſorrowfull Syre,
Sum for Inny ſufferit, and ſum for Ire,
And ſum for laik of reſtitutioun,
Of wrangous geir without Remiſſioun.

Vaneſworne Marchandis, for thair wrangous winning,
Vurdaris of gold and commoun Okkeraris,

Fals

Fals men of Law, in Cautelis richt cunning,
Theiffis, reuaris, and publyct oppreſſaris.
Sum part thare was of vnleill Laubozaris,
Craftiſmen thare ſaw we out of nummer,
Of ilk ſtate to declare, it war ane cummer.

And als langſum to me, foz tyll Indyte,
Of this prefoun, the painis in ſpeciall.
The heit, the cauld, the dolour and diſpyte,
Quharefoz I ſpeik of thame in generall:
That dully den, that furneis Infernall,
Quhoſe reward is, rew without remeid,
Euer deand, and neuer to be deid.

Hounger and thrift, in ſteid of meit and drink,
And foz thair cleithing, taidis and Scozpionis.
That mirk Manſioun is tapeſſit with ſtink:
Thay ſe na thing bot hozribill viſionis:
Thay here bot ſcozne and deriſionis,
Of foule feindis, and blaſphemationis,
Thair ſcilling is impoztabill paſſionis.

Foz melodie, miſerabill murning,
Thare is na ſolace, bot dolour infinyte,
In bailfull beddis, bitterlie burning,
With ſobbing, ſiching, ſozrow, and with ſyte,
Thair conſcience, thair hartis ſa did byte,
To heir thame flyte, it was ane cace of cair,
So in diſpyte plungit into diſpair.

A lytill aboue that dolourous doungeoun,
We enterit in ane Cuntrie full of cair,
Quhare that we ſaw mony ane Legioun,

Greitand

Gretand and gowland, with mony ruthfull rair.
Quhat place is this (quod I) of blis so bair,
So answerit, and said, Purgatozie,
Quhilk purgis Soulis, oz thay cum to glozie,

I se no plesour heir, bot mekle pane,
Quharefoze (said I) leif we this soyt in thrall,
I purpose neuer to cum heir agane.
Bot zit I do beleue and euer sall
That the true kirk can na way erre at all,
Sic thing to be, greit clerkis dois conclude,
Howbeit my hope, standis most in Chzistis blude

Sic was the ignorance of yai dayis that men euin of scharpest Iugemēt cold not espy all abusis.

Abuse that in the thrid presoun anone,
We enterit in ane place of perditioun,
Quhare mony babbis war makand drery mone,
Because thay wantit the fruitioun
Of God, quhilk was ane greit punitioun,
Of Baptisme, thay wantit the Ansenze,
Upwart we went, and left that mithles menge.

Intill ane Uolt, abone that place of pane,
Unto the quhilk but sudgeozne we ascendit,
That was the Lymb, in the quhilk did remane,
Our fozefatheris, because Adam offendit,
Eit and the frute, the quhilk was defendit,
Mony ane zeir thay dwelt in that doungeoun,
In mirknes, and in desolatioun.

Than thzouch the eirth, of nature cauld & dry,
Glaid to eschaip those places perrilous
We haistit vs richt wounder speidily.
Zit we beheld the Secretis maruellous,

The

The Wynis of Gold and stonis precious,
Of Syluer, and of euerilk fyne mettell,
Quhilk to declare, it war ouer lang to dwell.

Up throuch the water schortlie we intendit,
Quhilk enuironnis the eirth, withouttin dout.
Syne throw the air, schortlie we ascendit
His Regionis throuch, behalding in and out,
Quhilk eirth and water closis round about.
Syne schortly vpwart, throw the fyre we went
Quhilk wes the hiest, and hotest Element.

Quhen we had all thir Elements ouerpast:
That is to say, Eirth, Water, Air, and Fyre,
Upwart we went, withouttin ony rest,
To se the Heuinnis, was our maist desyre.
Bot or we micht win to the heuin Empyre,
It behuffit vs to pas, the way full euin.
Up throuch the Spheiris of the Planetis seuin.

First to the Moone, and besyit all hir Spheir
Quene of the Sey, and bewtie of the nicht,
Of nature wak and cauld, and na thing cleir,
For of her self, scho hes none vther licht,
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht.
The twelf signis scho passis round about,
In aucht and twentie dayis, withouttin dout.

Than we ascendit to Mercurious,
Quhilk Poetis callis God of Eloquence,
Richt Doctourlyke, with termes delicious,
In art expert, and full of Sapience:
It was plesour to pans on his Prudence,

Payn-

Payntouris, Poetis, ar subiect to his cure,
And hote and dry, he is of his Nature.

And als as cunning Astrologis sayis,
He dois compleit his cours Naturallie,
In thre houndreth & aucht, and threttie dayis,
Syne vpwart we ascendit haistelie,
To fair Venus, quhare scho richt lustelie,
Wes set into ane sait, of syluer scheve,
That fresche Goddes, that lustie luffis Quene.

Thy persit myne hart, hir blenkis amorous,
Howbeit that sumtyme scho is chengeabill,
With countenance and cheir full dolourous,
Quhylummis richt plesand, glaid & delectabill,
Sumtyme constant, and sumtyme variabill.
Yit hir bewtie, resplendent as the fyre,
Swagis the wraith of Mars, that God of Ire.

This plesand Planeit, gif I can richt descrive
Scho is baith hote and waik of hir Nature,
That is the cause, scho is prouocatiue,
Till all thame that ar subiectit to hir cure,
To Venus werkis, till that thay may indure.
As scho completis hir coursis naturail,
In twelf Monethis, withouttin ony fail.

Than past we to the Spheir of Phebus bricht,
That lustie Lamp & Lanterne of the Heuin,
And glaider of the Sterris with his licht:
And principall of all the Planeitis seuin,
And sat in myddis of thame all full euin,
As Roy Royall, rolling in his Spheir,

Full

Full plesandlie into his goldin Chair.

Quhose Influence and vertew excellent,
Geuis the lyfe till euerilk eirthlie thing.
That Prince of euerilk Planeit precellent,
Dois foster flouris, and garris herbis spring,
Thrauch the cauld eirth, and causis birdis sing,
And als his regular mouing in the heuin,
Is iust vnder the Zodiack full euin.

For to discryue his Diademe Royall,
Bordourit about with stonis schyning bricht.
His goldin Cart, or throne Imperiall,
The foure steidis, that drawis it full richt,
I leif to Poeitis, because I haue na slicht,
Bot of his nature he is hote and dry,
Compleitand in ane zeir his cours trewly.

Than vp to Mars, in hy we haistit vs,
Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder,
His face flammand, as fyre richt furious,
His bost and brag mair aufull than the thunder
Maid all ȳ heuin, most lyke to schaik in sunder,
Quha wald behald his conntenance and feir,
Micht call him weill the God of men of weir.

With colour reid and luke malicious,
Richt Colerik of his complexioun,
Austeir, angrie, sweir and seditious,
Principall cause of the destructioun,
Of mony gude and nobill Regioun:
War nocht Venus, his Ire dois mitigate,
This warld of peace wald be full desolate.

This God of grcif withouttin ſudgeoꝛning,
In zeiris twa, his cours he doith compleit,
Than paſt we vp quhare Iuppiter the King,
Sat in his Spheir, richt amiabill and ſweit,
Complexionate with waknes and with heit,
That plesand Pꝛince, ſair, dulce and delicate,
Pꝛonokis peace and baniſſis debait.

The auld Poeitis be ſuperſtitioun,
Held Iuppiter the Father pꝛincipall,
Of all thair Goddis in concluſioun,
For his pꝛerogatyuis in ſpeciall,
Als be his vertew into generall,
To auld Saturne, he makis reſiſtance,
Quhen in his malice he wald wirk vengeance.

This Iupiter withouttin ſudgeoꝛning,
Paſſis thꝛow all the twelf Planeitis full cleir,
In zeiris twelf, and than but tarying,
We paſt vnto the hyeſt of the ſeuin,
Till Saturnus, quhilk troublis all the heuin.
With heuy cheir, and colour paill as leid,
In him we ſaw bot dolour to the deid.

And cauld and dry he is of his nature,
Foule lyke ane Oule, of euill conditioun,
Richt vnpleſand he is of poꝛtrature,
His Intoxicate diſpoſitioun,
It puttis all thing to perditioun,
Ground of ſtrikues, and melancholious,
Peruerſt and pure baith fals and Inuyous.

His qualitie, I can nocht loue bot lack,

Asfo

As for his mouing naturallie but weir,
About the signis of the Zodiack,
He dois compleit his cours, in thretty zeir,
And so we left him in his frosty Spheir,
Upwart we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we come to the Firmament.

The quhilk was fyrit full of sterris bricht,
Of figour round, richt plesand and perfyte,
Quhose influence and richt excellent licht,
And quhose nummer may nocht be put in wryte,
Zit cunning Clerkis dois naturallie indyte,
How that he dois compleit his cours but weir,
In space of seuin and thretty thousand zeir.

Than the nyne Spheir, and mouair principall
Of all the laif, we besyit all that heuin,
Quhose daylie motioun is continuall,
Baith firmament, and all the Planeitis seuin,
From Eist to West; garris thame full euin,
Into the space of foure and twenty zeiris,
Zit be the myndis of the Astronomeiris.

The seuin Planeitis, into thair proper spheiris
From West to Eist, thay moue naturallie:
Sum swift, sum slaw, as to thair kind effeiris,
As I haue schawin afore specially,
Quhose motioun causis continuallie,
Richt melodious harmonie and sound,
And all throw mouing of this Planeitis round.

Than mountit we, with richt feruent desyre,
Up throw the heuin callit Crystaline,

And so we enterit into Yeuin Empyre,
Quhilk to descryue, it passis myne Ingyne,
Quhar God into his holy throne deuyne
Regnis into his glorie Inestimabill,
With Angellis cleir, quhilkis ar innumerabill.

In Ordouris nyne, thir spreitis glorious,
Ar deuydit, the quhilkis excellentlie,
Makis louyng with sound melodious,
Singand Sanctus, richt wounder feruentlie.
Thir ordouris nyne thay ar full plesandlie,
Deuydit into Hierarchies thre,
And thre Ordouris in euerilk Hierarchie,

The lawest Ordour is the Angellis bricht,
As Messingeris send to this lawe Regioun,
The secund Ordour Archangellis full of micht,
Uirtues, Potestatis, Principatis of renoun.
The sext is callit Dominationn.
The seuint Thronus, the aurhtin Cherubin,
The nynt and hyest, callit Seraphin.

And nixt vnto the blissit Trinitie,
In his tryumphand throne Imperiall,
Thre in till ane, and ane substance in thre,
Quhose indiuisibill Essence eternall,
The rude Ingyne of mankynd is to small,
Till comprehend, quhose power infinyte,
And deuyne nature na creature can wryte.

So myne Ingyne is nocht sufficient,
For to treit of his hich Diuinitie,
All mortall men ar insufficient,

Till

Till considder thay thre in vnitie,
Sic subtell mater I mon on neid lat be,
To studie on my Creid, it war full sair,
And lat Doctouris of sic hie matteris declair.

Than we beheld the blissit Humanitie,
Of Christ, sittand into his Sege Royall,
At the richt hand of the Diuinitie,
With ane excelland Court Celestiall,
Quhose exercitioun continuall,
Was in louyng thair Prince, with reuerence,
And on this wyse thay keipit Ordinance.

Nixt to the throne, we saw ỹ Quene of Quens
Weill companyit with Ladyis of delyte,
Sweit was the sang of those blyssit Virginis,
Na mortall man thair solace may indyte,
The Angellis bricht, in nummer infinyte,
Euerilk Ordour in thair awin degre,
War Officiaris vnto the Deitie.

Patriarkis and Propheitis, honorabill,
Collaterall Counsalouris in his consistorie,
Euangelistis, Apostolis venerabill,
War Capitanis vnto the King of Glorie,
Quhilk Chiftane lyke had wyn the victorie,
Of that tryumphand Court Celestiall,
Sanct Peter was Lieutenand generall.

The Martyris war as nobill stalwart knicht
Disconfitouris of cruell battellis thre,
The flesche, the warld, the feind & all his michtis,
Confessouris, Doctouris in Diuinitie,

As Chapell Clerkis vnto his Deitie,
And last we sawe infinyte multitude,
Makand seruice vnto his Celsitude.

Quhilkis be the hie diuyne permissioun,
Felicitie thay had inuariabill,
And of his Godheid cleir cognitioun,
And compleit peace thay had interminabill,
Thair glorie and honour was inseparabill,
That plesand place repleit of pulchritude,
Unmesurabill it was of magnitude.

Thare is plentie of all plesouris perfyte,
Euydent brichtnes, but obscuritie.
Withouttin dolour, dulcore and delyte,
Withouttin rancour perfyte Cheritie,
Withouttin hounger, satiabilitie,
O happy ar the Saulis predestinate,
Quhen Saule and body salbe glorificate.

Thir maruellous mirthis for to declare,
Be Arithmetike, thay ar innumerabill,
The portratour of that place preclare,
By Geometrie, it is immesurabill,
By Rethorike als Inpronunciable:
Thare is naue eiris may here, nor ene may sie,
Nor hart may think, this thair felicitie.

Quhare to sulde I presume for till indyte,
The quhilk Sanct Paule, that Doctour sapient
Can nocht expres, nor into paper wryte,
The hie excellent work indeficient,
And perfyte plesour euer permanent,

In pre

In preſence of that michtie King of gloze,
Quhilk was, and is, and ſalbe euer moze.

At Remembrance, humilitie I did inquyre,
Gif I micht in that pleſour ſtill remane.
(Scho ſaid) aganis reſoun is thy deſyre:
Quharefoz, my freind, thow mon returne agane,
Into the warld, quhare thow ſall ſuffer pane,
And thole the deith with cruell panis ſoze,
Oz thow be digne, to regne with him in gloze.

Than we returnit ſoze aganis my will,
Doun throw Spheiris of the heuinnis cleir,
Hir commandement behuiffit I fulfill,
With ſozie hart, wit ze withouttin weir:
I wald full faine haif taryit thare all zeir:
Bot ſcho ſaid to me, thare is na remeid,
Oz thow remane heir, firſt thow mon be deid.

Quod I, I pray zow hartfully madame,
Sen we haue had ſic Contemplatioun,
Of heuinlie pleſouris, zit oz we pas hame,
Lat vs haue ſum conſideratioun,
Of eirth, and of his ſituatioun.
Scho anſwerit, and ſaid, that ſalbe done,
So wer we boith brocht in the air full ſone.

Quhare we micht ſe the eirth all at ane ſicht,
Bot lyke ane moit, as it appeirit to me,
In the reſpect of the heuinnis bricht:
I haue maruell (quod I) how this may be,
The eirth ſemis of ſo ſmall quantitie.
The leiſt ſterne fixit the Firmament,

Is mair than all the eirth be my Jugement.

Scho sayis Sone, ÿ hes schawin the veritie,
The smallest sterne fixit in the firmament,
In deid it is of greiter quantitie,
Than all the eirth, efter the intent,
Of wise and cunning Clerkis sapient,
Quhat quantitie is than the eirth (quod I)
That sall I schaw (quod scho) to the schortly.

Efter the myndis of the Astronomouris,
And speciallie the Author of the Spheir,
And vther diuers greit Philosophouris,
The quantitie of the eirth Circuleir,
Is fiftie thousand liggis, withouttin weir,
Seuin houndreth, and fiftie and no mo,
Deuyding ay ane leig, in mylis two.

And euerilk myle, in aucht staidis deuyde,
Ilk staid, ane houndreth pais, twenty and fyue,
Ane pais fyue fute, quha wald than richt deryde
Ane fute four palmes, gif I can richt descryue,
Ane palme four Inche, and quha sa wald belyue
The circuite of the eirth, pas round about,
Mon be consideerit on this wise but dout.

Suppone that thare war none Impediment,
Bot that the eirth but perrell war and plane,
Syne that the person war richt diligent,
And zeid ilk day, ten leiggis in certane,
He micht pas round about, and cum agane,
In four zeiris, sextene Oulkis, and dayis two,
Ga reid the Auctour, and thou sall find it so.

The

The Diuiſioun of the Eirth. II.

THen certanlie ſcho tuke me be the hand,
And ſaid, my ſone, cum on thy way wᵗ me
And ſo ſcho gart me cleirly vnderſtand,
How that the eirth tripartit was in thre:
In Aphrike, Europe and in Aſie:
Efter the myndis of the Coſinographouris,
That is to ſay the warldis Deſcriptouris.

First Aſia contenit is in the Orient,
And is weill moꝛe, than baith the vther twane,
Aphrik, and Europe in the Occident,
And ar deuydit in ane ſey certane,
And that is callit te Sey Mediterrane,
Quhilk at the ſtrait of Marrok hes entrie,
That is betuix Spanze and Barbarie.

Towart the Southweſt lyis Aphrica,
And in the Northweſt Europa doith ſtand,
And all the Eiſt conteinis Aſia.
On this wyſe, is deuydit the ferme land,
It war inekle to me, to tak on hand,
Thir Regionis, to declare in ſpeciall.
Zit ſall I ſchaw thair names in generall.

In mony diuers famous Regionis,
Is deuydit this part of Aſia,
Weill pleniſch it with Cieteis, Townis & townis
The greit Inde, and Meſopotainia,
Penthapolis, Egypt and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres and Armenie,

Babilon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie.

Sidon, Judea, and Palestina,
Upper Scithia, Tire and Galilie,
Yiberia, Bactria and Phylestina,
Hircania, Compagena, and Samarie.
In lytill Asia standis Galathie,
Pamphilia, Isauria and Leid,
Rhegia, Arethusa, Assyria and Meid.

Secundlie we consideris Aphrica,
With mony fructfull famous Regioun,
As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
Newges, quhare standis the tryumphand toun,
Of nobill Carthage, that cietie of renoun.
Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia,
Getulia and Mauritania.

Fezensis, Numidie and Thingitane:
Of Affricke thir ar the principall.
Than Europe we consideris in certane,
Quhose Regionis schortlie reherse I sall:
Four principallis I find abone thame all,
Quhilkis ar Spanze Italie and France,
Quhose Subregionis wer mekle till auance.

Aether Scithia, Thrace and Carmanie,
Thusia, Histria, and Pannonia,
Denmark, Gotland, Grundland, and Almanie,
Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rethia,
Teutonica, and mony diuers ma,
And was in four deuydit Italie,
Tuscane, Hethruria, Naplis, and Champanie.

And

And ſubdeuydit ſindry vther wayis,
As Lumbardic, Veneis, and vther ma,
Calaber, Romanie, and Genowayis.
In Grece, Epyrus and Dalmatia,
Theſſalie, Attica, and Illyria,
Achaya, Beotia and Macedone,
Archadie, Pierie and Lacedemone.

And France we ſawe deuydit into thre,
Belgica, Celtiea, and Aquitane.
And ſubdeuydit in Flanderis, Picardie,
Normandie, Gaſconze, Burgunze and Britane,
And vtheris diuers Duchereis in certane,
The quhilkis wer to lang for to declair,
Quharefore of thame as now I ſpeik na mair.

In Spanze lyis Caſtillie and Arragone:
Nauarre, Galice, Portugall and Granate,
Than ſawe we fainous Ilis mony one,
Quhilkis in the Occeane ſey was ſituate,
Thame to diſcriue, my wit was deſolate,
Of Coſmographie I am nocht expart
For I did neuer ſtudie in that art,

Zit I ſal ſum of thair names declare,
As Madagaſcar, Gades, and Taprobane,
And vther diuers Ilis gude and fair,
Situate into the ſey Mediterrane,
As Cyper, Candie, Corſica and Sardane,
Crete, Abydos, Thoes, Sicilia,
Tapſus, Eolie, and mony vther ma.

Quha wald at lenth here the deſcriptioun,

Of

Of euerilk Ile, als weill as the ferme land,
And properteis of euerilk Regioun,
To study and to reid mon tak on hand,
And the attentike werkis vnderstand,
Of Plinius and worthy Ptholomie,
Quhilkis war expert into Cosmographie.

Thare sall thay find the namis and properteis
Of euerie Ile and of ilk Regioun.
Than I inquirit of eirthly Paradeis,
Of the quhilk Adam tynt possessioun.
Than schew scho me the situatioun,
Of that precelland place of delyte,
Quhose properteis wer lang for to Indyte:

III. Of Paradyse.

THis Paradise, of all plesour repleit,
Situate I saw to the Orient
That glorious gairth of euery flouris did fleit,
The lustie lillyis, the rosis redolent,
Fresche hailsum fructis indeficient,
Baith herbe and tre, thare growis euer grene,
Throw vertew of the temperate air serene.

The sweit hailsuu Aromatike odouris,
Proceiding from the herbis Medicinall,
The heuinlie hewis of the fragrant flouris,
It was ane sicht wounder celestiall,
The perfectioun to schaw in speciall,
And Joyis of the Regioun diuine,
Of mankynde, it exceidis the Ingyne.

And

And als so hie in situatioun,
Surmounting the myd Regioun of the air,
Quhare na maner of perturbatioun,
Of wedder may ascend so hie as thair:
Four fludis flowing from ane fontane fair,
As Tigris, Ganges, Euphrates and Nyle.
Quhilk in the Eist, transcurris mony ane myle.

The Cuntrie closit is about full richt,
With wallis hie, of hote and birning fyre,
And straitly keipit be ane Angell bricht,
Sen the departing of Adam our Grandschyre
Quhilk throw his cryme incurrit Goddis Ire,
And of that place tynt the possessioun,
Baith from him self, and his successioun.

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance,
All this forsaid had gart me vnderstand,
I prayit hir of hir beneuolence,
To schaw to me the Cuntrie of Scotland,
Weill sone (scho said) that sall I take on hand,
So suddandlie, scho brocht me in certane,
Euin iust, abone the braid Ile of Britane.

Quhilk standis Northwest in the Orceane sey
And deuydit in famous Regionis two.
The South part Inglād, ane ful riche countrey,
Scotland be North, with mony Ilis mo.
Be West Iugland, Ireland doith stand also:
Quhose properteis I will nocht take on hand,
To schaw at lenth, bot onelie of Schotland,

Of

IIII. Of the Realme of Scotland.

QVhilk efter my ſempyl Intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I ſall declare the ſuith and verrayment,
As I beſt can, and into termes ſchort,
Quharefor effectouſlie, I zow exhort,
Howbeit my wryting be nocht till auance,
Zit quhare I faill, excuſe myne Ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouerſene this Regioun,
The quhilk of Nature is boith gude and faire,
I did propone, ane litill queſtioun,
Beſeikand hir, the ſame for to declare.
Quhat is the cauſe our boundis bene ſo bare?
(Quod I) or quhat dois moue our miſerie,
Or quhareof dois proceid our pouertie?

For throw the ſupport of zour hie prudence,
Of Scotland I perſaue the properteis.
And als conſidderis be experience,
Of this countrie the greit commoditeis.
Firſt the aboundance of fiſchis in our ſeis,
And fructuall montanis for our beſtiall,
And for our cornis, mony lufty baill.

The riche ryueris, pleſand and proffitabill,
The luſtie loichis, with fiſche of ſindry kyndis,
Hounting, halking, for nobillis conuenabill,
Forreſtis full of Da, Ra, Hartis and Hyndis,
The freſche fontanis, quhoſe hailſum criſtal ſtra-
Refreſchis ſo the flouriſchit greene meidis, (dis,

So laik

So laſk we na thing that to nature neidis,

Of euerilk mettell we haue the riche mynis,
Baith gold, ſiluer, and ſtonis pzecions.
Howbeit we want the Spycis and the wynis,
Or vther ſtrange fructis delicious.
We haue als gude, & moze neidfull foz vs,
Weit, drink, fyze, claithȝ yair micht be gart aboūd
Quhilkis ellis is nocht in the Wapamound.

Moze fairer, noz of greiter ingyne,
Noz of mair ſtrenth, greit deidis till indure,
Quharefoze I pzay zow, that ze wald defyne,
The pzincipall cauſe quharefoze we ar ſo pure,
Foz I maruell greitlie, I zow aſſure,
Conſidderand the pepill, and the ground,
That richȝes ſuld nocht in this realme redound.

My Sone (ſcho ſaid) be my diſcretioun,
I ſall mak anſweit, as I vnderſtand,
I ſay to the vnder confeſſioun,
The falt is nocht, I dar weill take on hand,
Nother into the pepill noz the land,
As foz the land, it laikis na vther thing,
Bot laubour and the pepillis gouerning.

Than quharein lyis our inpzoſperitie,
(Quod I) I pzay zow hartfullie Madame,
Ze wald declare to me the veritie,
Or quha ſall beir of our barrat the blame?
Foz be my treuth to ſe, I think greit ſchaine,
So pleſand pepill and ſa fair ane land,
And ſo few verteous deidis tane on hand.

Quod

Quod scho, I sall efter my Iugement,
Declare sum causis into generall,
And into termes schort schaw myne intent:
And syne transcend into moꝛe speciall.
So this is myne concluſioun finall:
Wanting of Iustice, Policie and Peace,
Ar cause of thir vnhappines allace.

It is difficill, riches till increꝛ,
Quhare Polycie makith na residence.
And Policie may neuer haue entres,
Bot quhare that Iustice dois diligence,
To puneis quhare thare may be found offence,
Iustice may nocht haue Dominatioun,
Bot quhare peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the cause that wald I vnderstand,
That we suld want Iustice and policie,
Mair than dois Fraꝛnce, Italie, oꝛ Ingland,
Madame (quod I) schaw me the veritie?
Sen we haue Lawis in this Cuntrie,
Quhy want we Lawis exercitioun,
Quha suld put Iustice till execution.

Quhare in dois stand our principall remeid,
Oꝛ quha may mak amendis of this mischeif?
(Quod scho) I find the falt into the heid,
Foꝛ thay, in quhome dois ly our haill releif,
I find thame rute, and ground of all our greif,
Foꝛ quhen the heidis ar nocht diligent,
The membꝛis mon on neid be negligent.

So I conclude the causis principall,

Of all

Of all the trubill of this Natioun,
Ar into Princis into speciall,
The quhilkis hes the Gouernatioun,
And of the pepill Domination.
Quhose contynuall exercitioun,
Sulde be in Justice Executioun.

For quhen the sleuthfull hird dois slouge & sleip,
Taking na cure, in keiping of his flok,
Quha will ga serche amang sic hirdis scheip,
May able find mony pure scabbit crok,
And goyng wyld at large withouttin lok,
Than Lupus cummis & Lowrence in ane ling,
And dois but reuth, the sely scheip dounthring.

Bot the gude hird, walkryfe and diligent,
Doith so, that all his flockis ar rewlit richt,
To quhose quhissell all ar obedient,
And gif the wolfis cummis day or nicht,
Thame to deuore, than ar thay put to flicht,
Houndit and slane be thair weill dantit doggis,
So ar thay sure, baith ewis, lambis, & hoggis.

So I conclude that throw the negligence,
Of our infatuate heidis insolent,
Is cause of all this Realmes indigence,
Quhilkis in Justice hes nocht bene diligent,
Bot to gude counsaill inobedient,
Hauand small ee vnto the commoun weill,
Bot to thair singular profyte euerilk deill.

For quhen thir wolfis be oppressioun,
The pure peple bot pitie doith oppres,

Than sulde the princis mak punitioun,
And cause thay Rebaldis for to mak redres,
That ryches micht be, and Policie incress,
Bot richt difficill it is to mak remeid,
Quhen that the falt is sa into the heid.

V. The complaint of the Common weill of Scotland.

AND thus as we wer talking to and fro,
We saw a busteous berne cum ouir ye bent,
Bot hors on fute als fast as he micht go,
Quhose rayment wes all raggit, reuin and rent,
With visage lene, as he had fastit Lent:
And fordwart fast his wayis he did aduance.
With ane richt melancholious countenance.

With scrip on hip, and pykstaff in his hand,
As he had bene purposit to pas fra hame,
(Quod I) gude man, I wald fane understand,
Gif ought ye pleisit, to wit quhat wer your name
(Quod he) my sone, of that I think greit schame:
Bot sen thow wald of my name haue ane feill,
Forsuith thay call me Jhone the Comoun weill.

Sythe Comoun weil, quha hes zow sa dischyld
(Quod I) or quhat makis zow sa miserabill?
I hane marrell, to se zow sa suppryssit,
The quhilk that I haue sene so honorabill,
To all the warld ze haue bene profitabill,
And weil vorocht in cuerilk Nationn,

How happinnis now your tribulatioun?

Allace (quod he) thow seis how it dois stand,
With me, and how I am dispherisit,
Of all my grace, and mon pas of Scotland,
And ga afore, quhare I was cherisit,
Remane I heir, I am bot perischit,
For thare is few to me, that takis tent,
That garris me ga, sa raggit, reuin and rent.

My tender freindis ar all put to the flicht,
For Policie is fled agane in France,
My syster Justice almaist haith tynt hir sicht,
That scho can nocht hald euinly hir ballance,
Plane wrang is plane Capitane of Ordinance,
The quhilk debarris Lawte and resoun,
And small remeid is found for oppin treasoun.

Into the South allace, I was neir slane,
Quer all the land I culde find na releif,
Almost betuix the Mers, and Loichmabane,
I culde nocht knaw ane leill man be ane theif,
To schaw thair reif, thift, murthour, & mischeif,
And vicious workis; it wald infect the air,
And als langsum to me for till declair.

Into the hie land, I could find na remeid,
Bot suddandlie I was put to exile,
Thay sweir swingeour; yai tuke of me none heid
Nor amangis thame, lat me remane ane quhyle:
Als in the out Ilis, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, sweirnes, falset, pouertie and stryfe,
Pat Policie in danger of hir lyfe.

In the lawe land I come to seik refuge,
And purposit thare to mak my residence,
Bot singulare prosect gart me sone disluge,
And did me greit iniuris and offence,
And said to me, swyith harlote, hy the hence,
And in this countrie se thow tak na curis,
So lang as my authoritie induris.

And now I may mak na langer debait,
For I wait nocht, quhome to I sulde me mene,
For I haue socht throw all the Spirituall stait,
Quhilkis tuke na compt for to heir me complene
Thare officiaris thay held me at disdane,
For Symonie, he rewlis vp all that rout,
And Couetice that Carle gart bar me out.

Pryde haith chaist from thame humilitie,
Deuotioun is fled vnto the freiris,
Sensual plesour hes baneist chaistitie,
Lordis of Religioun thay go lyke Secularis,
Taking mair compt in telling thair deneiris,
For thay do of thair constitutioun,
Thus ar thay blyndit be ambitioun.

Our gentill men ar all degenerate.
Liberalitie and Lawtie, baith ar lost,
And Cowardice with Lordis is laureate,
And knichtlie curage turnit in brag and bost,
The Ciuill weir misgydis euerilk oist,
Thare is nocht ellis bot ilk man for him self,
That garris me ga thus banist lyke ane elf.

Tharefor adew, I may na langer tarie,

Fare

Fare weil (quod I) ſa wō ſanct Johne to borrow
Bot wit ze weil, my hart was wounder ſarie,
Quhen comoun weill ſo ſopit was in ſorrow,
Yit efter the nicht, cummis the glaid morrow:
Quharefore I pray zow, ſchaw me in certane,
Quhen that ze purpoſe for to cum agane.

That queſtioun it ſalbe ſone decydit,
(Quod he) thare ſall na Scot haue conforting,
Of me till that I ſe the Countrie gydit,
Be wyſedome of ane gude auld prudent king,
Quhilk ſall delyte him maiſt abone all thing,
To put Juſtice till executioun,
And on ſtrang tratouris make punitioun.

Als zit to the I ſay ane vther thing,
I ſe richt weill that Prouerbe is full trew,
Wo to the Realme, that hes ouer zoung ane king
With that he turnit his back, and ſaid Adew,
Ouer firth and fell, richt faſt fra me he flew:
Quhoſe departing to me was diſpleſand,
With that Remembrance tuke me be the hand.

And ſone me thocht ſcho brocht me to ȳ roche,
And to the Coue, quhare I began to ſleip,
With that ane ſchip did ſpeidily approche,
Full pleſandly ſailling vpon the deip,
And ſyne did ſlak hir ſaillis, and gon to creip,
Towart the land, anent quhare that I lay:
Bot wit ze weill, I gat ane fellown fray.

All hir Canoonis, ſche leit crak atonis,
Down ſchuke the ſtremaris, frome the topcaſtell

Thay ſpairit nocht the poulder nor the ſtonis,
Thay ſchot thair boittis, & doun thair ankers fell,
The Marinaris, thay did ſo ȝout and ȝell,
That haiſtelie I ſtert out of my Dreme,
Half in ane fray, and ſpeidilie paſt hame.

And lychtlie dynit, with liſt and appetyte,
Syne eftir paſt in till ane Oritore,
And tuke my pen, and thare began to wryte,
All the viſioun that I haue ſchawin afore.
Schir of my Dreme, as now thou gettis no more
Bot I beſeik God, for to ſend the grace,
To rewle thy Realme in vnitie and pace.

VI. THE EXHORTATION to the Kingis Grace.

SChir ſen that God of his prevordinance,
Hath grantit the, to haue the gouernance
Of his peple, and create the ane King,
Faill nocht to prent in thy remembrance,
That he will nocht excuſe thyne Ignorance,
Giff thow be rekles in thy gouerning.
Quharefor dres the above all vther thing,
Of his lawis to keip the obſeruance,
And thow ſchalt lang in Royaltie to ring.

Thank him, that hes cõmandit dame Nature
To prent the of ſa pleſand portrature,
Hir giftis may be cleirly on the knawin,
Till dame Fortune thow neidis na procurature,
Forſcho hes largelie kyith on the hir cure,

Hir

Vir gratitude ſcho hes vnto the ſchawin.
And ſen that thou mon ſcheir as thou hes ſawin,
Haue all thy hope in God thy Creatour,
And aſk him grace, that thow may be his awin.

And ſyne conſidder thy vocatioun,
That for to haue the gubernatioun,
Of this kynrik, thow art predeſtinate,
Thow may weill wit be trew narratioun,
Quhat ſorrow and quhat tribulationn,
Hes bene in this pure Realme infortunate,
Now comforte thame, that hes bene deſolate,
And of thy pepill haue compaſſioun,
Sen thow be God art ſo preordinate.

Tak manlie curage, and leif thyne Inſolence,
And vſe counſaill of nobill dame Prudence,
Founde the fermelie on Faith and Fortitude.
Draw to thy court Juſtice and Temperance.
And to the Commoun weill haue attendance,
And alſo I beſeik thy Celſitude,
Hait vicious men, and lufe thame that ar gude,
And ilk flatterar thow ſceme frome thy preſence,
And fals report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equall Juſtice, baith to greit and ſmall,
And be exempill to thy pepill all,
Exercing vertuous deidis honorabill,
Be nocht ane wrache, for ought that may befall,
To that vnhappy vice and thow be thrall,
Till all men thow ſa'be abhominabill,
Kingis nor knichtis ar neuer commendabill,

To rewle pepill, be thy nocht liberall,
Was neuer zit na wrecche to honour abill.

And take exemple of the wrechit ending,
Quhilk maid Wyrdas, of Thrace the michty king
Chat to his Goddis maid Inuocatioun,
Throw gredines that all substantiall thing,
That euer he twichit, suld turne but tarying,
Into fyne golde, he gat his supplicatioun,
All that he twichit but dilatioun,
Turnit in golde, boith meit, drink and cleithing,
And deid for hounger but recreatioun.

Als I beseik thy Maiestie serene,
From Lecherie thow keip thy body clene,
Taist neuer that intoxicat poysoun,
From that vnhappy sensuall sin abstene,
Till that thow get ane lustie plesand Quene,
Than tak thy plesour with my benissoun.
Tak tent how prideful Tarquine tynt his croun
For the defoysing of Lucrece the schene.
And was depryuit, and baneist Romes toun.

And in dispite of his lecherous leuing,
The Romanis wald be subiect to na king,
Mony lang zeir, as storyis doith record,
Till Iulius, throw verteous gouerning,
And Princely curage gan on thame to ring,
And chosin of Romanis, Empriour and Lord,
Quharefor my Souerane into thy mynd remord
That vicious lyfe, makis oft ane euill ending,
Without it be throw speciall grace restord.

And

And gif thou wald thy fame and honour grew
Use counsall of thy prudent Lordis trew,
And se thow nocht presumptuouslie pretend,
Thy awin particular weill for till ensew,
Wirck with consall, so sall thow neuer rew,
Remember of thy freindis the fatall end,
Quhilkis to gude counsall wald not condiscend,
Till bitter deith (allace) did thame persew,
Frome sic vnhap I pray God the defend.

And finallie, remember thow mon de,
And suddandlie pas of this mortall se,
And art nocht sicker of thy lyfe twa houris,
Sen thare is nane from that sentence may flie,
King, Quene, nor Knicht of lawe estait nor hie,
Bot all mon thole of deith, the bitter sthouris.
Quhare ben thay gane, thir Papis & Empriour?
Bene thay nocht dede, so sall it fare on the:
Is na reneid, strenth, riches, nor honouris.

And so for conclusioun,
Mak our prouisioun,
To get the infusioun,
Of his hie grace:

Quhilk bled with effusioun,
With scorne and derisioun,
And deit with confusioun,
Confirmand our peace. AMEN.

FINIS.

VII. THE COMPLAYNT of Schir Dauid Lindesay, of the Mont Knicht, &c. directit to the Kingis Grace.

* *
*

SChir I beseik thyne Excellence,
Here my complaint with pacience,
My dolent hart dois me constraine,
Of my Infortune to complaine,
Nowbeit I stand in greit doutance,
Quhome I sall wyte of my mischance.
Quhidder Saturnus crueltie,
Regnand in my Natiuitie,
Be bad aspect, quhilk wirkis vengeance
Or vtheris heuinlie Influence.
Or gif I be predestinate,
In Court to be Infortunate,
Quhilk hes so lang in seruice bene,
Continually with King and Quene,
And enterit to thy Maiestie,
The day of thy Natiuitie,
Quharethrow my freindis bene eschamit
And with my face I am defamit,
Seand that I am nocht regardit,
Nor with my brether in court rewardit,
Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,
That seikis nocht sum recompence,
Quhen diuers men dois me demand,
Quhy gettis thou nocht sum pece of land,

Als

Als weill as vtlyer men hes gottin,
Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
Quhith sic extreme discomfoꝛting,
That I can mak na answering.
I wald sum wise man did me techc,
Quhidder that I suld flatter oꝛ fleche,
I will nocht flyte, that I conclude,
Foꝛ crabing of thy Celsitude:
And to flatter I am defamit,
Want I reward, than am I schamit:
Bot I hope, thow sall do als weill,
As did the Father of Fameill,
Of quhome Christ makis mentioun,
Quhilk foꝛ ane certane pensioun,
Feit men to wirk in his wyne ꝛaird,
Bot quha came last, gat first rewaird,
Quharethꝛow ꝑ first men wer displeisit,
Bot he thame ꝓudentlie ameisit:
Foꝛ thocht the last men, first wer seruit,
Zit gat the first that day deseruit.
So am I sure thy Maiestie,
Sal ainis reward me oꝛ I die,
And rub the roust of my Ingyne,
Quhilk bene foꝛ langour lyke to tyne:
Althocht I beir nocht lyke ane baird,
Lang seruice ꝛaimis ay rewaird.
I can nocht blame thyne Excellence,
That I sa lang want recompence,
Had I solystit lyke the laue
My reward had nocht bene to craue,
Bot now I may weill vnderstand,

Ane dum man zit wan neuer land.
And in the Court men gettis na thing,
Without inopportune asking,
Allace my sleuth and schamefulnes,
Debarrit fra me all gr:dines.
Gredie men that ar diligent,
Richt oft obtenis thair intent,
And failzeis nocht to conqueis landis,
And namelie at zoung Princis handis.
Bot I tuke neuer none vther cure,
In speciall bot for thy plesure,
Bot now I am na mair dispaird,
Bot I sall get Princely rewaird,
The quhilk to me salbe mair gloze,
Nor thame thow did reward afore:
Quhen men dois aske ocht at ane King,
Sulde ask his grace ane nobill thing,
To his Excellence honorabill,
And to the asker profitabill,
Thocht I be in my asking lidder,
I pray thy grace for to considder.
Thow hes maid baith lordis & lairdis,
And hes geuin mony riche rewairdis,
To thame that was full far to seik,
Quhen I lay nichtly be thy cheik.
I tak the Quenis grace thy mother,
My Lord Chancellar and mony vther,
Thy Nuris and thy auld Maistres,
I tak thaime all to beir witnes.
Auld Millie Dillie, wer he on lyue,
My lyfe full weill he could discryue.

How

How as ane chapman beiris his pak,
I bure thy grace vpon my bak.
And sumtymes stridlingis on my nek,
Dansand with uony bend and bek.
The first sillabis that thow did mute,
was pa, da lyn vpon the lute.
Than playit I twentie spyngis perqueir,
Quhilk was greit pietie for to heir.
Fra play thow leit me neuer rest,
Bot gynkertoim thow luifit ay best.
And ay quhen thow come frome the scule,
Than I behuifit to play the fule:
As I at lenth into my Dreme,
Wy sindry seruyce did expreme.
Thocht it bene better (as sayis the wife)
Hap to the Court, nor gude seruise:
I wait thow luifit me better than,
Nor now sum wife dois hir gude man.
Than men till vther did reuyd,
Said Lyndesay, wald be maid ane Lord;
Thow hes maid lordis (Schir) be sanct Geill,
Of sum, that hes nocht seruit so weill.
To zow my Lordis that standis by,
I sall zow schaw the cauſis quhy,
Gif ze list tary, I sall tell,
How my Infortune first befell.
I prayit daylie on my kne,
Wy zoung maister that I micht se,
Of eild in his Estait Royall.
Hauand power Imperiall:
Than traistit I without demand,

To be

To be prompit to sum laud,
Bot my asking I gat ouer sone,
Because ane Chips fell in the Mone,
The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir,
Than did my purpose ryn areir,
The quhilk war langsum till declair,
And als my hart is wounder sair,
Quhen I haue in remembrance,
The suddand change to my myschance.
The King was bot twelf yeiris of age,
Quhen vnto reuolaris came in thir rage
For commoun weill makand na cair,
Bot for thair profyte singulair.
CImprudently lyke wittes fulis,
Thay tuke ye young Prince from ye schulis
Quhare he vnder Obedience,
Was leirnand Vertew and Science,
And haistelie sat in his hand,
The gouernance of all Scotland,
As quha wald in ane stormie blast,
Quhen Mariners betwe all agast,
Throw danger of the seis rage,
Wald take ane chylde of tender age,
Quhilk neuer had beue vpon the sey,
And to his bidding all obey,
Geuing him haill the gouernall,
Of Schip, Marchand and Marinall,
For dreid of rockis and foreland,
To put the Ruther in his hand,
Without Goddis grace is na refuge,
Gif thare be danger, ye may Juge,

I gene thame to the Deuill of Hell,
Quhilk first deuyse that counsell.
I will nocht say that it was treasoun,
Bot I dar sweir it was nane reasoun:
I pray God, lat me neuer sie ring,
Into this Realme so young ane king.
¶ I may nocht tary to deyde it,
How than ỳ court ane quhile was gydit
Be thame that partlie tuke on hand,
To gyde the King and all Scotland,
And als langsum for to declair,
Thair facund flattering wordis fair.
Schir, sum wald say, your Maiestie,
Sall now ga to your libertie,
Ze sall to na man be courtlie,
Nor to the scule na mair subiectit.
We think thame verray naturall fulis,
That leirnis ouer mekle at the scules.
Schir, ze mon leirne to ryn ane speir,
And gyde now lyke ane man of weir,
For we sal get sic men about zow,
That all ỳ warld, and no fall dout zow,
Than to his grace thay put ane gaird,
Quhilk haistely gat thair reward:
Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
Thay did solist his Maiestie,
Sum gart him rauell at the racket,
Sum harlit him to the hurly hacket.
And sum to schaw thair courtlie corage,
Wald ryid to leith, and ryn thair horse,
And wichtly wallop ouer the sandis

Ze nother ſpairit ſpurris nor wandis,
Caſtand galmoundis with bendis and beckis,
For wantones, ſum brak thair neckis.
Thare was na play bot cartis and dyce,
And ay ſchir flatterie bure the pryce.
Roundand and rowkand ane till ane vther,
Tak thow my part (quod he) my bruther,
And mak betuix vs ſicker bandis,
Quhen ocht ſall baik amangis our handis,
That ilk man ſtand to help his fallow:
I hald thareto mon be alhallow,
Swa thow ſilche nocht within my boundis,
That ſall I nocht by Goddis woundis,
(Quod he) but eirar tak thy part.
Swa ſall I thyne be Goddis hart.
And gif the Theſaurar be our freind,
Than ſall we get baith tak and teind,
Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang vs?
Bot we ſall part the pelf amang vs.
Bot haiſt vs quhile the king is young,
And lat ilk man keip weill ane toung,
And in ilk quarter haue ane ſpy,
Vs till adwertis haiſtely,
Quhen ony cummeris,
Sall happin in till our countreis,
Lat vs mak ſure proviſioun,
Or he cum to diſcreicioun.
Na mair he wait nor dois ane ſanct,
Quhat thing it behe to haue or want.
So or he ſe vf purſyte age
We ſalbe ſicker of our wrange,

And

And syne lat ilk ane carll craue vther,
That mouth speik mair (quod he) my brother,
For God nor I rax in ane raip,
Thow micht giue counsall to the Paip:
Thus tauboxit thay within few zeiris,
That thay became no paigis peiris,
Swa haistelie thay maid ane hand:
Sum gadderit gold, sum conqueist land.
(Schir) sum wald say be sanct Dionis,
Gene me sum fat Benefyis,
And all the profyt ze sall haue,
Geue me the name, tak zow the laue,
Bot be his bowis war weill cummit hame,
To mak seruice he wald think schame:
Syne slip away withouttin moze,
Quhen he had gottin that he sank foze,
We thocht it was ane pieteous thing,
To se that fair zoung tender king,
Of quhome thair gallandis stude none aws,
To play with him pluk at the crawe,
Thay become siche I zow assure,
Bot ay the Prince remanit pure,
Thare was few of that garnisoun,
That leicnit him ane gude lessoun.
Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter,
Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter.
(Quod ane) the Deuill stik me with ane knife.
Bot schir, I knaw ane maide in fyse,
Ane of the luftiest wantoun lassis,
Quhareto schir be goddis blude scho passis,
Hald thy toung brother (quod ane vther)

I knaw ane fairer be fyftene futher,
(Schir) quhen ze pleis to Linlithgow pas,
Thare ſall ze ſe ane luſtie las,
Now trittell trattill trow low,
(Quod the thrid man) thow dois bot mow,
Quhen his grace cummis to fair Stirling,
Thare ſall he ſe ane dayis darking.
Schir (quod the fourt) tak my counſell,
And go all to the hie bordell,
Thare may we lowp at libertie,
Withouttin ony grauitie.
Thus euery man ſaid for him ſelf,
And did amang thame part the pelf,
Bot I (allace) or euer I wyſt,
Was trampit doun into the duſt,
With heiy charge, withouttin more,
Bot I wiſt neuer zit quharefore,
And haiſtelie before my face,
Ane vther ſlippit in my place,
Quhilk lichtelie gat his rewaird,
And ſtylit was the auncient laird.
That tyme I micht mak na defence,
Bot tuke perforce in pacience:
Prayand to ſend thame ane miſchance,
That had the Court in gouernance,
The quhilkis aganis me did maling,
Contrair the pleſour of the king,
For weill I knew his Gracis mynd,
Was euer to me trew and kynd:
And contrair thair Intentioun,
Gart pay me weill my penſioun,

Thocht

Thocht I ane quhyle wantit presence,
Ye leit me haue na Indigence,
Quhen I durst nother peip nor luke,
Zit wald I hyde me in ane nuke,
To se those vncouth vanitеis,
How thay lyke ony beste beis,
Did occupy thir goldin houris,
With help of thair new gouernouris,
Bot my complaint for to compleit,
I gat the sour, and thay the sweit.
As Jhone Makrery the kingis fule,
Gat dowbill garmentis agane the zule,
Zit in his maist tryumphand gloze,
For his reward he gat the grand gloze.
Now in the Court seindill he gois,
In dreid mon stramp vpon his tois:
As I that tyme durst nocht be sene,
In oppin Court for baith my ene.
Quhair I haue na tyme to tarie,
To schaw zow all the ferie farie.
How those that had the gouernance,
Amangis thame selfis rasit variance,
And quha maist to my skaith consentit,
Within few zeiris full sore repentit,
Quhen thay cuild make me na remeid,
For thay wer harlit out be the heid,
And vtheris tuke the gouerning,
Weill wors than thay in all kin thing.
Thay Lordis tuke no more regaird,
Bot quha micht purches best rewaird.
Sum to thair freindis gat Beneficeis,

And vtherum gat Biſchopreis,
For euery lord, as he thocht beſt,
Brocht in ane bird to fill the neſt,
To be ane wacheman to his marrow,
Thay gan to draw at the cat harrow,
The proudeſt Prelatis of the kirk,
Was fane to hyde thame in the mirk,
That tyme ſo failzeit was thare ſicht.
Sen ſyne thay may nocht thole the licht
Of Chriſtis trew Goſpell to be ſene,
So blyndit is thair corporall Ene,
With waridlie luſtis ſenſuall,
Taking in Realmes the gouernall,
Baith gyding Court and ſeſſioun,
Contrair to thair profeſſioun,
Quhareof I think thay ſulde haue ſchame,
Of Spirituall Preiſtis to tak the name,
For Eſayas into his wark,
Callis thame lyke doggis that can nocht bark,
That callit ar preiſtis, and can nocht preche,
Nor Chriſtis law to the pepill teche.
Gif for to preche, bene thair profeſſioun,
Quhy ſuld thay mell with Court or Seſſioun?
Except it war in Spirituall thingis,
Referring vnto Lordis and Kingis,
Temporall cauſis to be decydit.
Gif thay thair Spirituall office gydit,
Ilk man micht ſay, thay did thair pairtis,
Bot gif thay can play at the cairtis,
And mollet moylie on ane Mule,
Thocht thay had neuer ſene the ſcule,

Zit at this day, als weill as than,
Wil be maid sic ane Spirituall man,
Princis that sic Prelatis promouis,
Accompt thareof to geue behouis,
Quhilk sall nocht pas but punischement
Without thay mend, and sore repent,
And with dew ministratioun,
Wyrk efter thair vocatioun,
I wis that think quhilk will nocht be,
Thir peruerst Prelatis ar so hie,
From tyme that thay bene callit Lordis
Thay ar occasioun of discordis,
And largelie will proppynis heicht,
To gar ilk Lord with vther fecht,
Gif for thair part it may availl,
Swa to the purpose of my taill,
That tyme in Court rais greit debait,
And eftirilk Lord did stryue for hait,
That all the Realme micht mak na redding,
Quhill on ilk syde thare was blude schedding,
And feildit vther in land and burgh,
At Linlithgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.
Bot to deplore I think greit pane,
Of nobill men, thair blude was slane,
And als langsum to be reportit,
Of thame quhilk to the Court resortit,
As tyrannis tratouris and transgressouris,
And commoun publict plane oppressouris,
Men murdreis, and commoun theifis,
Into that court gat all releifis:
Thair was few Lordis in all thair landis,

Bot till new Regentis maid thair bandis,
Than rais ane reik of euer I wist,
The quhilk gart all thair bandis brist,
Than thay allane, quhilk had the gyding,
Thay could nocht keip thair feit from slyding.
Bot of thair lyfis thay had sic dreid,
That thay war fane till trot ouer Tweid.

Now potent Prince I say to the,
I thank the haly Trinitie,
That I haue leiuit to se this day,
That all that warld is went away,
And thow to na man art subiectit,
Nor to sic Counsalouris coactit,
The four greit Vertues Cardinallis,
I se thame with the principallis,
For Justice haldis hir sweird on hie,
With hir ballance of Equitie,
And in this Realme has maid sic ordour
Baith vpon the hie land & the bordour,
That oppressioun and all his fallowis,
Ar hangit hich vpon the gallowis,
Dame Prudence has the be the heid,
And Temperance dois thy bydill leid,
I se Dame Fortemak assistance
Beirand thy Targe of assurance,
And lusty Lady Chaistitie,
Has vanischit Sensualitie.
Dame Ryches takis on the sic cure,
I pray God that scho lang indure,
That Pouertie dar nocht be seine,
Into thy Hous, for baith hir Ene,

Bot fra

Bot fra thy grace fled mony mylis,
Amangis the Hountaris in the Ilis,
Diſſimulance dar nocht ſchaw hir face,
Quhilk wount was to begyle thy grace
Foly is fled out of the toun,
Quhilk ay was contrair to reſoun.
Policie and peice begynnis to plant;
That vertuous men can na thing want
And as for ſleuthfull Idle lowmis,
Sall fetterit be in the Gaitzowmis,
Jhone Vponland ben ful blyith I trow
Becauſe the ryche bus,keipis his kow.
Swa is thare nocht, I vnderſtand,
Without gude ordour in this land,
Except the Spiritualitie,
Prayand thy grace,thareto hane Ee,
Cauſe thame mak miniſtratioun,
Conforme to thair vocatioun,
To preche with vnfenzeit intentis,
And trewlie vſe the Sacramentis,
Efter Chriſtis Inſtitutionis,
Laiuing thair vane Traditionis,
Quhilk dois the ſilie ſcheip illude,
Quham for Chriſt Jeſus ſched his blude
As ſuperſtitious pilgramagis,
Prayand to grauin Imagis,
Expres aganis the Lordis command,
I do thy grace till vnderſtand:
Gif thow to mennis Lawis aſſent
Aganis the Lordis Commandement,
As Jeroboam,and mony mo,

Princis of Israell also;
Assentaris to Idolatrie,
Quhilkis punist war richt pieteouslie,
And from thair realmes wer rutit out,
So sall thow be withouttin dout,
Baith heir and hyne withouttin moze,
And want the euerlasting gloze,
Bot gif thow will thyne hart inclyne,
And keip his blessit Law Diuyne,
As did the faithfull Patriarkis,
Baith in thair woydis, & in thair warkis
And as did mony faithfull Kingis
Of Israell during thair ringis,
As King Dauid and Salomone,
Quha Imagis wald suffer none,
In thair riche Tempillis for to stand.
Becaus it was nocht Goddis command
Bot distroyit all Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thow may sie,
Quhose richè reward was heuinlie blis,
Quhilk salbe thyne, thow doand this.
Sen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird,
Now am I sure to get rewaird,
And sen thow art the rychest King,
That euer in this Realme did ring,
Of gold and stonis precious,
Maist prudent and Ingenious,
And hes thy honour done auance,
In Scotland, Ingland and in France
Be Martiall deidis honorabill,
And art till euery vertew abill,

I wait

I wait thy grace will nocht miſken me,
Bot thow will other gene or len me.
Wald thy grace, len me to ane day,
Of gold ane thouſand pound or tway,
And I ſall fix with gude intent,
Thy grace ane day of payment,
With ſeillit Obligatioun,
Under this proteſtatioun,
Quhen the Bas and the Ile of May,
Beis ſet vpon the Mont Sinay:
Quhen the Lowmound beſide Falklād,
Beis lift it to Northumberland:
Quhen kirkmen zairnis na dignitie,
Nor wyffis no Soueranitie,
Winter but froſt, ſnaw, wynd or rane,
Than ſal I geue thy gold agane,
Or I ſall mak the payment,
Efter that day of Iugement,
Within ane Moneth at the leiſt,
Quhen Sanct Peter ſall mak ane feiſt,
To all the Fiſcharis of Aberladie,
Swa thou haue myne acquittans reddie
Failzeand thareof be ſanct Phillane,
Thy grace gettis neuer ane grote agane
Gif thou be nocht content of this,
I mon requeiſt the King of blis,
That he to me haue ſum regaird,
And cauſe thy grace me to rewaird.
For Dauid King of Iſraell,
Quhilk was the greit Propheit Royall,
Sayis, God hes haill at his command,

The

The hartis of Princis in hís hand,
Euin as he list thame for to turne,
That mon thay do without iudgeorne,
Sum till exalt to dignitie,
And sum to depryue in powertie.
Sum tyme of layit men to mak Lordis,
And sum tyme Lordis to bind in cordis,
And thame alluterlie distroy,
As pleisis God that Royall Roy,
For thow art bot ane instrument,
To that greit King Omnipotent:
So quhen it pleisis his Excellence,
Thy grace sall mak me recompence,
Or he sall cause me stand content,
Of quyet lyfe and sober rent,
And tak me in my latter age,
Vnto my sempyl Hermitage,
And spend that my Eldaris woun,
As did Diogenes in his toun,
Of this Complant with mynd ful meik,
Thy gracis answeir (Schir) I beseik.

FINIS

QVOD DAVID LYNDESAY

TO THE KING.

The Tragedie of the

vmquhyle maiſt Reuerend Father

Dauid, be the Mercy of God, Cardinall,
& Archebiſchop of Sanctandrois &c.
Compylit be Schir Dauid Lyndelay,
of the Mont Knicht, Alias
Lyoun, King of
Armes.

Mortales cùm nati ſitis, ne ſupra Deum
vos erexeritis.

THE PROLOG

NOcht lang ago, efter ỳ hour of pȝime
Secreitlie ſitting in myne Oȝatorie
I tuke ane buke til occupy the time,
Quhare I fand mony tragedie and ſtorie,
Quhilk Jhone Boccace had put in memorie,
How mony Pȝincis, Conquerouris and Kingis,
War dulefullie depoſit, frome thair ryngis.

How Alexander the potent Conquerour,
In Babilon was poyſonit pietcouſlie,
And Julius the michtie Emperour,
Murdȝeiſt at Rome, cauſles and cruellie,
Pȝudent Pompey, in Egypt ſchamefullie,
He murdȝeiſt was, quhat neidith pȝoces moȝe?

Quhoſe

Quhose Tragedyis wer pietie till deplore.

I ſitting ſo, vpon my Buke reiding
Richt ſuddandlie afore me did appeir,
Ane woundit man aboundantlie bleiding,
With viſage paill, and with ane deidlie cheir,
Demand ane man of twa and fyftie zeir,
In Rayment reid, clothit full courteouſlie,
Of veluoit and of Satyn Crammoſie.

With febill voice, as man oppreſt with pane,
Softlie he maid me ſupplicatioun,
Sayand, my freind, go reid, and reid agane,
Gif thou can find be trew Narratioun,
Of ony pane lyke to me paſſioun.
Richt ſure I am, war Jhone Boccace on lyue,
My Tragedie at lenth he wald deſcryue.

Sen he is gone, I pray the till indyte,
Of my Infortune ſum Remembrance,
Or at the leiſt my Tragedie to wryte,
As I to the ſall ſchaw the circumſtance,
In termis breue of my vnhappy chance,
Sen my beginning till my fatall end,
Quhilk I wald till all creature war kend.

I not ſaid I, mak ſic memoriall,
But of thy name I had Intelligence,
I am Dauid that carefull Cardinall,
Quhilk doith appeir (ſaid he) to thy preſence,
That vinquhyle had ſa greit preeminence,
Than he began his deidis till indyte,
As ze ſall heir, and I began to wryte.

¶ Th

The Tragedie of the Cardinall.

I.



Dauid Betoun vmquhyl Cardinal
Of nobil blude be lyne I did diſcēd
During my tyme I had na peregal
Bot now is cum allace my fatal end
Ay gre be gre bywart I did aſcend
Swa that into this Realme did neuer ring,
Sa greit ane man as I, vnder ane King.

Quhen I was ane zoung Joly gentill man,
Princis to ſerue I ſet my haill Intent,
Firſt till aſcend, at Arbroith I began
Ane Abbacie of greit ryches and rent.
Of that eſtait zit was I nocht content,
To get mair ryches, diguitie and gloze,
My hart was ſet, allace, allace, tharefoze.

I maid ſic ſeruice till our ſouerane King,
Ye did promoue me till moze hie eſtate.
Ane Prince abuſe all Preiſtis for till ring,
Archebiſchop of Sanctandrois conſecrate:
Till that honour quhen I was eleuate,
My prydefull hart was nocht content at all,
Till that I creat was ane Cardinall.

Zit preiſſit I till haue mair auctozitie,
And finallie was choſin Chancellair,
And foz vphalding of my dignitie,
Was maid Legate, than had I na compair,

I purchest

I pircheſt my proffyt ſingulatr,
My Boxis, and my Theſure till auance,
The Biſchoprik of Merepois in France.

Of Scotland I had the gouernall,
Bot my aduyſe concludit was na thing,
Abbot, Biſchop, Archebiſchop, Cardinall,
Into this Realme, na hiear culd I ring,
Bot I had bene Pape, Empriour, or King,
For ſchortnes of the tyme I am nocht abill,
At lenth to ſchaw my actis honorabill.

For my moſt Princely prodigalitie,
Amang Prelatis in France I bure the pryce,
I ſchew my Lordlie liberalitie,
In banketting, playing, at cairtis and dyce,
Into ſic wiſedome, I was haldin wyſe,
And ſpairit nocht to play with King nor Knicht,
Thre thouſand crownis of golde vpon ane nicht,

In France I maid fair honeſt voyagis,
Quhare I did actis digne of remembrance,
Throuch me wer maid tryumphand mariagis,
Till our Soueranе baith proffyt and pleſance,
Quene Magdalene, the firſt Dochter of France,
With greit ryches was into Scotland brocht,
That mariage throch my wiſedō it was wrocht.

Efter quhoſe deith in France I paſt agane,
The ſecund Quene hamewart I did conuoy,
That luſtie Princes, Marie de Lorane,
Quhilk was reſaiuit with greit tryumphe & Joy
So ſeruit I our richt redoutit Roy,

Sone

Sone efter that, Henry of Ingland King,
Of our Souerane desyrit ane commoning.

Of that meting, our King was weill content,
So that in Zork was set baith tyme and place,
Bot our Prelatis, nor I wald neuer consent,
That he suld se king Henry in the face,
Bot we wer weill content, howbeit his grace,
Had saillit the Sey, to speik with ony vther,
Except that king, quhilk was his mother vyther

Quhairthroch yair rose greit weir & mortal strife
Greit heirschip, hunger, deirth, and desolatioun,
On ather syde, did mony lose thair lyfe,
Gif I wald mak ane trew narratioun,
I cauld all that tribulatioun,
For till take peace, I neuer wald consent,
Without the king of France had bene content.

During this weir, war taking preisoneiris,
Of nobill men fechting full furiouslie,
Mony ane Lord, Barroun and Bacheleiris,
Quhare throuch our king tuke sic melancholie,
Quhilk draue him to the deith richt dulefullie,
Extreme doulour ouerset did so his hart,
That from this lyfe allace, he did depart.

Bot efter that baith strenth & speiche was leiflt
Ane paper-blank, his grace I gart subscryue,
Into the quhilk, I wrait all that I pleiflt,
Efter his deith, quhilk lang war till descryue,
Throuch that wryting, I purposit belyue,
With support of sum Lordis benevolence,

In this

In this Regioun till haue preeminence.

As for my Lord our richteous gouernour,
Gif I wald schortlie schaw the veritie,
Till him I had na maner of fauour,
During that tyme I purposit that he
Suld neuer cum to vane auctoritie,
For his support tharefor he brocht amang vs,
Furth of Ingland, the nobill Erle of Angus.

Than was I put abak from my purpose,
And suddandlie cast in Captiuitie,
My pryde full hart to dant, as I suppose,
Deuysit be the hich Diuinitie,
Zit in my hart sprang na humilitie,
Bot now the word of God full weill I knaw,
Quha dois exalt him self, God sall him law.

In the mene tyme, quhen I was so subiectit,
Imbassadouris war send into England,
Quhare thay boith peice & mariage contractit,
And mair surely for till obserue that band,
War promeist diuers pledgis of Scotland.
Of that contract I was na way content,
For neuer wald thareto geue my consent.

Till Capitavis, that keipit me in waird,
Giftis of gold, I gaue thame greit plentie,
Rewlaris of Court, I rychelie did rewaird,
Quhare throuch I chaipit from captiuitie:
Bot quhen I was fre at my libertie,
Than lyke ane Lyoun, lowsit of his cage,
Out throuch this Realme, I gan to reill & rage.

Contrais

Contrair the Gouernour and his companie,
Oft tymes maid I Insurrectioun,
Purposing for till haue him haistelie,
Subduit vnto my correctioun,
Or put him till extreme subiectioun,
During this tyme, gif it war weill decydit,
This Realme be me was vtterlie deuydit.

The Gouernour purposing to subdew,
I rasit ane oist of mony bald Barroun,
And maid ane raid quhilk Lithgow zit may rew
For we distroyit ane myle about the toun,
For that I gat mony blak mislisoun.
Zit contrair the Gouernouris intent,
With our zoung Princes we to Striuiling went.

For hich contemptioun of the Gouernour,
I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France,
That lustie Lord, leuand in greit plesour,
Did lose that land and honest Ordinance,
Bot he and I fell sone at variance,
And throch my counsell was within schort space,
Forfaltit and flemit, he gat nane vther grace.

Than throuch my prudence, practik and ingyne
Our gouernour I causit to consent,
Full quyetlie to my counsall inclyne,
Quhare of his nobillis wer nocht weill content,
For quhy? I gart dissolue in plane Parlyament,
The band of peice contractit with Ingland,
Quharthroch come harme & heirschip to Scotland

That peice brokin, arose new mortall weiris,

Berey, and land, sic reif, without releif,
Quhilk to report my frayit hart effeiris,
The veritie to schaw in termis breif,
I was the rute, of all that greit mischeif.
The South Cuntrie may say, it had bene gude
That my Nurische hed smoxit me in my cude.

I was the cause of mekle mair mischance,
For vphalde of my gloze and dignitie,
And plesour of the potent King of France,
Quhy England wald I haue na vnitie:
Bot quha consydder wald the veritie,
We micht full weill haue leiuit in peice and rest,
Nine or ten zeiris, and than playit louse or fast.

Had we with Inglande keipit our contrackis,
Our nobill men had leiuit in peice and rest.
Our Merchandis had nocht lost so mony packis,
Our commoditie pepill had nocht bene oppreste:
On athir syde all dolangis had bene redrest.
Bot Edinburgh, Leith, and Kingorne,
Thay may and mon that I was borne.

Our Gouernour to mak him to me sure,
With fenzeit and fenyeit wordis, I did him lyle,
Till I his Sone and Air, gat in my cure,
To that effect I fand that craftie wyle,
That he na maner of way micht me begyle,
Than leuch I quhen his liegis did alledge,
How I his Sone had gottin into pledge.

The Erle of Angus and his Germane brother
I purposit to gar thame lose thair lyfe,

Richt so

Richt so till haue distroyit mony vther,
Sum with the fyre, sum with the swoyd & knyfe,
In speciall mony gentill men of fyfe,
And purposis till put to greit torment,
All fauoreris of the auld and new Testament.

Than euerie man thay tuke of me sic feir,
That tyme quhen I had so greit gouernance,
Greit Lordis dreiding, I suld do thame deir,
Thay durst nocht cum till court but assurance,
Sen syne thare hes nocht beine sic variance,
Now till our Prince Barronis obedientlie,
But assurance thay cum full courteslie.

My hope was most into the King of France,
To gidder with the Popis holynes,
My air than in God, my worschip till auance,
I traistit so into thair gentilnes,
That na man durst presume me till oppres,
Bot quhen the day came of my fatall hour,
Far was from me, thair support and succour.

Than to preserue my ryches and my lyfe,
I maid ane strenth of wallis hich and braid,
Sic ane fortres was neuer found in fyfe,
Beleiuand thare durst na man me inuaid.
Now fynd I trew the saw quhilk Dauid said:
Without God of ane hous, be maister of wark,
He wirkis in vane, thocht it be neuer so stark.

For I was throuch the hie power Diuine,
Richt dulefullie doung doun amang the as,
Quhilk culd not be throch mortall ingyne

Bot as Dauid did slay the greit Golyas,
Or Holopherne, be Judith keillit was,
In myd amang his tryumphand Armie,
So was I slane into my cheif Cietie.

Quhen I had greitest dominatioun,
As Lucifer had in the heuin Empyre,
Came suddandlie my Depriuatioun,
Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspire,
So cruell was thair furious birnand Ire,
I gat na tyme, layser nor libertie,
To say, In manus tuas Domine.

Behald my fatall Infelicitie,
I wantit my strenth, incomparabill.
That dreidfull Dungeoun maid me na supple,
My greit ryches, nor rentis profficabill,
My syluer work, Jowellis inestimabill,
My Papall pompe, of golde my ryche thresour,
My lyfe and all I lost in half ane hour.

To the peple wes maid ane Spectakle,
Of my deid and deformit tarioun.
Sum said it was ane manifest mirakle:
Sum said it was Diuine punitioun,
So to be slane, into my strang Dungeoun,
Quhen euery man had iudgit as him list,
Thay saltit me, syne closit me in ane kist.

I lay buburyit seuin Monethis and more,
Or I was borne to closter, kirk or queir,
In ane midding quhilk pane bene till deplore,
Without suffrage of Chanoun, Monk or Freir,

All proude

In proude Prelatis at me may Lessonis leir,
Quhilk rang so lang and so tryumphantlie,
Syne in the dust doung doun so dulefullie.

To the Prelatis. II.

O Ze my Brether, Pyncis of the Preistis,
I mak zow haitlie Supplicatioun:
Baith nicht and day tak tuelie tent to zour wairdis,
The Proces of my Deprivatioun,
Considder quhat bene zour Vocatioun,
To follow me, I pray zow, nocht pretend zow,
Bot reid at lenth this Cedull, that I send zow.

Ze knaw how Jesus his Discipulis sent,
Ambassadouris till euerie Natioun,
To schaw his Law and his commandement,
To all pepill by Predicatioun,
Tharefore I mak to zow narratioun,
Sen ze to thame ar verray Successouris,
Ze aucht to do as did zour Predecessouris.

How dar ze be so bauld till tak on hand,
For to be Heraldis to so greit ane King,
To beir his Message baith to Burgh and Land,
Ze beand Dum, and can pronunce nathing,
Lyke Mutis Beistis, that can nocht play nor sing.
Or quhy suld men geue to sic Churlishyne,
Quhilk can not gyde thair scheip about ane hyne.

Eschame ze nocht to be Christis Seruitouris,
Bot for zour fee, hes greit temporall landis:
Syne of zour office can nocht tak the curis,

As Cannone Law, & Scripture zow cõmandis
Ze will nocht want teind, scheif, nor offerandis,
Teind woll, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryce &
To mak seruice ze ar all out of vse. (guse.

My deir brother do nocht as ze war wount,
Amend zour lyfe now, quhile zour day Induris,
Traist weill, ze salbe callit to zour count,
Of euerilk thing belanging to zour curis.
Leue hasartrie, zour harlotrie, and huris,
Remembring on my vnprouisit deid;
For efter deith may na man mak remeid.

Ze Prelatis quhilk hes thousandis for to sped
Ze sendaris simplyt freir, for zow to preche,
It is zour craft, I mak it to zow kend,
Zour selfis in zour templis for to preche,
Bot ferlie nocht, thocht sillie freiris fleche:
For and ony clenelie schaw the veritie,
Than will thay want the Bischopis cheritie.

Quharefor bene grum zow ne Royall rent?
Bot for till fynd the peple Spirituall fude,
Prechand to thame the auld & new Testament,
The Lawis of God doith planely so conclude,
Put nocht zour hope vnto na mãrtlie gude,
As I haue done behald my greit thesour,
Maid me na help at my vnhappy hour.

That day quhen I was Bischop consecrait,
The greit Byble was bound vpon my bak,
Quhat was thare in, vtill I knew, God wait,
Mair than ane beist berand ane precious pak,

Bot

Bot haistely my conuenant I brak,
For I wes obliist with my awin consent,
The law of God to preche with guid intent.

Brether richt so quhen ze wer consecrait,
Ze oblist zow all on the samin wyse,
Ze nay be callit Bischoppis counterfute,
As Gallandis buskit foy to mak ane gyse,
Nowthink I, Princis ar na thing to pryse,
Till geve ane fauorus office till ane fule,
As quha wald put ane Myter on ane Mule.

Allace, and ze that sorowfull sicht had sene,
How I lay bullerand, baithit in my blude,
To mend zour lyfe, it had occassioun bene,
And leaue zour auld corrupit consuetude,
Failzeing thareof than schortlie I conclude,
Without ze from zour ryaldzis aryse,
Ze salbe sernit, on the samyn wyse.

To the Princis. III.

IMpudent Princis but discretioun,
Hauing in eirth power Imperiall,
Ze bene the cause of this transgressioun:
I speik to zow all into generall,
Quhilk doith dispone all office Spirituall,
Geuand the saulis, quhilkis bene Christis scheip,
To blynd Pastouris but conscience to keip.

Quhen ze Princis doith lak ane Officiar,
Ane Barter, Blowster, or sic vnaikter Cuike,
Ane trym Tailzeour, ane cunning Cordynar,

Quer all the land at lenth, ze will gar luke,
Moſt quhill men ſic officis till bruke.
Ane Hoſpitar quhilk can brew moſt hailſum aill,
Ane cunning Cuke quhilk beſt can leſſoun caill.

Ane Taillour quhilk hes fosterit beue in Fraſe
That can mak garmentis ou the gayeſt cuſe.
Ze Princis bene the cauſe of this miſchance,
That quhen thare doith baik ony Benefyce,
Ze auchtis do vpon the ſamin wyſe
Gar ſerche and ſeik voith into burgh and land
The Law of God quha beſt can vnderſtand.

Mak him Biſchop that prudentlie can preche,
As dois pertene till his vocatioun.
Ane Perſone quhilk his pariſchoun can teche,
Gar Vicaris mak pere Miniſtratioun,
And als I mak zow Supplicatioun,
Mak zour Abbottis of richt Religious men,
Quhilk to the peple Chriſtis Law can ken.

.III. Bot not to rebaldis, new cum from the roſt,
Nor of ane ſtuffat ſtallin out of ane ſtabill,
The quhilk into the ſcule maid neuer na reſt,
Nor neuer was thi Spirituall ſcience abill,
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches and tabill,
Of Rome raikeris, nor of rude Ruffianis,
Of caſtay Paikeris, nor of Publicanis.

Nor of fantaſtik feinzeit flatteraris,
Moſt meit to gather muſſillis into May.
Of cowhyttis, or zit of clatteraris,
That in the kirk can nother ſing nor ſay.

Thocht

Thocht thay be clokit vp in Clerkis array,
Lyke doitit Doctouris new cum out of Athenis
And mummill ouer ane pair of maiglit Matenis

Nocht qualyfyit to bruke ane Benefyis,
Bot throuch schir Symonis solistatioun,
I was promouit on the samyn wyis,
Allace throuch Princis supplicatioun,
And maid at Rome throuch fals narratioun,
Bischop, Abbot, bot na Religious man,
Quha me promouit, I now thare banis ban.

Howbeit I was Legate and Cardinall,
Lytill I knew tharein quhat suld be done,
I vnderstude na science Spirituall,
No moze than did blynd Alane of the Mone,
I dreid the king that sittith hich abone,
On zow Princis sall mak sore punischement,
Richt so on vs throuch richteous Jugement.

On zow Princis for vndiscreit gouerning,
Till Ignorantis sic officis till vse,
And we for our Inoportune asking,
Quhilk suld haue done sic dignitie refuse,
Our Ignorance hes done the warldis abuse,
Throuch Couetice of ryches and of rent:
That euer I was ane Prelate I repent.

O Kingis makze na cair to geue in cure,
Virginis profest into Religioun,
In till the keiping of ane commoun hure?
To mak think ze nocht greit derisioun,
Ane woman Persone of ane Parischoun?

Quhare thare bene twa thousand saulis to gyde,
That frome harlottis can not hir hippis hyde.

Quhat and King Dauid leiuit in thir dayis,
Or out of heuin quhat and he lukit down,
The quhilk did found so mony fair Abbayis?
Seand the greit abhominatioun,
In mony Abbayis of this Natioun,
He wald repent that narrowit so his boundis,
Of zeirly rent, thre scoze of thousand poundis.

Quharefoze I counsall euerilk Christiane king
Within this Realme mak refoznatioun,
And suffer no mo rebaldis foz to ring,
Abuse Christis trew Congregatioun.
Failzeing thareof I mak narratioun.
That ze Princis and Prelatis all at onis,
Sall bureit be in hell, saule, blude, and bonis.

That euer I brukit Benefice I rew,
Or to sic wicht so proudelie did pretend.
I mon depart, thareforze my freindis adew.
Quhare euer it pleisith God, now mon I wend,
I pray zhe till my freindis me recommend,
And faill ze nocht at lenth to put in wryte,
My Tragedie, as I haue done indyte.

FINIS.

The Deploratioun

of the Deith of Quene Magdalene.

CRuell deith, to greit is thy puiſſãce,
Deuorar of all eirthly lyuing thing;
Ådã, we may ỳ wyit of this miſchãce
In thy defalt this cruel tyrane ring;
And ſpairis nother empriour nor kig;
And now allace hes reft furth of this land,
The flour of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam allace, that thow abuſit,
Thy fre will being Inobedient,
Thow cheiſit Deith, and laſting lyfe refuſit,
Thy ſucceſſioun allace, that may repent,
That thow hes maid mankynd ſo Impotent,
That it may mak to Deith, na reſiſtance,
Exemple of our Quene, the flour of France.

O dreidfull Dragoun, with thy dulefull dart,
Quhilk did not ſpair of Feminine the Flour,
Bot cruellie did perſe hir throuch the hart,
And wald nocht geue hir reſpite for ane hour,
To remane with hir Prince, and Paramour,
That ſcho at laiſer, micht haue tane licence,
Scotland on the, may cry ane lowd vengeance,

Thow leit Nathuſale leif nine hundreth zeir,

Thre scoir and nyne, bot in thy furious rage.
Thow did deuoir this zoung Princes but peir,
Or scho was compleit seuintene zeir of age.
Gredie gorman, quhy did thow nocht assuage,
Thy furious rage, contrair that lustie Quene,
Till we sum fruct had of hir bodie sene?

O Dame Nature, thow did na diligence,
Cõtrair this theif quhilk all the warld cõfoundis
Had thow with naturall targis maid defence,
That brybour had nocht cummit wõin hir boundis
And had bene sauit from sic mortall stoundis,
This mony ane zeir, bot quhair was thy discretiõ
That leit hir pas, till we had sene succession.

O Venus with thy blynd sone Cupido,
Fy on zow baith, that maid na resistance,
Into zour Court, ze neuer had sic two.
So leill Luifaris without dissimulance,
As James the fyft, and Magdalene of France,
Discending baith of blude Imperiall,
To quhome in lufe, I find na perigall.

For as Leander swame outtrow the flude,
To his fair Lady Hero, mony nichtis,
So did this prince, throw bulding stremis wode
With Erlis, Baronis, Squyar & with Knychtis
Contrair Neptune, and Eoll & thair michtis,
And left his Realme in greit diselperance,
To seik his Lufe, the first Dochter of France.

And scho lyke prudent Quene Penelope,
Full constantlie wald change him for none vther,
And

And for his plesour left hir awin Cuntrie,
Without regard, to Father or to Mother,
Taking na cure of Sister nor of Brother,
Bot schortlie tuke hir leaue, and left thame all,
For lufe of him to quhome lufe maid hir thrall.

O Dame Fortune quhare was thy greit cõfort
Till hir to quhome thow was so fauorable,
Thy slyding giftis, maid hir na support,
Hir hie lynage, nor Riches intellible,
Ile thy puissance bene bot variable,
Quhen hir father the most hie cristinit King,
Till his deir Chyld, micht mak na supporting.

The potent Prince hir lustie lufe and knicht,
With his most hardie Noblis of Scotland,
Contrair that bailfull bribour had na micht,
Thocht all the men had bene at his command,
Of France, Flanderis, Italie, and Ingland,
With fiftie thousand Millioun of tresour,
Micht nocht prolong that Ladyis lyfe ane hour.

O Paris of all Citeis principall,
Quhilk did resaue our Prince with laud & glorie
Solempnitie throw Arkis triumphall,
Quhilk day bene digne to put in memorie,
For as Pompey efter his victorie,
Was into Rome resauit with greit Joy,
So thow resauit, our richt redoutit Roy.

Bot at his Mariage maid vpon the morne,
Sic solace, and Solempnizatioun,
Was neuer seine afore, sen Christ was borne,

Nor to

Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun,
Thare sciilit was the confirmatioun,
Of the weill keipit ancient alliance,
Waid betuix Scotland, & the Realme of France.

I neuer did se ane day mair glorious,
So mony in so ryche abilzementis,
Of silk and gold with stonis precious,
Sic banketting, sic sound of Instrumentis,
With sang and dance, & Martiall tormentis,
Bot lyke ane storme, efter ane plesand morrow,
Sone was our solace changit into sorrow.

O traitour deith quhome none may contramand
Thow micht haue sene the preparatioun,
Maid be the thre Estaitis of Scotland,
With greit comfort and consolatioun,
In euerilk Cietie, Castell, Towre and Town,
And how ilk nobill set his haill intent,
To be excellent in habilzement.

Thair saw thow nocht the greit preparatyuis,
Of Edinburgh the nobill famous toun,
Thow saw the pepill laubouring for thair lyuis,
To mak tryumphe, with trump and Clarioun,
Sic plesour was neuer into this Regioun,
As suld haue bene the day of hir entrace,
With greit proppynis geuin till hir grace.

Thow saw makand richt costlie scaffalding,
Depaintit weill with gold and asure fyne,
Reddie prepairit for the vpsetting,
With Fontanis flowing water cleir and wyne,

Disagyst

Disagysit solkis, lyke Creaturis Diuyne,
On ilk scaffold to play ane syndrie storie,
Bot all in greiting turnit thow that glorie.

Thow saw mony ane lustic fresche galland,
Weill ordourit for resaiuing of thair Quene,
Ilk Craftisman with bent bow in his hand,
Full gailzeartlie in schort cleithing of grene.
The honest Burges, cled thow suld haue sene,
Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grane,
For till haue met thair Lady souerane.

Prouest, Baillies, and Lordis of the town,
The Senatouris in ordour consequent,
Cled into silk of purpure blak and brown,
Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
With mony Knichtlie Barroun and baurent,
In silk and gold, in colouris confortabill,
Bot thow allace, all turnit into sabill.

Syne all the Lordis of Religioun,
And Princis of the Preistis venerabill,
Full plesandlie in thair Processioun,
With all the cunning Clerkis honorabill,
Bot thftuouslie thow tyrane tresonabill,
All thair greit solace and Solempniteis,
Thow turnit in till duleful Dirigeis.

Syne nyxt in Ordour passing throw the toun,
Thow suld haue hard the din of Instrumentis,
Of Tabrone, Trumpet, Schalme, & Clarioun,
With reird redoundand throw the Elementis,
The Heraudis, with thair awfull vestimentis,

With

With Maseris vpon ather of thair handis,
To rewle the preis, with burneist siluer wandis.

Syne last of all in ordour tryumphall,
That most illuster Princes honorabill,
With hir the lustie Ladyis of Scotland,
Quhilk sulde haue bene, ane sicht most delectabil
Hir rayment to rehers, I am nocht abill,
Of gold and perle, and precious stonis bricht,
Twinkling lyke sterris in ane frostie nicht.

Under ane pale of golde, scho suld haue past,
Be Burgesis borne, clothit in silkis fyne,
The greit maister of housholde, all thair last,
With him in ordour all the Kingis tryne,
Quhais ordinance war langsum to defyne,
On this maner, scho passing throw the toun,
Suld haue resauit mony benisoun.

Of Virginis, and of lustie burgeis wyffis,
Quhilk suld haue bene ane sicht Celestiall,
Viue la Royne, cryand for thair lyffis,
With ane harmonious sound Angelicall,
In euerilk corner, myrthis Musicall,
Bot thow tyrane in quhome is found na grace,
Our Alleluya hes turnit in allace.

Thou sulde haue hard the ornate Oratouris,
Makand hir hienes Salutatioun,
Baith of the Clergy, Town and Counsalouris,
With mony notabill Narratioun,
Thow sulde haue sene hir Coronatioun,
In the fair Abbay of the holy rude,

In p[illegible]

In presence of ane mychtfull multitude.

Sic Banketting, Sic awfull tornamentis,
On hows & fute, that tyme quhilk sould bane bene,
Sic Chapell Royall, with sic Instrumentis,
And craftie Musick, singing from the spheris,
In this cuntrie, was neuer hard nor seine,
Bot all this greit solempnitie and gam,
Turnit thow hes in Requiem æternam.

Inconstant warld, thy freindschip I defy,
Sen strenth nor wisedome, vyches nor honour,
Vertew nor bewtie, none may certify,
Nor yit thy boundis fra, remane ane hour,
Quhat vaillis to the King or Emperour,
Sen mychtie puissance may nocht be exeimit,
Fro deith, quhose dolour can nocht be expreimit.

Syn man in eirthly hes na place permanent,
Bot mon pas be that horribill port,
Lat vs pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
That dulefull day to be our greit comfort,
That in his Realme, we may with ymnis sueit,
Mythis from the hell, to his blude ransonit beine,
With Magdalene, vnquhyle of Scotland Queine.

O deith, thocht thow the bodie may deuoir,
Of euery man, yit hes thow nocht puissance,
Of thair vertew for to consume the gloir,
Nor false fame, of Magdelene of France,
Vnquhyle our Queine, quhome Posteritie aucht
And put hir in perpetuall memorie,
So call hir fame of the haue Victorie.

Thocht thow hes slane ỳ heuinlie flour of frãce
Quhilk Impit was, into the Thrissill kene,
Quharein all Scotland sawe thair haill plesance,
And vnand the Lyon reioyst from the splene;
Thocht rute be pullit from the leuis grene,
The smell of it, sall in despyte of the,
Keip ay twa Realmes in peice and amitie.

QVOD LYNDESAY.

IIII. The Answer quhilk Schir Dauid Lyndesay maicked the Kingis Flyting.

Reuerit roy zour ragmẽt I haif red
Quhilk dois reburb me dulit memorie
Fra I wes zing quhilk gois ỳ I wes fred
Quhill I wes zoung wer to me lefe,
Thair I fone me, thocht I be impe
Quhilk hes sa zoure pennzeid pẽ detrectit (cleir
And nocht repent fra my Quenis Court deiectit.

Allis Ladyis, thairfor I thame lukis,
My cumpanie hes hald abhominable,
Commandand me beir cumpanie to the Cukis,
Quhilk lyke ane Deuill thay hald me detestable,
Thay haueis me for nocht, I am nocht thay,
Thame to compleis, or pleis to thair pretence,
Vpon zour pen, I cry ane loud vengeance.

War I

ner I am Poeit, I hald pris with my pen,
To wryit me on zour poesmemous wryting,
Bot I will do, as dog dois in his den,
Fald baith my feit, & ete fat frome zour lyning,
The meikle Deuill may mocht indure zour lyning
Muhareſor, Cor mundum crea in me, I cry
Proclamand zow the Prince of Poetry.

Schir ȝe my Prince, pertenit me nocht to ply
Bot ſen zour grace, hes genious ſic command,
To mak anſwer, it muſt neidis me obey,
Thocht ȝe be now ſtrang lyke ane Elephand,
And in till Venus werkis maiſt vailȝeand,
The day will cum, and that within ſew zeiris,
That ȝe will ſchaw ȝe failȝe with zour feiris,

Quhat can ȝe ſay tuicher, bot I am faillȝeit,
In Venus werkis I grant ſchir, that is trew,
The tyme hes bene, I was better arrayit,
Nor I am now, bot ȝit full fair I rew
That euer I did mouth thankles ſa perſew,
Muhareſor tak tent, and zour lyne pouder ſpair
And waiſt nocht, bot gif ȝe wil quhair.

Thocht ȝe rin rudelie, lyke ane reſtles Ram,
Schutand zour bout, at mony ſindrie ſchetis,
Belliſche bell, it is ane bybard gam,
Muhareſor bewar, with do wobilly of the beiris,
For mony ane dois haiſt thair awin ſaule krieſis,
And ſpecially, quhen that the wall goes dry,
Syne can nocht get agane, ſic ſtufe to by.

I giue zour counſale, ȝe the feynd of hell,
That wald nocht of ane Princes zow prouyde,

Thou land rin schutand from schell to schell,
Wald zour corps, lett and the tyme ouerbyde
For lyke ane boisteous bull, ze rin and ryde,
Rampaullie lyke ane ryde Rubeatour,
Ruffand lyke ane furious Fornicatour.

On Cadzonis for to loip, ze will nocht lat,
Howbeit the Caribaldis cry, the coziloch.
Quhairthrow bestyde the mashing fat,
Zour naikit bow wes ouerthort and stinking erdet,
That feind with fuffling of thir voidit hosch,
Caist doun ȝ fat, quharethrow drink draf ingot.
Come vnder ȝ rinnand doun about zour luggis.

Wald God the Lady that luffit zow best
Had sene zow thare ly swetterād like twa swyne
Bot tp tpdyle tpd that dubdroun was drest,
Drofokit wi dreggy, quhimperād wi mony qubynye,
That plotes to tpplyt, it wer ane pyne.
On zour behalf, I thank God hynnes ten scoze,
That stop pzefentit, from out, tripth grandgoze.

Nocht sphit fairweill because I cum nocht syte,
And thocht I could, I war nocht till auance,
Against sowbornate Oster to indyte:
Bot fit be war, with laubouring of zour lance,
Sū sayis, thair cumis ane bukler furth of frāce,
Quhilk pail vdure zour dint, thocht pai be Doure,
Fare weill of Dowand Rethorik the flour.

Quod Lyndesay in his flyting,
And thus the Kingis dytis.

FINIS.

¶ The Complaynt V.

publict Confeſsioun of the Kingis auld Hound, callit Bagſche, directit to Bawtie, the Kingis beſt belouit dog, & his companzeonis.

Maid at commaund of King James the Fyft;
Be Schir Dauid Lyndeſay, of the Mount
Knicht, aliàs Lyoun King
of Armes.

ALlace quhome to ſuld I complaine,
In my extreme neceſſitie:
Or quhame to ſall I mak my maine
In court na Dog will do for me.
Beſeikand ſum for Cheritie,
To beir my Supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra and Bawtie,
Now or the King pas to the rowin.

I haue followit the Court ſo lang,
Quhyll in gude faith, I may na mair,
The cuntrie knawis, I may nocht gang
I am ſo crukit, auld and ſair,
That I wait nocht quhare to repair,
For quhen I had auctoritie,
I thocht me ſo familiar,
I neuer dred neceſſitie.

I rew the race that Geordie Steill,
Brocht Bawtie to the Kingis preſence,

I pray God lat him neuer do weill,
Sen syne I gat na audience,
For Bawtie now gettis sic credence,
That he lyis on the Kingis nicht gown,
Quhare I perforce for my offence,
Mon in the tlois ly lyke ane lown.

For I haue bene ay to this hour,
Ane wirrear of lamb and hog,
Ane tyrane and ane Tulzeour,
Ane murdrecillar of mony dog,
Fyue foull I chaist outthroch ane scrog
Quharefor thair motheris did me warie
For thay war drownit all in ane bog,
Speir at Jhone Gordoun of Pittarie.

Quhill in his hous did bryng me vp,
And vsit me to slay the deir,
Sweit milk and meill he gart me sup,
That craft I learnit sone perqueir,
All vther vertew ran arreir,
Quhen I be gan to bark and fyte,
For thair was nother Monk nor Freir,
Nor wyfe, nor barne, bot I wald byte.

Quhen to the King ȳ cace was knawin
Of my vnhappy hardines,
And all the suith vnto him schawin,
How euerilk dog I did oppres,
Than gaif his Grace command expres,
I suld be brocht to his presence,
Notwithstanding my wickitnes,

In Court

In Court I gat greit audience.

I schew my greit Ingratitude,
To the Capitane of Badzeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me fude,
Twa zeir, with vther houndis mo.
Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew rich into the Court,
For his reward I wrocht him wo,
And cruellie I did him hurt.

So thay that gaue me to the King,
I was thair mortall enemie,
I tuke cure of na kynd of thing,
Bot pleis the Kingis Maiestie,
Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falset and my plans oppressioun,
He gaue command that I suld be
Hangit without confessioun.

And zit because that I was auld,
His grace thocht pietie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald,
Than set my fais for to fang me,
And euery bouchour dog doun dang me
Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
Than in ý court I wrocht wrang ynew
And this I gat for my reward,

I had counterfeit blak Makeloun,
War nocht that rebaldis come and red,
Wot he was flemit of the toun,
From tyme the King how I bled,

He gart lay me vpon ane bed,
For with ane knyfe I was mischeiuit,
This Makesoun for feir he fled,
Ane lang tyme or he was releiuit.

And Patrik Striuiling in Ergyle,
I bure him bakwart to the ground,
And had him slane within ane quhyle,
War nocht the helping of ane hound.
Zit gat he mony bludie wound,
As zit his skin will schaw the markis,
Find me ane dog quhare euer ze found,
Hes maid so mony bludie sarkis.

Gude brother lancemen; Lindesay's dog
Quhilk ay hes keipit thy lawtie,
And neuer wairyit lamb nor hog,
Pray Luffra, Scudlar and Bawtie.
Of me Bagsche to haue pietie,
And prouide me ane portioun,
In Dumfermelinn, quhare I may dye,
Penunance for thy redemptioun.

Get be thare Solistatioun,
Ane letter from the kingis grace,
That I may haue Collatioun,
With fyre and candill in the place,
Bot I will leif schort tyme allace,
Want I guide fresche flesche for my gammis,
Betuix Aschwednisday and Pace,
I mon haue leif to weirie Lambis.

Bawtie cowdder cowell thy bill,

And

And reid this Cedull that I ſend zow,
And euerilk point tharcof fulfill,
And now in tyme of mys amend zow,
I pray zow, that ze nocht pretend zow,
To clym ouer hie, noz do na wrang,
Bot from zour faiz, ȝe richt defend zow,
And tak example how I gang.

I was that na man durſt cum nefr me
Noz put me furth of my ludgeing,
Na dog durſt fra my denner ſker me,
Quhen I was tender with the king,
Now euerilk tyke dois me doun thring,
The quhilk befoze be me war wrangit,
And ſweiris I ſerue na vther thing,
Bot in ane helter to be hangit.

Thocht ze be hamelie with the king,
Ze Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
Be war that ze do nocht doun thring,
Zour nychtbouris throw auctoritie:
And zour exempill mak be me,
And beleue weill ze at bot doggis,
Thocht ze ſtand in the hyeſt gre,
Se ze byte nother lambȝ noz hoggis.

Thocht ze haue now greit audience,
Se that be zow be nane oppreſt,
Ze will be pimiſchit foz zour offence,
From tyme the King be weill conſeſt,
Thare is na dog that hes tranſgreſt;
Throw cruëltie, and he may fang hym,

His Maiestie will tak na reſt,
Till on ane gallous he gar hang him,

I was ainis als far ben as ze ar,
And had in court als greit credence,
And ay pretendit to be hiar.
Bot quhen the Kingis Excellence,
Did knaw my falſet and offence,
And my prydefull preſumptioun,
I gat nane vther recompence,
Bot hoyit, and houndit of the town.

Was neuer ſa vnkynd ane corce,
As quhen I had auctoritie.
Of my freindis I tuke na force,
The quhilkis afore had done for me,
This Prouerb, it is of veritie,
Quhilk I hard red in till ane letter,
Hieſt in Court, nyxt the weddie,
Without he gyde him all the better.

I tuke na mair compt of ane Lord,
Nor I did of ane keitching knaif,
Thocht euerilk day I maid diſcord,
I was ſet vp abone the laif,
The gentill hound was to me ſlaik,
And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed,
The ſillie ratchis wald I raik,
Thus for me euill deidis was I dred.

Tharefor Bawtie luke beſt about,
Quhen thow art hieſt with the King,
For than thou ſtandis in greiteſt dout,

Be thow

Be thow nocht gude of gouerning,
Put na pure tyke frome yis ſteiding,
Nor ſit na ſillie Ratchis raik,
He ſittis abone that ſeis all thing,
And of ane Knicht can mak ane knaik.

Quhen I cum ſteppand ben the flure,
All Raichis greit roume to me red,
I of na creature take cure;
Bot lap vpon the Kingis bed,
With claith of gold, thocht it war ſpred,
For feir ilk freik wald ſtand on far,
With euerilk dog I was ſo dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar,

Gude brother Bawtie beir the ruin,
Thocht with thy Prince thou be potent,
It cryis ane vengeance from the heuin,
For till oppres ane Innocent:
In weilth be than maiſt vigilent,
And do na wrang to dog nor betche,
As I haue, quhilk I now repent,
Na Meſſane reif to mak the retche.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundis,
Aſk na reward ſchir at the King,
Quhilk may do hurt to vther houndis,
Exprес aganis Goddis bidding,
Chais na pure tyke from his midding,
Throw caſt of court, or Kingis requeiſt
And of thy ſelf preſume na thing,
Except thow art ane brutall beiſt.

Traiſt

Traist weill thare is nane oppressour,
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
Ane tyrane nor ane transgressour,
That sall now of the King get gude,
From tyme furth that his Celsitude,
Dois cleirlie knaw the veritie,
Bot he is Remit for to conclude,
Or hangit hich vpon ane tre.

Thocht ze be cuplit all to gidder,
With silk and swoulis, of siluer fyne,
Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhidder
And gar zow leid ane lawer tryne,
Than sall zour plesour turne in pyne,
Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
And all zour treddingis gar zow tyne,
Than sall zour laubour be forloyne.

I say no moyre, gude freindis, adew,
In dreid we neuer meit agane.
That euer I kend the Court, I rew,
Was neuer wicht so will of wane,
Lat ua dog now serue our Souerane,
Without he be of gude conditioun,
Be he peruerst, I tell zow plane,
He hes neid of ane gude remissioun.

That I am on this way mischeiuit,
The Erle of Hountlie I may warie,
He wend I had bene weill releiuit
Quhen to the Court he gart me carie,
Wald God I war now in Pittarie,

Wald

Becauſe I haue bene ſo euil deidie,
Adew, I dar no langer tarie.
In dreid, I waif in til ane wyddie,

FINIS.

Ane Supplication directit from Schir Dauid Lindeſay Knicht, to the Kingis grace, in Contemptioun of ſyde Taillis. VI.



Chir, thocht zour grace hes put greit ordour,
Baith in the hieland & the Bordour,
Zit mak I Supplicatioun,
Till haue ſum Reformatioun,
Of ane ſmall fult, quhilk is nocht Treſſoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to Reſſoun:
Becauſe the mater bene ſo vyle,
It may nocht haue ane grave Stile:
Quharefor I pray zour Excellence,
To heir me with greit Patience,
Of ſtinkand weidis inviolate,
Na man may mak ane Rois Chaplet,
Souerane Lillies of ſyde Taillis,
Nocht

Quhill

Quhilk throw the duſt and dubbis trailles,
Thir quarteris lang behynd thair heillis,
Expres agane all Commoun weillis.
Thocht Biſchoppis in thair Pontificallis,
Haue men for to beir vp thair Taillis,
For dignitie of thair office.
Richtſo ane Quene or ane Empryce,
Howbeit thay vſe ſic grauitie,
Conformand to thair Maieſtie,
Thocht thair rob Royallis be vpborne,
I think it is ane verray ſcorne,
That euery Lady of the land
Suld haue hir taill ſo ſyde trailland.
Howbeit thay bene of hie eſtait,
The Quene thay ſuld nocht counterfait,
Quhare euer thay go, it may be ſene,
How kirk and calſay thay ſoup clene,
The Imagis into the Kirk,
May think of thair ſyde taillis irk,
For quhen the wedder bene moſt fair,
The duſt fleis hieſt in the air,
And all thair facis dois begarie,
Gif thay cuid ſpeik, thay wald thame warie,
To ſe I think ane pleſand ſicht,
Of Italie the Ladyis bricht,
In thair cleithing moſt tryumphand,
Aboue all vther Chriſtin land.
Zit quhen thay trauell throw ỹ townis
Wen ſeis thair feit beneth thair gownis
Four inche abone thair proper heillis,
Circulat about als round as quheillis,

Quhare

Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,
Thair fair quhyte lymmis to ſuppryis,
Bot I think maiſt abuſioun,
To ſe men of Religioun,
Gar beir thair taillis throw the ſtreit,
That folkis may behald thair feit,
I trow ſanct Bernard nor ſanct Blais,
Gart neuer man beir vp thair clais,
Peter nor Paule, nor ſanct Androw,
Gart neuer beir vp thair taylis, I trow,
Bot I lauch beſt to ſe ane Nwn,
Gar beir hir taill abone his bwn,
For no thing ellis, as I ſuppois,
Bot for to ſchaw hir lillie quhyte hois,
In all thair rewlis, thay will nocht find
Quha ſuld beir vp thair taillis behind,
Bot I haue maid into deſpyte.
Pure Claggokis cled in roſploch quhyte
Quhilk hes ſkant twa markis for thair feis,
Will haue twa ellis beneth thair kneis,
Kittok that clekkit was zeſtrene,
The moyns will counterfute the Quene.
Ane mureland Wyfe that mylkit the zowis,
Claggit with clay abone the howis,
In barn, nor byir, ſcho will nocht byde,
Without hir kirtill taill be ſyde,
In Burrowis wantoun Burges wyffis,
Quha may haue ſydeſt tailis ſtryffis,
Weill bordourit with veluoit fyne,
Bot following thame it is ane pyne:
In Somer quhen the ſtreittis dryis,

Thay

Thay rais the duſt abone the ſkyis,
Nane may ga neir thame at thair eis
Without thay couèr mouth and neis,
Fromᵉ the powder to keip thair ene,
Conſidder gif thair cloiſſis bene clene.
Betuixt thair cleiuing, and thair kneis,
Quha micht behald thair ſweitie theis,
Begairit all with dirt and duſt,
That war aneuch to ſtanche the luſt,
Of ony man that ſaw thame naikit,
I think ſic giglottis ar bot glaikit:
Without profite to haue ſic pryde,
Harland thair claggit taillis ſo fyde:
I wald thay borrowſtounis barnis had breikkis
To keip ſic miſt fra Walkinnis cheikkis.
I dreid rouch Walkin de for drouth,
Quhen ſic dry duſt blawis in hir mouth.
I think maiſt pane efter ane rane,
To ſe thame tukit vp agane.
Thair quhen thay ſtep furth throw the ſtreit,
Thair faldingis flappis about thair feit,
Thair laithlie luing furthwart flypit,
Quhilk hes the muk and midding wrypit.
Thay waiſt nane clath within few meiris,
Nor wald ſleich ſextis ſcore of freiris
Quhen Harioun fromᵉ the midding gois,
Fromᵉ hir mone turne, ſcho ſtrypit the nois,
And all the day quhare euer ſcho go,
Sic liquour ſcho likkith vp alſo.
The Tutcunis of hir taill I trow,
Micht be ane ſupper till ane ſow.

Iban

I ken ane man, quhilk ſwoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane kittokis claithis,
And wald haue done, I wait nocht quhat.
Bot ſone remeid of lufe he gat.
He thocht na ſchame to mak it wittin,
How hir fyde tayle was all beſchittin,
Of filth ſic flewer ſtraik till his hart,
That he behouit for till depart.
(Quod ſcho) gude ſchir, me think ze rew,
(Quod he) zour taill makis ſic ane ſtew,
That be ſanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it,
Ze war nocht wyſe, that wald nocht hyde it.
Of taylis I will no moze indyte,
For dreid ſum buddroun me diſpyte:
Nochtwithſtanding, I will conclude,
That of fyde taylis can cum na gude,
Syder noz may thare hanclethis hyde,
The remanent proceidis of pryde,
And pryde proceidis of the Deuill,
Thus alway thay proceid of euill.

¶ Ane vther fault ſchir may be ſene,
Thay hyde thair face all bot the ene,
Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
Without reuerence thay ſlyde away,
That none may knaw I zow aſſure,
Ane honeſt woman be ane hure,
Without thair naikit face I ſe,
Thay get no mo gude dayis of me,
Hals ane Frence lady quhen ze pleis,
Scho wil diſcouer mouth and neis.
And with ane humill countenance,

With Visage bair mak reuerence.
Quhen our Ladyis dois ryde in rane,
Suld no man haue thame at dísdane,
Thocht thay be couerit mouth and neis.
In that cace thay wyll nane díſpleis,
Nor quhen thay go to quiet places.
I thame excuſe to hyde thair faces,
Quhen thay wald mak collatioun,
With ony luſtie companzeoun,
Thocht thay be hid than to the ene,
Ze may conſidder quhat I mene,
Bot in the kirk and market placis,
I think thay ſuld nocht hide thair facis,
Without thir faltis be ſone amendit,
My flyting, ſchir, ſall neuer be endit,
Bot wald zour grace my counſall tak,
Ane Proclamatioun ze ſuld mak,
Baith throw the land & Borrowſtounis
To ſchaw thair face, & cut thair gounis,
Nane ſuld fra that exemptit be,
Except the Queinis Maieſtie,
Becauſe this mater is nocht fair,
Of Rethorik it moth be bair,
Wemen will ſay this is na bourdis,
To wryte ſic byle and fylthie wordis,
Bot wald thay clenge thair filthy tayllis
Quhilk ouir ỳ myris & midding ſtraylis,
Than ſuld my wryting clengit be,
Nane vther mendis thay get of me,
The ſuith ſuld nocht be haldin clos,
Veritas non querit angulos.

I wait

I wait gude wemen that bene wyſe,
This rurall Ryme will nocht diſpyſe.
None will me blame, I zow aſſure,
Except ane wanton glozious hure,
Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle,
Fair weill, ze get no moze of me.

Quod Lindeſay in contempt of the ſyde taylis, That duddrounis & duntibouris throw the dubbis traylis.

Kitteis Confeſſion VII.

Compylit (as is beleiuit) be Schir Dauid Lindeſay of the Mount Knicht &c.

The Curate, and Kittie.

THe Curate Kitte culd confeſſe,
And ſcho tald on baith mair & leſſe,
Quhē ſcho was tellād as ſcho wiſt,
The Curate Kitte wald haue kiſt,
Bot zit ane countenance he bure,
Degeiſt, deuote, daine, and demure,
And ſyne began hir to exame,
He was beſt at the efter game,
(Quod he) haue ze na wrangous geir?
(Quod ſcho) I ſtaw ane pek of beir,
(Quod he) that ſuld reſtorit be,
Tharefore delyerit to me,

Tibbe and Peter bad me ſpeir,
Be my Conſcience thay ſall it heir.
(Quod he) leue ze in lecherie?
(Quod ſcho) Wyll Leno mouit me,
(Quod he) his wyfe that ſall I tell,
To mak hir acquentance with my ſell.
(Quod he) ken ze na hereſie?
I wait nocht quhat that is (quod ſche)
(Quod he) hard ze na Inglliſche buikis?
(Quod ſcho) my maiſter on thame luikis
(Quod he) the Biſchop that ſall knaw,
For I am ſworne that for to ſchaw.
(Quod he) quhat ſaid he of the king?
(Quod ſcho) of gude he ſpak na thing,
(Quod he) his grace of that ſall wit,
And he ſall loſe his lyfe for it.
Quhen ſcho in mynd did mair reuolue,
(Quod he) I can nocht zow abſolue,
Bot to my chalmer cum at euin,
Abſoluit for to be and ſchryuin.
(Quod ſcho) I will pas till ane vther,
And I met with ſchir Andro my brother
And he full clenely did me ſchryue,
Bot he was ſumthing talkatyue,
He ſpeirit mony ſtrange cace,
How that my lufe did me imbrace,
Quhat day, how oft quhat ſort, & quhare
(Quod he) I wald I had bene thare,
He me abſoluit for ane plak,
Thocht he na pryce with me wald mak,
And mekle Latyne he did mummill,
I hard na think bot hummill bummill,

He

He schew me nocht of Gods mercie
Quhilk scharper is than ony swoord,
And deip in till our hart dois preut,
Our sin quhare throw we do repent,
He pat me na thing in to feir,
Quharethrow I fild my sin forbeir,
He schew me nocht the Malediction,
Of God, for sin, nor the affliction,
And in this lyke the greit mischeif,
Ordainit to punische bayth and theif,
Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
That I micht feir and vice refrane,
He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
And leid ane holy lyfe and clene.
Of Christis blude na thing he knew,
Nor of his promissis full trew,
That satisfyis all that will beleve,
That Sathan sall vs neuer greve.
He teichit me nocht for till traist,
The comfort of the haly Gaist,
He bad me nocht to Christ be kynd,
To keip his Law with hart and mynd,
And loue and thank his greit mercie
Fra sin and hell that sauit me.
And lufe my Nichtbour as my sell,
Of this na thing he could me tell.
Bot gaue me penniance ilk ane day,
Ane Aue Marie for to say:
And Frydayis fyue na fische to eit,
Bot butter and eggis ar better meit,
And with ane plak to by ane Messe,
Fra drounkin schir Jhone latyne lesse,

Quod he) ane pair I will gar ane,
Giue the agane with hand bande,
Syne into Pilgramage to pas,
The verray way to vanitties,
Of all his pennance I wes glaid,
I had thame all perfyte, I said.
To mow and stell, I ken the pyce,
I sall it set on Cirk and Syce.
Bot he my counsale could nocht keip,
He maid him be the fyre to sleip.
Syne cryit Collevis, berf, and Coillis:
Hois and schouis with Dowbill soillis,
Caikis and Candill, Creische and salt,
Curnis of meill, and luffillis of Walt,
Wollin and linning, werp and woft,
Dame keip the keis of your wooll loft.
Throw drink and sleip maid him to rair,
And swa with vs thay play the knaif,
Freiris sweiris be thair professioun,
Nane can be saif but this confessioun,
And garris all men vnderstand,
That it is Godis awin command,
Yit is it nocht bot mennis dreame,
The pepill to confound and schame.
It is nocht ellis bot mennis Law,
Maid mennis myndis for to knaw,
Quhairthrow thay syle schame as thay will,
And makis thare law conforme thair till,
Sittand in mennis conscience,
Abone Godis Magnificence,
And dois the pepill reche and tyste,
To serue the Pape the Antechryste,

To the

To the greit God Omnipotent,
Confes thy ſin and ſoꝛe repent:
And traiſt in Chriſt, as wꝛytis Paule,
Quhilk ſched his blude to ſaif thy ſaule:
Foꝛ nane can the abſolue bot he,
Noꝛ tak away thy ſin from the,
Gif of gude counſaill thow heſ neid,
Oꝛ heſ nocht leirnit weill thy Creid,
Oꝛ wickit vicis regne in the,
The quhilk thow can nocht moꝛtifie,
Oꝛ be in Deſperatioun,
And wald haue Conſolatioun,
Than till ane pꝛeichour trew thow pas.
And ſchaw thy ſin, and thy treſpas,
Thow neidis nocht to ſchaw him all,
Noꝛ tell thy ſin baith greit and ſmall,
Quhilk is vnpoſſibill to be.
Bot ſchaw the vice that troubillis the:
And he ſall of thy ſaule haue reuth,
And the Inſtruct into the treuth,
And with the woꝛd of veritie,
Shall confoꝛt, ane ſall counſall the.
The Sacramentis ſchaw the at lenth,
Thy lytill faith to ſtark and ſtrenth.
And how thow ſuld thame richtlie vſe,
And all Hypocriſie refuſe.
Confeſſioun firſt wes oꝛdanit fre,
In this ſoꝛt in the Kirk to be,
Swa to confes as I deſcryue,
Was in the gude Kirk pꝛimitiue,
Swa was Confeſſioun oꝛdanit firſt,
Thocht Codꝛus kyte ſuld cleue and birſt

FINIS.

VIII. The Justing betuixt Iames Watsoun, & Ihone Barbour

Seruitouris to King Iames the Fyft.

Compylit be Schir Dauid Lindesay of the Mount Knicht &c.

IN Sãctandrois on Witsoun Mon
nunday,
Twa cãpion{ yair mãheid did assay
Past to the Barres enarmit heid &
handis,
Was neuer sene sic Justing in na landis,
In presence of the Kingis grace and Quene,
Quhare mony lustie Lady micht be sene.
Mony ane Knicht, Barroun and Baurent,
Came for to se that awfull tornament,
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
And Ihone Barbour the vther Campioun,
Unto the King thay war familiaris,
And of his Chalmer baith Cubicularis,
James was ane man of greit intelligence,
Ane Medicinar full of Experience,
And Ihone Barbour, he was ane nobill Leche,
Crukit Carlingis he wald gar thame get speche
¶ From tyme thay enterit war into the feild,
Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
And wichtlie waiffit in the wynd thare heillis,
Hobland lyke Cadgeris rydand on thair creillis,

Bot

Bot ather ran at vther with sic haist,
That thay could neuer thair speir get in the raist
Quhē gētill James trowit best vō Johne to meit
His speir did fald amang his horsis feit.
I am richt sure, gude Jamas had bene vndone,
War not that Johne his mark tuke be the Mone
(Quod Johne) howbeit ȳ think ſ my leggis lyke
My speir is gude, now keip ȳ fra my knok ſ (rok ſ
Tary (quod James) ane quhyle for be my thrist,
The feind ane thing I can se bot the list,
No more can I (quod Johne) be Goddis dreid,
I se na thing except the steipill heid,
Zit thocht thy braun ſ be lyk twa barrow trām ſ,
Defend the man, than ran thay to lyke rammis,
At that rude rink James had ben krykin doun,
War not that Johne for feirines fell in swoun,
And richt sa James to Johne had done greit deir
War not amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
Quod James to Johne, zit for our Ladyis saik ſ
Lat vs togidder straik thyne nacket straikis.
I had (quod Johne) that sall on the be wrokin,
Bot or he spurrit his hors, his speir was brokin,
Frō tyme vō speiris none could his marrow meit
James drew ane sweird vō ane richt awful spreit
And ran till Johne, till haue raucht him ane rout
Johns sweird was roustit, & wald na way cū out
Tha James left dryse at Johne vō baith his hystis
He myst the man, and dang vpon the lystis,
And vō that straik he trowit ȳ Johne was slane,
His sweird stak fast and gat it neuer agane,
Be this gude Johne had gottin furth his sword,
And ran to James with mony awfull word.

My

My furiousnes forsuth now sall thow find,
Straikād at James his swoyd flew in the wind
Than gentil James began to crak greit woyds
Allace (quod he) this day for falt of swoyds:
Than ather ran at vther with new racis,
With gluifis of plait thay dang at vther facis.
Quha wan this feild, na creature could ken,
Till at the last, Jhone cryit fy, red the men,
Red (quod James) for that is my desyre,
It is ane hour sen I began to tyre,
Sone be thay had endit that royall rink,
Into the feild micht na man stand for stink.
Than euery man that stude on far, cryit fy,
Gayand adew, for dyt partis cumpany,
Thair hors, harnes, and all geir was so gude,
Louyng to God, that day was sched na blude.

FINIS

Quod Lindesay at command of King Iames the Fifte.

Newlie correctit and Imprintit at Edinburgh be Thomas Vassandine, dwelland at the Nether Bow.

M. D. LXXLIII.